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TAYLOR INSTITUTION.

BEQUEATHED

TO THE UNIVERSITY

BY

ROBERT FINCH, M. A.

OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

THE

Fifth Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiſcover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Conſtantinople*, of the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions of *Europe*; And diſcovering ſeveral *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Chriſtian* Courts (eſpecially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1654. to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *Tranſlated into* Italian, *and from thence into* Engliſh, *by the Tranſlator of the* Firſt Volume.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Rodes*, *R. Sare*, *D. Brown*, *J. Nicholſon*, *B. Took*, and *S. Manship*,

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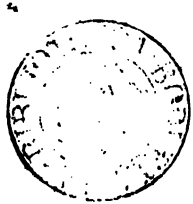

TO THE READER.

Prefaces methinks, are ſo much like the *Printed Bills*, paſted upon the *Booths* in *Bartholomew-Fair*, to give an Account of the Entertainment you are to expect within; that, were it not in pure compliance with Cuſtom, one would forſwear writing any. But the World is humorous, and muſt be ſerved according to its own Faſhion. Every Thing's damn'd that is not *à-la-mode*. And he that publiſhes a *Book*, without Civilly accoſting the *Reader* at the Beginning, is thought to intrench upon Good Manners.

To prevent all theſe Inconveniences, 'tis thought fit once more to ſay a Word or Two, not in praiſe of this *Volume* of *Letters*, (e'en let it take its Fortune as the other *Four* have done) but by way of *Apology* for ſome Things which may ſeem liable to Cenſure

Some perhaps will be offended at the Zeal which appears in this *Arabian*, when he writes in Honour of the *Mahometan Faith*. Others will as much wonder at his Looſeneſs and Indifference, his Doubtfulneſs of all Things: For, in ſome of his *Letters*, he appears a Great *Sceptick*, and confeſſes himſelf ſo.

Theſe Gentlemen ought to conſider, that his Style and Sentiments, are ſuited to the *Quality* of the *Perſon* to whom he writes. To his Intimate Friends, he unboſoms himſelf with Abundance of Frankneſs: But when he Addreſſes to the *Mufti*, or other *Grandees* of the *Port*, he is Cautious and Reſerved.

It

It may be ſuppos'd that he underſtood himſelf very well, or elſe he was not fit for that *Employment* in *Paris*. And without doubt having had his Education in the *Seraglio*, as he profeſſes, he was no Stranger to the *Punctilio*'s of Addreſs us'd in the *Turkiſh Court*. It was his Policy and Intereſt, to appear a very Devout *Mahometan*, when he wrote to the *Miniſters* of *State*: And 'tis poſſible, he was ſo in Reality, or at leaſt perſuaded himſelf ſo at certain Seaſons. And yet this hinders not, but he might at other Times take the Liberty to deſcant on ſome Abſurdities in their *Doctrine* and *Practice*, when he wrote to his Familiars, and was minded to converſe with Freedom.

If in ſome Points, he ſeems to give Credit to the *Arabian Writers*, who have treated of *Egypt* and its *Antiquities*; in others, he ſhews himſelf a Man not over-fond of *Fables* and *Romances*.

However, let his *Opinions* be what they will, and his *Sentiments* never ſo *Extravagant* in Matters of *Speculation* and *Controverſie*; ſo long as his *Morals* are ſound and good, there's no Occaſian to be Captious. We need not fear that any *Chriſtian*, or any Man of Senſe will be Proſelyted by his Letters, to a *Religion* which he himſelf, though profeſſing it, yet ſo often doubts of, and ridicules.

He ſpeaks very Honourably of *Chriſt*, and Impartially of *Chriſtians*, accuſing their *Vices* rather than their *Doctrines*, and appearing all along a Moderate Man in his Sentiments of *Religion*, and a Friend to *Virtue* and *Reaſon*. If he diſcovers ſome Failings, in being too Melancholy; conſider, that he was a Mortal like other Men. However, *Reader*, admire his Untainted Loyalty, and Imitate it.

You will find in this *Volume*, True *Hiſtory*, with Variety of Solid Remarks.

Remarks. And not a few Secrets of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and *Oliver Cromwel*, Uncabinetted: Particularly, that Famous *Intrigue* carried on by *Colonel Spintelet* and his Confederates, to ſave *Oſtend* from being ſurprized by the *French*, in the Year 1658, and to bubble Two of the ableſt *Stateſmen* in *Europe*.

After all, aſſure thy ſelf, that the next *Volume* will contain more Illuſtrious Relations than any that has gone before. Where you will hear of an end put to the *War* between *France* and *Spain*, after it had laſted Five and Tweniy Years; and the Marriage of *Lewis* XIV. with the *Spaniſh Infanta*; as alſo of an Univerſal Peace in *Chriſtendom*: The *Reſtauration* of *Charles* II. to his *Crown* and *Kingdoms* after *Twelve* Years *Exile* in *Foreign Countries*, and *Twelve* ſeveral *Revolutions* of *Government*, here at *Home*. With many other Memorable and Important Events and Tranſactions in the

World: As the dreadful *Earthquake* which overturned part of the *Pyrenean* Mountains; the more deſtructive *Plague* which ſwept away almoſt a *Hundred Thouſand* People in *London*, and the deplorable *Fire* which conſumed the Greateſt Part of that Famous *City*, in the ſpace of *Three* Days.

You will there alſo find an Account of the *Death* of that Great *Miniſter* of *State*, *Cardinal Mazarini*: Of the *Duke* of *Orleance*, Uncle to the *French King*: Of the *Dutcheſs* of *Savoy*: Of *Carolus Joſephus*, the *Emperor*'s Brother: Of the *Duke* of *Vendome*: Of the *Queen-mother* of *France*, and of *Philip* IV. *King* of *Spain*, with other Perſons of *Princely Quality*.

For this *Arabian* was careful to tranſmit to the *Ottoman Port*, Intelligence of all Things which were moſt Remarkable in *Europe*. And that his *Letters* might not ſeem tedious, he intermix'd *Moral* Reflexions,

flexions, with ſome *Maxims* of *Policy*, *Eſſays* of *Reaſon*, and now and then a touch of *Philoſophy*: And if we may gueſs at the cauſe of his more abounding in theſe kind of *Miſcellany* Diſcourſes after the Year 1659, than he did before: It ſeems probable, that a *General Peace* about that time being eſtabliſh'd in *Europe*, he had little elſe to write, but his Obſervations on the ſeveral *States* and *Courts* of *Chriſtian Princes*, the Different *Manners*, *Cuſtoms*, and *Laws* of *People*; the *Counſels* and *Intrigues* of *Stateſmen*: With ſuch other Matters as occurred worthy of Notice.

If either in this *Volume*, or in thoſe that are to come, he ſeems in any of his *Letters* to alter his Opinion, and contradict his former Sentiments; remember 'tis no more than what the Greateſt *Writers* have done, who have lived to Old Age, as this *Agent* did. No Body is Ignorant of St. *Auguſtine*'s *Retractations*, and

Cornelius Agrippa's *Vanity* of *Sciences*: wherein thoſe Two Great *Authors* run counter to all that they had writ before. And 'twere eaſie to produce a Hundred Inſtances beſides.

In a Word, *Reader*, take in good Part the *Tranſlator*'s Pains, who renders Things as he found 'em, without altering or Corrupting the Senſe of his *Copy*. Farewel.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *and Vileſt of the* Grand Signior's *Slaves, to the Myſterious* Eſad, *Arbitrator of* doubtful *Problems,* Prince *of the* Mufti's.

WHEN I firſt came to *Paris*, my *Inſtructions* were not ſo Full and Particular, as to direct me in all Emergencies. A great many Things were left to my own Conduct and Prudence, both in *Civil* and *Religious* Matters. So that if I have made any falſe Steps, I hope 'twill be Ex-

cuſable; in Regard, 'tis not ſo much my Fault, as that of the *Miniſters* who reſide at the *Auguſt Port*. I have often addreſs'd to them, deſiring Supplemental Rules and Cautions in ſome Peculiar Caſes which I propos'd; But they have been very ſparing of their Counſels. 'Tis true indeed, about Five Years ago, I receiv'd ſome Particular Orders from the *Vizir Azem*, and the *Kaimacham*, as alſo from thy *Sanctity*: Wherein I was commanded to write with all Freedom to the *Grandees*. This, with the other Directions, has been of great Uſe to me. It has arm'd me with freſh Courage, and remov'd the Melancholy Apprehenſions I had of ſome Mens Revenge, whoſe Vices I reprov'd. Praiſe be to *God*, *King* of the *Day of Judgment*, I have accus'd no Man wrongfully. Yet I was full of Fears, even in the Performance of my Duty: Knowing, that Mortals generally love to have their Faults conceal'd, and purſue thoſe with Malice, who diſcover or reprehend 'em. But now, all my Fears in that Kind are vaniſh'd. Yet, I have Scruples of another Nature, which none but the *Infallible Guide* of the *Faithful* can diſperſe.

Ever ſince I have reſided here, I have been preciſe in obſerving all the *Precepts* of our *Holy Law*, ſo far as conſiſted with the Security and Succeſs of my *Commiſſion*. For I have been forc'd to leap over many Lies, and Falſe Oaths, to conceal my ſelf. I have likewiſe done abundance of other irregular Things, to promote the *Cauſe* I am engag'd in, for all which, thou haſt vouchſafed me a *Diſpenſation*. There remains One Thing, in which thy Advice is neceſſary.

I have been hitherto punctual in keeping the *Faſt* of *Ramezan*, at the Time appointed to all *Muſſulmans*; which, thou knoweſt, falls Earlier by Eleven Days every Year, than it did the Year before. So that in the ſpace of Four and Thirty Years, it

paſſes

paſſes through all the Four *Seaſons*. Now this Succeſſive Variation of the *Great Faſt*, cauſing it ſometimes to fall at the very Times of the moſt ſolemn *Feſtivals* among the *Nazarenes*, ſuch as that which they call their *Chriſtmas*, which is a *Feaſt* of Thirteen Days; I fear leſt I may be taken Notice of, ſhould I, by Celebrating the *Ramexan* at thoſe Times, contradict the Univerſal Practice of all the *Franks*, and ſtart Suſpicions in thoſe with whom I converſe, to my Diſadvantage and Ruin.

To thee therefore, who art the *Wiſeſt* of the *Wiſe*, I fly for Counſel in this Exigency: Beſeeching thee, to dictate plainly what I am to do.

I know, that the Sick, or Wounded, or Travellers, are diſpens'd with, if they violate the *Sacred Moon*. At which time, the *Gates* of *Paradiſe* are open'd, and inviſible Favours are done to the devout Obſervers of this *Precept*: Whilſt the *Avenues* of *Hell* are Barricado'd, and all the *Devils* Chain'd up from appearing abroad, or doing any Miſchief in the *World*. I ſay, I am not ignorant of the *Indulgence* which is given to Men under ſuch Circumſtances; provided they ſatisfy the *Law*, by keeping the *Faſt* at ſome other Seaſon, more agreeable to their Health, or other Neceſſities. And thus far I cou'd have ſilenc'd the Alarms of my own Conſcience, without moleſting thee: Knowing, that a *Muſſulman* is always allow'd this Liberty in a *Foreign* Country, much more in a *Region* of *Infidels*.

But that which I aim at, is to be inform'd, Whether to put the better Diſguiſe upon my ſelf, and more efficaciouſly to proſecute the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior*, I may not always Celebrate this *Faſt*, at the preciſe Time that the *Chriſtians* keep their *Lent*? For then I ſhou'd paſs unſuſpected, and no Man wou'd take me for any other, than a *Chriſtian* and a *Catholick*. Nay, my manner of daily Faſting at that *time wou'd raiſe* me a conſiderable Credit

among the *Chriſtians* that know me. They would cry me up for a *Saint*, or a very *Holy* Man. For, the *Faſt* of the *Chriſtians* is a *Feaſt*, in compariſon with the *Rigorous Abſtinence* of the *Muſſulmans*. Thoſe indeed refrain all ſorts of *Fleſh*, but they load their Tables with variety of *Fiſh*, and other Dainties; neither have they patience to tarry for their Repaſt beyond the Mid-day. Whereas, the *Muſſulmans* taſte of nothing during the *Ramexan*, till the *Sun* is gon down, and the *Stars* appear. No, not even in the parching *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, where Men are ready to periſh of Thirſt. Yet no Man will extend his Hand to the Water-Pot, to refreſh himſelf in thoſe unſpeakable Agonies, till the Shadow of the *Earth* is advanc'd into the *Higher Region* of the *Air*, and has baniſh'd the leaſt Glimmerings of the *Sun*. When therefore the *Franks* ſhall ſee me Faſt after this auſtere Faſhion in their *Lent*, they will ſay, I am a very Mortify'd Man, and a Devout *Catholick*: For they judge altogether by the outſide. So, if any danger ſhould threaten me, I ſhould find Friends among the *Zealots*, and the *Indifferent* wou'd not appear my Enemies: But the *Wicked*, whoſe Black Guilt has render'd 'em a Terror to themſelves, as well as an Abomination to others, wou'd ſtand in fear of me. Thus, on all Hands, a way wou'd be open for me, to eſcape a diſcovery of the *Secrets* committed to my Charge.

'Twould be much more to my ſatisfaction, if I could with ſafety Celebrate this *Faſt*, in the very *Moon* wherein the *Alcoran* was brought down from *Heaven*, as all good *Muſſulmans* generally do. But I am taught, not to betray, or ſo much as hazard the *Affairs* of my *Great Maſter* for a mere *Nicety* or *Punctilio* of *Religion*. God is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, and 'tis his *Will*, that the *Empire* of the *True Faithful* ſhould be extended where-ever the *Moon* or the *Sun* ſhine on *Earth*,

Great

Great *Oracle* of the *Muſſulmans*, *Doctor* of *Faith* and *Verity*, it is in thy power to confirm or ſhake my Reſolution in this Point. For, from thy *Sentence*, there is no *Appeal*.

Paris, 5*th of the* 7*th Moon*, *of the Year* 1654.

LETTER II.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THou informeſt me, that the *King* of the *Romans* is dead, and that divers *Prodigies* happen'd about the time of his expiring. Whilſt others report, That the *German Emperor* himſelf died the 9th of the laſt *Moon*. However, I ſhall tranſmit thy Advice to the *Shining Port*; not truſting to the uncertain Intelligence of Fame.

Kings and *Emperors* muſt reſign up their Breath, as well as other Mortals. 'Tis a *Tribute* we all owe to *Nature*, who will be paid, one time or other. Neither has ſhe ever exempted any from the *Common Lot*, ſave *Enoch*, *Elias*, and *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*. Theſe were *Holy Prophets*, Perfect *Saints*, and void of *Original Sin*, and therefore receiv'd an Indulgence: Tho' thoſe of your *Nation*, and the *Chriſtians* believe, That the laſt of theſe three died on a *Croſs*.

As for all others, they have either been diſſolv'd by Sickneſs, or ſnatch'd away by ſudden Death: Some by an *Inviſible Dart* from *Heaven*; Others by the Ruder Hand of Mortals like themſelves; Millions by the Sword and Spear, and Ten Millions by the ſwifter and more unavoidable ſtroke of the Arrow and Bullet: Whilſt not a few have receiv'd their

Death, from the very *Elements* which ſupported their *Life*. An unruly *Fire* has crumbled ſome into their Firſt *Atomes*, and mingl'd their Aſhes with thoſe of their Houſes and Beds of repoſe: Whilſt *Water*, a contrary *Principle*, has quench'd the *Vital* Flame in others. There is but *one way* to enter into this *Life*; but the *Gates* of *Death*, and the *Inviſible State* are without *Number*: And the greateſt *Monarch* may as well fall by the prick of a Thorn, as by the edge of a Sword. Every time I ſwallow my Meat, I remember the Fate of him who was choak'd by a *Grain* of *Pepper*; And that of *Anacreon* the *Poet*, who was ſtrangl'd by the *Stone* of a *Raiſin*.

Yet I am not ſolicitous in chuſing or avoiding *Particular* Deaths; knowing that no Human Counſel can prevent the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny*. It rather pleaſes me to think (ſuch is my Ambition) that by whatſoever Method I am ſent to the *Grave*, there I ſhall be equal to the *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Tamurlanes* and the greateſt Monarchs: For there is no diſtinction of *Noble* and *Vulgar*, in that *Region* of *Anarchy*, where all Ranks are levell'd in the Duſt: As *Diogenes* told *Alexander* the *Great*; when the *Monarch*, beholding that *Philoſopher* in a *Charnel-Houſe*, his Eyes attentively fix'd on the Bones of the *Dead* which lay in heaps, ask'd him, What he was doing? To whom *Diogenes* reply'd, *I am looking for thy Father* Philip's *Bones, but cannot diſtinguiſh 'em from thoſe of his* Slaves. Some ſuch thought as this, might perhaps firſt occaſion the cuſtom of writing *Epitaphs* on the *Sepulchres* of eminent Perſons. Among which I have read ſome made by the Entomb'd themſelves, whilſt they were on this ſide the *Grave*; and for their ſingular fancy were thought worthy to be Recorded by *Hiſtorians*. Such as this.

I Sab-

I Sabbas *of* Milan, *by Blood a* Caſtilian, *Friar and Knight of* Jeruſalem, *wiſh a happy Reſurrection to my Aſhes. While I was alive among Mortals, a little ſatisfy'd me. Now I am dead, and alone in my Grave, I am content with leſs. I neither knew my ſelf what I was; nor do thou inquire. Traveller, whoever thou art, if thou be Pious, pray for me, and paſs on. Farewel, and live mindful of Death. Living, I provided this Epitaph, knowing I muſt Die.*

The Birth and Life of Mortals, are nothing but Toil and Death.

Such another was that of *Heliodorus*, a *Moor*, who caus'd himſelf to be bury'd near to the *Pillars* of *Hercules*, with this *Inſcription* on his *Tomb*.

I Heliodorus, *a Mad* Carthaginian, *have commanded by my Laſt Will and Teſtament, that I ſhould be Interr'd here in this fartheſt Angle of the World: To make Experiment, whether any Man more Mad than my ſelf, wou'd Travel thus far to viſit my Sepulchre.*

But that which *Semiramis* caus'd to be Inſcrib'd on her *Tomb*, was a perfect *Satyr* on the *Living*. It was this.

I Semiramis, *whilſt Living, never was in need of Money; yet was always Compaſſionate to the Poor. Now I'm Dead, my* Grave *is my Treaſury. If any of Royal Race be in Want, let him open this Dormitory, and he ſhall find a Supply.*

When *Darius* conquer'd *Babylon*, and was told of this *Epitaph*; ſtung with Avarice, he caus'd the *Sepulchre* to be open'd in his own Preſence. But inſtead of Money, they only found a *Tablet* of *Braſs*, with theſe words Engraven on it.

My Epitaph is a Riddle. This is the Interpretation. I never was Covetous; *only ſuch as are Poor, theſe I pity; and* have *therefore* provided *this Leſſon as a Treaſure for the Man who for Lucre ſhall preſume to* violate *my Tomb.*

If thou wilt Rob the Living, *forbear to Plunder the* Dead; *leſt they bring thee to Shame, as I have done.*

Thou telleſt me; that the *Emperor* ſeems not to be much griev'd for the Death of his Son, the *Roman* King. Perhaps his Sorrow is ſo great, that it cannot find a vent. Violent and Uncommon Paſſions are apt to ſmother within the Heart, whilſt only ſmaller Griefs break forth in Tears.

It

It was a memorable Saying of a certain *King* of *Egypt*, who was overcome by *Cambyſes* the *Perſian Monarch*, and taken Captive with all his Children; when the Cruel *Conqueror*, to ſport himſelf in the Miſery of his Royal Priſoners, and inſult o'er the vanquiſh'd *Egyptians*, firſt caus'd the *Daughter* of the *Captive King*, to be employ'd in the meaneſt Offices with the common *Slaves*, before her Father's Face: Then his *Son* to be bridl'd and curb'd like a Horſe, with a vaſt Burthen ty'd on his Back. At both which diſmal Spectacles, the poor *Egyptian Monarch* ſhed not one Tear: But when he ſaw one that had formerly been his Servant, reduc'd to great Poverty, he wept bitterly. *Cambyſes* asking him the reaſon, Why he ſeem'd ſo inſenſible of his Childrens Calamity, and yet was touch'd with ſo tender a Grief for the misfortune of a Stranger? He anſwered, *Son of* Cyrus, *the Deſolation of my Family afflicts me with ſo profound a Sorrow, that no Tears can expreſs it: But my Compaſſion to this diſtreſs'd Servant, being not ſo violent, eaſily breaks forth in Tears.*

Nathan, I wiſh thee neither extreme Joy, nor Grief; for they are both hurtful to the Heart.

Paris 1ſt. *of the* 8th *Moon, of the Year* 1654.

LETTER III.

To Mahummed, Hodgia, Venerable mit, *of the* Cave *replete with* W ders.

WHEN I contemplate thy Life ſo fi Innocence, and void of the very ſhow of Vice, I am like a *Serpent* rouz'd fro Sleep, by a Breez of cooler Wind, or the Noi a Traveller on the Road: My *Soul* ſtarts; an folding all the drouzy Curls of Senſuality, ſtre it ſelf at full length: Surpriz'd and aſham'd o own Lethargy, it ſwiftly retires into any dark ner, to cover it ſelf from the Light of its ow cuſtoms, and from the brighter Reflections of Spirit, which penetrate like the Beams of the

I do not preſently curſe my ſelf, the hour o Nativity, my Friends that have flatter'd me an erroneous belief of my own Virtue, or my mies that have provok'd me, and by various T entangl'd me in the Paths of Vice. Such *Male on* only becomes the Mouth of a *Jew*, or a *vine*: For, we arrive at *Perfection*, not by Cu the *Evil*, but by Imitating the *Good*.

I rather bleſs the Hour of *Conjunction*; the *ence* of my *better Stars*, and the *Conſtellations* more *propitious Horoſcope*; the Moment when the Honour to touch the Sand before thy Feet my Lips, in that *Sanctuary* of *Holineſs*. O *Patron* of Good Intentions; Sincere Reform Human Errors; Refulgent Pattern of the P Glory of the Wiſe; moſt Excellent of the E lent; *Phœnix* of the Age!

Praiſe be to *God*, the *Firſt* and the *Laſt*: Peace to the *Angels* who ſtand round his *Throne*, and to the *Prophets* who rejoice in his Preſence. An univerſal *Jubilee* to all the Inhabitants of *Paradiſe*: And Eternal Felicity to the *Saint* of the *Deſart* on Earth, whoſe *Soul* is expanded wide as the *Firmament*.

I am raviſh'd and full of *Eſtaſies*, becauſe there is not found thy equal on this ſide the Clouds. When thou ſhalt be cropt from the Earth, the Mirror of Mortals, the Flower of Humane Nature is gon. The Trees of the *Wilderneſs* will lament thy Death, by whoſe preſence they flouriſh'd, and brought forth their Fruit in due ſeaſon. At thy Departure, the Graſs of the Field will fade and wither, conſcious that thy Merits drew down the Rain and Dew of *Heaven*, to render *Arabia* fertile in Herbage.

The Beaſts will languiſh for want of Paſture, and Men will bewail the Dearth of the Land; knowing that the *Life* of the *Juſt* cauſes the *Ground* to produce a *Plenteous Harveſt*.

But no Mourning will be like that of *Mahmut*, who can boaſt of thy particular Friendſhip; and in loſing thee, will be as if he were depriv'd of the Light of the *Sun*, or the Morning Air, or the benefit of Fire and Water: For ſo thy Favours are refreſhing as the *Elements*, without which we cannot live.

Therefore, as oft as I turn my Face to the City Sanctified by the *Birth* of our *Holy Prophet*, I ſend up my Vows to *Heaven* for thy long Life; beſeeching *God*, for the univerſal good of *Nature*, to continue the Man on Earth, the *Veſtment* of whoſe *Soul* is compoſed of *Rays* darted from all the *Fortunate Stars*.

Tell me, O thou *Holieſt* of the *Holy ones* in the *Eaſt*; *Favourite* of the *Angels*; ſecret Friend of the *Eternal*; *Envoy Extraordinary* from the Omnipo-

tent;

tent; *Agent Incognito* for the *Court* of *Heaven!* Tell me by what *Chart* I ſhall ſteer my courſe through this *Life*, uncertain as the Sea, and toſs'd with as many Tempeſts. I find in my ſelf manifeſt Inclinations to Virtue, and whatſoever is Good: Yet I ſtill miſtake the Methods of attaining my End. I would fain be perfectly Pious, Juſt and Wiſe; but know not how to compaſs my deſign. One Event or other ſtill fruſtrates my Labour: Either a Friend or an Enemy, a Relation or a Stranger, Caſualties without, or my Paſſions within, ſtop me in the beginning, or the midſt of the Glorious Career, the Race which cannot be run without noble Agonies.

Then I take breath; and rouzing my ſelf with freſh Vigours, I cheerfully addreſs to the Combat, which crowns the *Victor* with *Immortality*. My Courage is great, my Reſolution fix'd, at the firſt ſetting out: I gain Ground on a ſudden; the *Wheels* of my *Chariot* are for a time like thoſe of the *Sun*, whoſe momentary advances are not perceiv'd by *Mortals*. But before I get half way to the *Meridian*, ſome unskilful *Phaeton*, an erroneous Thought, or a giddy Paſſion, overthrows me. Either Old Habits, or New Temptations, hinder me from gaining the Prize, in the *Olympicks* of *Virtue*.

Thus, often foil'd, I retire with Shame and Weakneſs: And finding no redreſs within, I fly to thee, who art created a *Director* of the *World*.

'Twill be an offence to make Repetitions, and ask Counſel again: I will henceforth endeavour to follow thy *Example*, which is certainly the moſt *Correct Rule* of a *Religious Life*. But then I cannot ſerve the *Grand Signior* in this *Poſt*. Reſolve my Doubts. Is it lawful for me to abandon my Duty, and retire into a *Deſart*? If not, I will erect a *Solitude* in the midſt of this populous City, and build an *Hermitage* in my own Heart. If I cannot arrive at the *Perfection* I aim at, I will at leaſt endeavour to be as

Good

Good as I can. There is a *Religious* dexterity, by which a Man may in the midſt of *Worldly* Buſineſs make to himſelf *Paths* of *Innocence*, and walk free from the *General Contagion* of *Mortals*. If I cannot perform any *Eminent Good*, I will take care to abſtain from *Enormous Evils*: Neither will I commit the *Leaſt*, without a *Good Intention*; which I am aſſured by the *Muſti*, ſometimes ſanctifies a *Bad Action*. If I *lye*, or *forſwear* my ſelf, it ſhall be to ſerve my *Great Maſter*. If I diſſemble my *Religion*, and counterfeit a *Chriſtian*, I will propoſe to my ſelf the greater advantage of the *Muſſulman Faith*. Thus, ſome higher End, ſhall always direct my Intention and Performances.

But if thou ſhalt tell me after all, That this is not the way to *Paradiſe*, I will forſake all worldly Intereſt, wherein I find ſo many entanglements, and take up my Reſidence in ſome humble Cave, or Cleft of a Rock, or Hollow of a Tree; where I will ſpend the reſt of my Days in Contemplating the *Firſt Eſſence*, and all that flows from it. I will bid a final adieu to this *Perfidious Age*, to the *Vain Generation* of *Mortals* that live in it, to whoſe converſe I ſhall have reaſon to prefer that of the *Beaſts*, who are far more innocent, and leſs debauch'd than *Men*. Even *Lyons* and *Tygers* in the utmoſt fury of their hunger, abſtain from preying on thoſe of their own *kind*. *Man* is the only *Cannibal*, who devours his Brother, and greedily ſwallows down the Blood of him who bears the ſame *Image* as himſelf.

I ſpeak not of the ancient *Scythians*, *Maſſagetes*, or *Tartars*; nor of the more Modern *Salvages* in *America*, who ſtuff'd their greedy Paunches with Human Fleſh. Their *Barbariſm* has crept by *Tranſmigration* into the moſt Civiliz'd *Empires* and *States*; and is not the leſs cruel, becauſe it has chang'd its *Form*.

Nor

Nor do I tax the more excuſable *Epicuriſm* of thoſe, who ranſack all the *Elements* for Dainties; whoſe Tables are loaded with the ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes of *Birds*, *Beaſts*, and *Fiſhes*; their Houſes polluted with an extravagant profuſion of the *Blood* of thoſe *Creatures*, which the *Eternal Mind* form'd to live, and enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, as well as our ſelves.

But I accuſe the oppreſſors of Men, thoſe *Cannibals* in diſguiſe, whoſe very *Bread* is mingl'd with the *Marrow* of the *Poor*; and their greater delicacies are *Ragoo*'s, compounded of the *Blood* of *Widows* and *Orphans*: Whilſt they ſtarve and ruin whole Families, to ſupport a needleſs Grandeur, a momentary Pomp, which vaniſhes almoſt as ſoon as it appears.

Yet theſe Men think to pacify *Heaven*, by building Magnificent *Temples* and *Oratories*; by entailing their Eſtates to *Convents* and *Hoſpitals*: As if the *Omnipotent* were to be brib'd; or took pleaſure in *Gifts*, which are but the *Fruits* of *Robbery* and *Injuſtice*. Can the *Sacrifices* of *Infidels* be more acceptable, becauſe they are made on *Altars* of *Gold*? Or even the *Prayers* of *Muſſulmans*, in that they are breath'd out in *Moſques*, built of the fineſt Marble, cruſted over with precious Stones, and adorned with Carpets and Hangings of the richeſt *Tiſſues* and *Brocades*? The ancient *Pagans* can inſtruct us better.

Thou wilt not think me tedious, if I relate a paſſage which juſt comes into my mind; of a certain *great* Man in *Aſia*, who poſſeſs'd vaſt Herds of Cattel, and was accuſtomed to make magnificent *Oblations* to the *Gods*. This *Grandee* once made a *Pilgrimage* to *Delphos*, famous in thoſe days, for the *Oracle* of *Apollo*. He carried with him a hundred *Bulls*, whoſe *Horns* were enchas'd in *Gold*, being ſpurr'd on with extraordinary *Devotion*, and deſigning to do a ſingular Honour to the *God*. When he

arrived

arrived at the place, puff'd up with his coſtly Preſents, and the Flatteries of his Attendants; he boldly approach'd the *Temple*, thinking no Man on Earth more worthy of the *God's* Friendſhip than himſelf; demanding of the *Pythoneſs* (for ſo they call'd the Woman, who perform'd the *Office* of *Prieſthood* there) Who among all Mortals made the moſt acceptable *Sacrifices*, and departed with the greateſt Bleſſing from the *Oracle*? (for he preſumed the preheminence would be granted to himſelf:) When ſhe anſwered, *That one* Clearchus *of* Methydrium, *was the moſt devout and dear to the* Gods *of all Men.*

Aſtoniſh'd above meaſure at this unexpected Reply, the vain Bigot reſolv'd to find out this Man, and learn of him what method he took to pleaſe the *Divinity*. He haſtens therefore to *Methydrium*: And when he firſt came within view of it, he deſpis'd the meanneſs of the place, judging it impoſſible, That one Man, or all the Town, could be able to preſent the *Gods* with more magnificent *Oblations* than he. Having found out *Clearchus*, he ask'd him, What *Sacrifices* he us'd to make to *Apollo*? To whom *Clearchus* Replied, "I am a poor "Man, and when I go to *Delphos*, I carry neither "Silver nor Gold, but only a Basket of Fruits, the "beſt that my *Farm* affords, which I freely offer "to the *Powers* which govern *All Things*, and from "whom I receive whatſoever I enjoy. Moreover, "I keep the appointed *Holy Days*; and my poorer "Neighbours go cheerful from my Table. I never "*Kill'd* any *Thing*: Nor have I done to *another*, that "which I would not have done to *my ſelf*. I pray "to *Jupiter* every Morning before the Sun ariſes, "and at Night when he goes down. I keep my ſelf "and my Cottage clean. In all things elſe I live "like the *Beaſts*, that is, according to *Nature*.

Then

Thou wilt perceive by this, O pious *Eremit*, that *Simplicity* and *Innocence* are the moſt acceptable *Sacrifices* to the *Supremely Merciful*: And, that the moſt *High God* takes no pleaſure in the *Smoke* of *Burnt-Offerings*, or the *Pompous Addreſſes* of the *Great*; but only in the pure Flames of a devout Heart; the Integrity of a juſt Man, void of Deceit and Guile.

Thou, *Illuſtrious Mahummed*, art the Perſon in whom theſe things are verify'd. May *God* ſhelter thee with his *Mercies*, to the *Hour* of *Tranſmigration*, and beyond the *Laſt Flight* of *Time*.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THERE are two Actions which take up all the Diſcourſe at preſent. One is the Siege of *Stenay*, a ſtrong Town in *Flanders*, before which the *French* Army is newly laid down. The other is the inveſting of *Arras* by the *Spaniards*.

'Tis the preſence of many illuſtrious Perſonages, that renders both theſe Sieges conſiderable. In the *French* Camp are preſent, the *King*, *Cardinal Mazarine*, and all the *Grandees* of the *Court*. In the *Spaniſh* are *Arch Duke Leopold*, the *Prince* of *Conde*, *Francis* Duke of *Lorrain*, with others of *Prime Quality*.

They are very vigorous on both ſides, in preſſing and defending theſe Two places; as if the *Fate* of both

both *Kingdoms* were now at Stake. In my opinion *France* runs the greateſt hazard: For if the *Spaniards* ſhould prove ſucceſsful in what 'tis ſaid they have reſolv'd upon, that is, the relief of *Stenay*; if they ſhould give Battel, and get the Victory, a Way would be open for them to penetrate into the Bowels of *France*. And 'tis thought many Towns in this *Kingdom* wou'd open their Gates to them, whilſt the *Prince* of *Conde* is at the Head of their Army, who does all things in the Name of the *French* King: Even his *Rebellion* it ſelf, is maſqu'd under the ſpecious Title, *Of taking up Arms to reſcue the Captive* King *from the hands of* Mazarine *and his Adherents*: A pretty way of ſeducing the People from their Obedience. The *Pariſians*, and indeed all the *French*, are divided into Cabals and Parties; ſome eſpouſing the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Intereſt, whilſt others manifeſt an incorruptible Loyalty to their *Sovereign*. I approve the Morals of the latter, yet privately rejoice at the *Treaſons* of the former, wiſhing their *Inteſtine* Quarrels may continue till the *Day* of the *Earthquake*.

Eliachim the *Jew* follows the *Court*, which rather ought now to be call'd the *Camp*. His private Affairs call him that way: From him I receive frequent Advice of the moſt important Matters in that *Theatre* of *War*. He informs me, That the King of *France*'s preſence in the Siege of *Stenay*, inſpires his Soldiers with more than ordinary Vigor: And, That he ſhews daily proofs of an extraordinary Courage. He was one whole Night on Horſeback, giving Orders, and directing his *Engineers*. Next Morning he ſent a Summons to the *Governor*; who made a ſtout Reply, being reſolv'd to hold out to the laſt Extremity; and therefore ſally'd out of the Town with a Party of reſolute Men, who kill'd near Four thouſand of the Beſiegers.

But alas, theſe *Infidels* are only ſtout, whilſt well fed: Not knowing what it is to endure the Rigors

of

of Famine, and other intolerable Hardſhips. In a *Weſtern Hiſtories*, they cannot match the Brave a *Gariſon* in the impregnable Fortreſs of *Merdin* mous in our *Annals* for ſuſtaining a *Seven* Siege, when the mighty *Timurleng* lay before it w his *invincible* Army. That Scourge of *Heaven*, terrify the beſieged, and give 'em an earneſt of Reſolution, caus'd all the old Trees round abo this place to be cut down, and young ones to planted in far greater Numbers: Declaring at t ſame time, *That he would not raiſe the Siege, till the Trees ſhould be mature enough to bear Fruit.* When th time came, he ſent a *Preſent* of the *Fruits* to the *Go vernor* of the *Gariſon*; as likewiſe of *Mutton*, with this Meſſage, *That he took pity on ſo brave a Man, fearing leſt he would ſtarve for want of Neceſſaries.*

As ſoon as the *Governor* had receiv'd theſe *Preſents*, turning to the Meſſenger, he ſaid, *Go tell thy Maſter, I thank him for his Preſent of Fruits: But, for the Fleſh, we ſhall have no occaſion, ſo long as our Ews afford us Milk enough to ſuſtain the whole Gariſon. And that thy Maſter may be aſſured we are not in want of that, I will ſend him a Preſent of Cheeſes made of the ſame.* Accordingly he commanded Four *Cheeſes* to be deliver'd to the Meſſenger; which when *Timurleng* ſaw, and had heard the words of the *Governor*, he deſpair'd of reducing that place, tho' he had lain before it *Seven Years*, wanting only *Two Moons*. But, had he underſtood what ſort of *Cheeſes* theſe were, he wou'd no doubt have chang'd his Reſolution: For, it ſeems, they were made of the *Milk* of *Bitches*, and were the very laſt Suſtenance the *Gariſon* had, except the *Fleſh* it ſelf of thoſe *Unclean Animals*.

Believe me, Sage *Miniſter*, ſuch Examples of Patience and Fortitude, are very rare. And this was the more remarkable, in that it was the firſt Place, where

where that invincible *General* hand met with a Repulſe.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THIS is the *Anniverſary Day* of my *Nativity*; which I Celebrate not, as others do, on ſuch an occaſion, with *Mirth* and *Revelling*, with *Muſick* and *Songs*. My *Chamber* is not perfum'd with the *Incenſe* of *Arabia*, nor with any extraordinary *Odours*: Neither is it adorn'd with *Flowers*, *Laurel*, or the *Branches* of *Green Trees*. I am not at the expence of *coſtly Oils*, to burn in a multitude of *Lamps*, and make joyful *Illuminations*, as at a *Feaſt*. Such pompous Vanity, I leave to thoſe who perhaps have more reaſon to be merry in this *Life*, than the Thoughtful and Penſive *Mahmut* can find out.

On the other ſide, I ſpend not this Day in extreme and fruitleſs *Mourning*: But retaining an indifference of mind, I conſecrate it to the *Service* of my *Reaſon* and *Contemplation*; which are the only things conſiderable in mortal Man.

From the minute that I firſt awak'd this Morning, I have been pondering on *my ſelf*, and *Humane Nature*. I ſuffer'd my anxious Thoughts to ſtart back beyond the *Hour* of my *Birth*, reflecting on the *Impriſonment* I ſuffer'd in my *Mother*'s *Womb*, which yet I cannot in the leaſt remember. And this is the Caſe of all Men. We know not how we came into this

this open *World of Light*, from that *Region* of D
neſs; nor that ever we were ſo ſhut up, but a
are told by our *Parents*; and Common Experi
confirms us, that this is the *Lot* of all *Mortals*. I
then ſhall we be able ro diſcover what *State*
were in before our *Conception*? Whether we
in the Rank of *Things* which have *Exiſtence*, or
ther we were not hid in the *Womb* of *Nothing*? I
thee, this thought has fill'd me with great In
etudes. I am reſtleſs to know my own *Orig*
I would fain be Inform'd, if that which th y
the *Soul*, be a *Subſtance* diſtinct from the *Bod*
only the *Finer Part* of *Matter*, a *Quinteſſence* of
Elements. If it be *diſtinct*, as I have reaſon to
lieve, 'twou'd be a ſingular Happineſs, to be
fied where it was, before united to this *Machin*
Fleſh and *Bones*: And whether that *Union* be
luntary, or *Forc'd*: For I muſt profeſs my ſelf t
altogether in the dark as to theſe Scrutinies. Sc
times I join with the *Platoniſts*, and conclud
Human Souls to be *Particles* of the *Divine Na*
Beams of the *Eternal Sun*: And that though
Light be now obſcur'd and veil'd under this Cl
of *Earthly Matter*; yet we have formerly ſh
with an undiminiſh'd Splendor, when only
body'd in the Clearer Air, or more Refined S
ſtance of the Sky. Perhaps, think I, for ſome
rors committed in that *Superior State*, we are
down into theſe *Bodies* as into *Priſons* for our
niſhment. Then I am vex'd at the *Fatal Dulne*
my *Memoy*, that retains no *Idea* of my *paſt*
dition

At other times (for like all *Mortals* I am ſub
to Change) I embrace the *Doctrines* of *Pythag*
which thou knoweſt are generally entertain'd
o'er the Eaſt: And believing the *Tranſmigratio*
Souls from one Living Creature to another, I can
be certain but that I have been an *Elephant*, a *Cam*
a

a *Horſe*, or perhaps ſome more *Contemptible Animal*; and, for ought I know, I have undergon all the various kinds of *Metamorphoſis* that ever *Ovid* mention'd

However, be it how it will, I ſee no Grounds to make any extravagant Solemnity on the account of my being born to what I am now, that is, a *Man*. For I think we are the only *Spectacles* of *Folly* and *Miſery* among all the *Creatures* of *God*.

We boaſt of *Arts* and *Sciences*; yet the wiſeſt of Mortals are always moſt ſenſible, *That they know nothing*. One Man builds a ſtately Houſe, a Place of Repoſe and Refuge for himſelf and his *Family*. Another comes and pulls it down, demoliſhing the only ſtanding *Monument* of his Brother's *Prudence*, or rather of his *Folly*, who perhaps conſum'd the greateſt part of his *Eſtate* in that Coſtly *Fabrick*: Whereas among all his *Sciences*, had he but learn'd to *KNOW HIMSELF*; an humble convenient *Cottage* would have ſerv'd his *Neceſſities* during this *Short Life*, and ſo he might have avoided the *Stroke* of *Envy*.

I tell thee, my Friend, I cannot build *Altars* to *Fortune*, nor adore the *External Pageantry* of the *Rich* and *Great*. I equally hate to be flatter'd my ſelf, as thoſe are who invite their Friends to ſolemnize their *Birth day*.

Yet in thus contemning *External Honour*, I do the greateſt Reverence to my ſelf, whilſt I preſerve my *Reaſon* free from being violated or prophan'd by *Fooliſh Cuſtoms*.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Selectar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer *to the* Grand-Signior.

SOmetimes we ſeem to be aſleep here in this City, for want of News. But of late, we have been rouz'd by Poſt upon Poſt: Some bringing Intelligence of the ſurrender of *Stenay* to the *French* King; others of the Revolt of *Barcelona* from the *Spaniards*. But that which is of freſheſt Date, and for which all the Streets of *Paris* are this Night illuminated with Bonefires, is the Relief of *Arras*, which the *French* have obtain'd a glorious Victory. The Number of the Dead is not yet known, but ſuppoſed to be very great. And 'tis certain the Victors have taken above Seven thouſand Priſoners, Sixty Cannon, Five thouſand Waggons, an equal Number of Horſes, with all the Plate and rich Furniture of the *Prince of Conde*, *Arch-Duke Leopold*, *Fromois* of *Lorrain* and the other *Grandees* of the *Spaniſh* Army. In ſhort the *French* are Maſters of the Town, and of the Field and all *Flanders* appears now too little to hold 'em.

Theſe continual Succeſſes redound much to the Eſtabliſhment of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who now ſeems above the ſtroke of Misfortune or Malice. Yet no Man can call himſelf Happy till the Hour of his Death, which alone releaſes us from all Humane Miſeries.

Some days ago I received a Letter from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, which informs me of the Death of the *Roman* King, and of ſeveral Prodigies which were ſeen before, and about the time of his Departure:

When he was firſt taken Sick, there aroſe a Violent Tempeſt of Wind, which blew down the *Cro-*

ſix

from one of their *Churches*. After this, follow'd a terrible Earthquake, that ſhook the whole City, threatning to remove its foundations. Moreover, an Old-*Eagle*, a Domeſtick of the *Imperial Palace*, and that had liv'd there many years, took Wing the day before the *King's* Sickneſs, and flew quite away. Then the Bells of the *Imperial* Chappel rung thrice of their own accord in the ſpace of Twelve Hours. Thus far the *Jews* aſſures me is true. There are additional Reports of ſtrange Apparitions that were ſeen about *Vienna* during the Sickneſs of this *Prince*, as of a *Funeral Proceſſion* after Midnight, through the Courts of the *Palace*; and of a ſhow'r of warm Blood that fell at Noon-day in the Streets of that City. But theſe I have only from the Mouth of Common Fame, which, thou knoweſt, does not always ſpeak Truth.

I deſire thee and all the *Miniſters*, to make a diſtinction between thoſe Paſſages which I aſcertain, and the doubtful Relations of the Multitude. In theſe Caſes, Men are prone to *Superſtition*, and love to be the Authors of Portentous News. But thou may'ſt belive what the *Jew* relates; for he never affects to be fabulous.

'Twould tempt one to ask, What ſtrange hidden *Power* produces thoſe unuſual Signs? Whether we Mortals are under the Cuſtody of *Inviſible Beings*, who teach the *Elements* and other *Creatures* to utter the *Future Events* of *Fate*? Or, Whether all theſe things which appear ſo ſtrange and ſurprizing be not meer Caſualties; accidents of *Nature* happening of Courſe, and only made remarkable by their timing? Who knows, but that the voluntary Ringing of the Bells, might proceed from the Motion of the Tower where they hung during the Earthquake? Or, Why, need we wonder, that a *Croſs*, or a *Creſcent* ſhould be blown down from the top of a high *Minaret*, by a violent Tempeſt of Wind?

Theſe

Theſe things appear to me as Natural, as for the Rain to lodge all the Corn in the Fields; or for a Storm to tear up Trees by the Roots, overturn Houſes, and commit a thouſand other Violences. Neither do I perceive any thing worth Admiration in the Flight of the *Eagle*. Perhaps ſome *Royal* Caprice ſprung in the Head of that *King* of *Birds*, which he ne'er felt before. There's is nothing of Prodigy in all this, but only becauſe it happen'd at ſuch a Critical Juncture. Had it been at another time, no body, perhaps, would have taken notice of it, any more than they do of Earthquakes at *Naples*, which are common in that Country, where the Earth is very Hollow, being made ſo by Veins of continual burning *Sulphur*. They have felt ſeveral in that *Kingdom* within theſe Two *Months*, as alſo at *Rome*; but no great hurt has been done.

Nathan informs me alſo, That the *Venetian Ambaſſador* at *Vienna*, has diſtributed great Sums of Money, in token of his Joy, for the late Victory that *Republick* obtained againſt the *Muſſulmans*. This appears to me a real Prodigiy, That the *Ottomans* who are invincible by Land, yet ſtill come off with Loſs at Sea.

Queen *Chriſtina* of *Sweden* is expected here e'er long. She came to *Antwerp* in the habit of a Man, which occaſions variety of Cenſures. The *French* call her, the Learned *Amazon*, She being well vers'd in many *Languages*, and *Sciences*. They extol her Virtues and Perfections, ſtiling her the *Phenix* of this Age. All the Weſtern *Nazarens* are devout Admirers of Women: And one of their famous *Sages*, whom thy call *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, wrote a ſelect *Treatiſe* in praiſe of that Sex; wherein he endeavours to prove, That they are more Excellent and Noble Cratures than Men. But he wou'd find few Proſelytes in the *Eaſt*.

'Tis

'Tis certain, there have been very famous Women in all Ages, and it would be Envy in Men to deny them their due Praiſe. Such was *Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, the *Roman Lucretia*, the *Sybils* *Theano* *Pythagoras*'s Wife, with his Daughter *Damo*; *Sappho* the *Poeteſs*, with innumerable others both of *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, Renowned for their Virtue, Learning, or Valour in the Wars. But it does not follow, that they therefore ſurpaſs Men.

Let us keep the Rank, in which *God* and *Nature* have plac'd us, without being Churliſh or Effeminate. And this is the beſt way to get and retain the Eſteem of that Nice Sex, who hate a Clown, and deſpiſe a Dotard.

Paris, 30th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VII.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

THOU art he, to whom I can unmask. With others I converſe (like our Women in *Turkey*) under a Veil. When I write to the *Grandees* of the *Port*, 'tis neceſſary for me to diſſemble many Things; and to feign ſome, that I may be credited in others, and not be ſuſpected in all. But with thee, I uſe no Artifice or Diſguiſe: Thou haſt a kind of natural Right to my ſecret Thoughts, beyond the Claim of a Brother. I owe thee an Entire Confidence, on the Score of Friendſhip; and I ſeem to wrong my ſelf, when I conceal my Sentiments from thee. For, beſides the Tye of *Blood*, we were Partners together in the Adventures of Youth; and

the mutual good Offices that paſs'd between us, faſten'd our Affections with ſtronger Bands, than thoſe of our Birth. Nor were we ſo unhappy, as to ſuffer the little Youthful Emulations which are common between Sons of the ſame Mother, to ſtifle the more ſolid and generous Efforts of real Love. Our Friendſhip grew up with our Years, cemented by Intereſt as well as Affection; and I eſteem *Peſtalli*, but my ſelf in another Figure. If thou haſt the ſame Regard to me, I am happy. Let us continue to cheriſh this noble Paſſion: The leaſt Coldneſs or Reſerve now, would appear to me more hateful than a Divorce, more terrible than Death.

'Tis but reaſonable, That among the many Services our *Great Maſter* claims at our Hands, we ſhould employ ſome of our Time and Care on our Selves. We owe the *Sultan* much; but both He and We owe *Nature* more, without whoſe Bounty and Providence, We had never had the Honour, nor He the Profit of our being in his Debt. He is more deeply engag'd in *Fortune*'s Tally than We; but in the Accompts of *Nature*, We are all equal. She is the Univerſal Creditor of Mankind. We are indebted to Her, for all we have; yet methinks, nothing ſo much enhances our Score, as the ill Menage of Time. In that we ſtill run in Arrears, whilſt the haſty Minutes poſt forward, never to be revok'd; and yet, we neither lay hold on 'em in their Flight, nor ſo much as imprint on any of them, the leaſt tranſient Mark of Virtue or Wiſdom. Thus our Lives ſlide away without Profit, till the Laſt Sand tells us, *We are Bankrupts, Nature will not truſt us with a Moment longer.*

'Tis time therefore, dear Brother, for thee and me to look about us; and ſince 'tis impoſſible for us to make a full Payment, let us at leaſt compound with *Nature*; and getting an *Acquittance* for what is paſt and irrecoverable, let us be ſure to cancel the re-

remaining Part of the Score, by a Wiſe Improvement of every Minute.

Think not, that *Mahmut* is perſuading thee to turn *Derviſe*, or to beſtow all thy Time in *Prayers*: Such Rigorous Devotion is not conſiſtent with the Life of a Man in thy *Station*. But permit me, dear *Peſteli*, to counſel thee, not to build *Altars* to *Fortune*, and conſecrate all thy vacant Hours to her Service. I am told, thou art grown a great *Gameſter*, not only at the Polemick Traverſes of *Cheſs*, but alſo at Plays of Hazard. The former of the Two, is the moſt innocent: Yet, 'tis too Intricate and Puzling, deſerves the Name of Buſineſs rather than of Recreation: It commits a Rape on the Mind, whilſt it requires as much Attention and Abſtractedneſs of Thought, as would ſerve to trace out the Conduct of a Battel or a Siege. But, the latter have a far worſe Influence on our Paſſions, by exciting us to immoderate Deſire; Hope, Joy, and Grief for mere Trifles, the uncertain Products of *Chance*. Therefore are they forbidden by our *Holy Prophet*. And, 'tis not to be number'd among the Commendations of a *Muſſulman*, to be dextrous at managing the *Cards* or *Dice*.

When thou art diſpos'd to unbend thy Mind, I would rather counſel thee, to uſe ſome healthful Exerciſe; ſuch as may ventilate thy melancholy Blood. Our Fathers were wont at ſuch Times to divert themſelves with Bows and Arrows, Hunting, Wreſtling, and the like manly Paſtimes; thus, making their Private Recreations ſubſervient to the Publick, whilſt they ſported themſelves into the Diſcipline of War, and inur'd their Bodies to Labour, even at thoſe hours when their Minds ſought Reſt.

What! tho' *Claudius Cæſar* devoted himſelf to Gaming with *Dice*, and wrote a *Book* in Praiſe of his Folly. What! tho' *Domitian* the *Emperor*, and *Theodorick*, *King* of the *Goths*, ſpent whole Nights and

Days in this unprofitable Play? Thou haſt not read or heard of ſuch Examples, among the Renowned Sons of *Othoman*. Our Glorious *Sultans* were never vacant to theſe Fooleries. And if they had, their Practice cannot juſtify a *Subject*'s Imitation. Neither wouldſt thou be ſo in Love with Gaming, didſt thou conſider what unhappy Deſtinies have commonly attended the Votaries of *Fortune*. Whole Eſtates have been ſquander'd away at *Dice* in a Night, Families ruin'd, and the Gameſter himſelf Impriſon'd in the Morning. He that Yeſterday was Maſter of great Poſſeſſions, and a Companion for *Princes*; by the Effects of this accurſed Vanity, has bereav'd himſelf of All, and is to day become the Scorn of Beggars.

The *Chineſes* are ſo bewitched with Love of Gaming, that when they have loſt all their Stakes, they'll pawn themſelves, their Wives and Children; which if the Fortune of the *Dice* run againſt them, become all Bond-ſlaves to the Winter. Here is a *Derviſe* in this City, of the *Order* of the *Jeſuits*, who lately came from *China*. Among other Learned Men, I ſometimes converſe with Him. He relates many pretty Paſſages of that People, but one is Tragical, whereof he himſelf was an Eye-witneſs.

He ſays, That in the *Province* of *Queinteng*, a certain *Nobleman* who had ſerv'd in the Wars, and acquir'd great Fame and Honour, was envied by one of his Neighbours, who likewiſe had been a Captain, and much in Favour at the *Court*. Their Emulations carried 'em to many Ill Offices, and at laſt to open Defiance. The *Emperor* being made ſenſible of the Hatred that was between theſe Two Officers; and being unwilling their Fury ſhould precipitate them to the Ruin of each other, became himſelf an *Arbitrator* of their *Quarrel*; laying his Commands on 'em, to embrace and eat together, which is an aſſured Token of Reconciliation and Friendſhip in that Country.

Country. They obey'd the Will of their *Sovereign*. But ſitting up late one Night at *Dice*, it was the *Captain*'s ill Fortune, to loſe all he had to the *Nobleman*. Mad at his unlucky Chance, and in hopes to retrieve his Loſs, he ſends for his Wife and Three young Sons, whom with himſelf he pawn'd to the *Nobleman* for a conſiderable Sum of Money, and falls afreſh to play: But Fate was his Enemy; he loſt All. Whereupon in Deſpair, he ſtabs his Wife and Three Children, and laſtly falls on his own Sword; glorying, that he and his Family ſhould thus eſcape a hated Captivity to his Old Enemy.

Tell me, dear *Peſteli*, hadſt thou ſeen this *Tragedy*, would it not have made thee reſolve againſt Gaming during thy Life? Aſſuredly, our *Holy Prophet* frowns from his *Paradiſe*, on thoſe who violate his *Laws*. He knew our Paſſions, and which were the moſt dangerous; therefore he prohibited ſuch Things, as are moſt likely to betray us to Violence, and an incurable Diſorder. If thou wilt acquit thy ſelf a good *Muſſulman*, thou muſt not leap over theſe Prohibitions, accounting them ſmall and indifferent Trifles. Remember the Saying of the *holy Doctor*, and *Leader* of the *Muſſulman* Armies, the Chaſt *Oſman*, *a little Spark will ſet a whole City on Fire*. And the *Roman Satyriſt* has obſerv'd, *That no Man becomes wicked all at once*. Think then with thy ſelf 'tis for this Reaſon the *Meſſenger* of *God* has forbid Gaming to the *True Faithful*; not as a Thing in it ſelf naturally Evil, but only Morally, ſo as it is a Step to the greateſt Vices. For whilſt we captivate our ſelves to Chance, we loſe our Authority over our Paſſions. We ſtand or fall at the uncertain Caſt of the *Dice*. We are Slaves to the feebleſt Wiſhes; which if they ſucceed not, we grow Furious, Profligate and Impious. Baniſhing all Prudence Temperance, and Juſtice, we become Impudent and fit for the blackeſt Crimes.

Take not in ill Part the wholſome Admonition of a Brother, who manifeſts his Love, in thus reproving thee without Flattery. Uſe the ſame Freedom when thou heareſt I am guilty of any *Unneceſſary* Vice: For, the *Publick Service*, turns ſome *Vices* into *Virtues*.

Paris, 14th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VIII.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Believe, thou haſt a mind to try my Temper; to make an Experiment upon me and ſee, Whether I'm Proof againſt thy Anger: Elſe, why ſhould *Kenan Baſſa's* Buſineſs be reviv'd again, after it had been bury'd above theſe Four Years? I examine not, what mighty Intereſt thou haſt in that *Officer*, that thou afreſh eſpouſeſt his old Quarrel, as if 'twere thy own. Thy Affairs are beſt known to thy ſelf. But let me tell thee, 'twill not redound much to thy Credit, to be found Partial. I honour thee with all the Devoir that is due to a *Miniſter* in thy *Station*, and with ſomething more: For, the Eſteem a Man has for his Friend, is Singular and beyond Ceremonies; But ſtill he owes ſome Regard to himſelf. Self-Preſervation is Rooted in the Center of our Nature; and few will be knowingly Complaiſant to their Ruin. I am puzzl'd what to think, or how to write, thy laſt Letter has put my Mind into ſuch a Hurly-Burly. A thouſand Imaginations like Whirl-winds, tear up my moſt ſolid Thoughts by the Roots. I'm in as wild a Condition as a Man in an Earthquake, leaping this Way and that Way, yet knows not *where to fix* his Foot in Safety. If-

If I perſevere in calling thee Friend, perhaps thou wilt accuſe me of Preſumption. If I change my Stile, and ſuppoſe thee under another Character, Ingratitude will be laid to my Charge. To vindicate my Actions, will be interpreted Obſtinacy; and to own my ſelf in the Fault, will be counted Weakneſs. Nay, all the World will call me Fool, in condemning my ſelf for Things whereof I never was Guilty. What ſhall I do in this Caſe? I am naturally Thoughtful and Melancholy. The Words that ſpring from Reſentment, cleave faſt to my Mind, and breed a Thouſand Inferences. My buſy Apprehenſion extracts Menaces out of the moſt Artificial Expreſſions. I look on my ſelf, as mark'd out for a *Sacrifice*, one time or other. The *Will* of *Deſtiny* be done, Early or Late. I will not go out of my Road to avoid it; Since it is but ill Husbandry of Time, to borrow it from the Ineffable Joys of *Paradiſe*, to multiply a few Days or Years, of a Miſerable Life on *Earth*.

As for the *Treaſurer*, and the reſt of my *Accuſers*, let them know, that I will perſevere in doing my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, without warping to the Right-hand, or to the Left, for Fear or Favour.

But if my *Private Agency* in theſe *Parts* meet with Rubs and Checks for want of Money, let the Blame reſt on thoſe whoſe *Charge* it is, to ſupply me with what is neceſſary for a Man in my *Station*: For, henceforward, *Mahmut* will be reproach'd no more for demanding his *Penſion*.

Think not, 'tis an eaſy thing for a Man to be always a Counterfeit, and never to have his Mind unbent; to act two contrary Parts at the ſame time; to be True and Falſe; a *Muſſulman* and Servant of the *Grand Signior* in Reality; a *Chriſtian* and *Subject* of *France* in Appearance. My Soul is perpetually ſtretcht upon the Rack of watchful Thoughts and buſy Invention, leſt by ſome Improvident Word or Deed,

my Diſguiſe ſhould fall off, and I appear in my Naked Colours.

'Tis but Reaſon therefore, that whilſt this vaſt Solicitude takes up all my Faculties, the Care of my Subſiſtence ſhould reſt on thoſe who employ me. Let not the *Miniſters* of the *Benign Port*, be peeviſh at me without a Cauſe. For I imprecate, Serene *Grandee*, that *God* would ſplit my Soul into Ten thouſand immortal Splinters, if ever I betray my Truſt. But needleſs Suſpicion, wou'd tempt a Man to Treachery.

Paris, 14th *of the* 10th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1654.

LETTER IX.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THE *Pope* has been ſick for a conſiderable time, and 'tis now ſtrongly reported, He is dead. They talk of an *Expreſs* that is come to the *Chancellor* of *France*, to certify him of it, and to conſult about the next *Election*. But this is not credited here; being only look'd upon as a *Roman* or *Spaniſh* Artifice, to ſound the Inclinations of this *Court* beforehand, that ſo they may be able to countermine the *French* Intereſt, when the *Pope* ſhall really dye. And 'tis not expected he ſhould live long, being of a great Age, and worn out with Cares and Sickneſs.

'Tis certain he has made his *Will*, wherein Two Millions of Gold are given to the *Treaſury* founded by his *Predeceſſors*, to ſerve the *Church* in its extreme neceſſities. But 'tis a thouſand to one, if ſome future *Pontiff* ſucceeding in that *Chair*, do not in his unerring Judgment, interpret his own Perſonal Occaſions, or thoſe of his Nephews, to be the Extreme

Ne-

Neceſſities of the *Church*; and then, all this huge Maſs of Wealth is infallibly gone.

He has likewiſe bequeath'd large Legacies to his *Siſter in law*, whom they call *Donna Olympia*; and to others of his Relations and Creatures. And 'tis thought, this *Lady* will more than doubly pay her ſelf, having the Management of all his Affairs. Indeed, during his Reign, it may be ſaid, the whole *Roman Church* was govern'd by a Woman. For this *Prelate* wou'd never do any thing without her Advice.

She was born of an obſcure *Family*, but is of a high Spirit, Ambitious of *Rule*, and a Perſon of great Abilities: Extremely Covetous and Subtle; turning and winding all Events to her own Profit. All *Preferments* were at her Diſpoſal: She ſold *Biſhopricks*, *Abbies*, and other *Eccleſiaſtical Dignities* at her own Rates, and to whom ſhe pleas'd. In fine, whoſoever had any Buſineſs with the *Pope*, made their Addreſſes to her. By which means ſhe has heap'd together a prodigious Treaſure, and is eſteem'd the Richeſt *Lady* in *Europe*. 'Tis thought ſhe would have ſold even the *Pope*, and *Rome* it ſelf, the *Capital* Seat of the *Chriſtian Empire*, rather than refus'd a proportionate Offer of Gold, cou'd ſhe have met with a Chapman to her Mind. This wou'd have been a *Merchandiſe* fit for the *Grand Signior*, were it not reſerv'd as a *Prize* for the Victorious Arms deſtin'd to conquer All Things.

The *French* ſeem mightily concern'd for the Tragedies Acted in *Poland* by the *Moſcovites*. 'Tis affirm'd that they have taken the Town of *Vitebsko* by Storm, (putting Men, Women, and Children to the Sword) with divers other Cities and Places of Strength: And that they have laid in Aſhes all the Towns and Villages round about *Smolensko*; ſo that there is nothing to be ſeen but Ruin and Deſolation for above an hundred Miles round that City; which alſo is now cloſely beſieg'd by the Forces of the *Czar*.

If theſe *Northern Infidels* go on, and make ſuch bloody Work where ever they come, they will, in a ſhort time, over-run and diſpeople all *Europe*. But 'tis to be hop'd the *Tartars*, who are lately enter'd into a League with *Poland*, will put a ſtop to the cruel Victories of the *Moſcovites*, and chaſtiſe the Treaſon of the *Coſſacks*, who join with 'em contrary to their *Faith* given to the *King* of *Poland*.

They ſay, Four *Grandees* of *Tartary* are arriv'd as *Hoſtages* at *Warſaw*, and as many *Lords* of *Poland* are ſent on the ſame Errand to the *Court* of the *Cham*; who, as a farther Evidence of his Integrity, has releas'd all the *Poliſh* Captives in his Dominions, and ſent the *Ambaſſadors* of the *Ceſſacks* home, without their Noſes and Ears, as a Mark of his irreconcileable Indignation at their Infidelity.

In the mean while, I am extremely afflicted to hear of our continual Loſſes by Sea. They ſay here, That above ſix thouſand *Muſſulmans* were killed in the late Fight in the *Helleſpont*; and that we have loſt ſixteen Gallies, beſides Ships of *War*. That *Element*, one would conclude, is fatal to the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither have we had much better Succeſs by Land this Campagne. Yet *Chuſacin* the *Vizier Azem*, and *General* in *Candia*, has perform'd very Heroick Things. To ſpeak impartially, and give due Honour to our Enemies, the *Malteſes*, *Venetians*, and *French*, have not been wanting in any point of Bravery. Which alſo redounds to the greater Honour of the *Muſſulmans*, in that they draw their Sword againſt the Flower of *Chriſtendom*, and not againſt *Owls* and *Pigmies*. Such are the *Perſians*, when we encounter 'em; for either they dare not endure the Luſtre, and ſtand the Brunt of our Invincible Arms; or if they do, they ſink under the firſt Shock.

When I name thoſe Hereticks, I ſpit on the Ground in Deteſtation of their Errors: For they are worſe than the *Zindick* and *Giafers*. I have more Charity for

for a *Chriſtian* or a *Jew*, than I have for thoſe Vermin of the Land. In fine, I wiſh they were extirpated from the Earth; and that they may after this Life, be either Metamorphos'd into *Hogs*, which Creature, thou know'ſt, is an Abomination to all Good Men and Angels (and they already reſemble it in their Uncleanneſs) or elſe that they may become the Aſſes of the *Jews* in *Hell*, to carry their Burthens for a Thouſand Ages.

Paris, 17th *of the* 11th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1654.

LETTER X.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Grand Signior's Cuſtoms.

THE *God* of our *Fathers* grant thee as much Joy every Minute of thy Life, as I feel at this Inſtant. Wilt thou know the Occaſion of this unuſual Tranſport? I can hardly believe my ſelf, when I tell thee of an Adventure, the moſt ſurprizing that ever happen'd to me ſince my arrival in this City. And perhaps thou wilt think I Romance in relating it: But aſſure thy ſelf, that of a Truth *Ouramiche* our Mother, is at this time in *Paris*, with our Couſin *Iſouf*.

May a Thouſand ſoft Paſſions thrill thy Heart, when thou readeſt this News, as they did mine, when at my Chamber-door I firſt ſaw and knew the Face of her that bare me, after I had given her over for dead long ago; for I had heard no Tidings of her theſe eleven Years. Good *God!* So ſtrange and unexpected a Sight, had almoſt diſmantl'd my *Senſes*, thoſe Out-Works of the *Soul*. For a while I ſtood ſtill, aſtoniſh'd and trembling with Ecſtaſy, I was not *preſently* ſatisfy'd, whether I beheld a

Mortal, or the *Ghoſt* of one: For, they ſay, theſe appear in the ſame Forms as they bore when Alive. Neither Age nor Travel, with all the other Infirmities and Croſſes of Humane Life, had ſo alter'd her Complexion; but that I eaſily diſcern'd the manifeſt Features, Lineaments, and Air of my Mother. I concluded therefore, it muſt be *She*, or her *Apparition*, if there be any ſuch Things.

Theſe were my firſt Thoughts, in that Waking Trance: But her Voice and Addreſs, ſoon put me out of Doubt, when impatient to ſee me ſtand like one Thunder-ſtruck ſhe ran to me with open Arms and Tears of Joy in her Eyes; crying out with a Tone and Affection peculiar to Women. *Art thou alive, my Son* Mahmut? *Do theſe Eyes ſee thee, or am I in a Dream?*

For my Part, I was as much upon the Rapture as ſhe, and hardly knew how to deport my ſelf, or what to ſay or do. Yet the Fear I was in, leſt ſome body in the Houſe ſhou'd over-hear us, and make ill Conſequences of this Paſſionate Interview, taught me a Leſſon of Moderation and Prudence. Wherefore I beckon'd to her to ſuppreſs her Paſſion, and converſe by *Signs*, as the Cuſtom is, at the *Myſterious Port*. Thoſe ſilent Expreſſions of our mutual Love, Joy and Admiration, were not leſs ſignificant, becauſe not cloath'd in Words. Thou know'ſt, there's Eloquence enough in this Mute Language. And I was jealous of Words, leſt ſome Inquiſitive Soul might underſtand us, tho' we convers'd in *Arabick*.

After our firſt Endearments and Tenderneſſes were over, in which my Couſin *Iſouf* alſo had his Share (for we were all reciprocally overjoy'd to ſee one another, in this Neſt of *Infidels*) I began to conſult the ſafety of us all three, in providing convenient Lodgings for my Mother and Kinſman. In order to this, we made a viſit to *Eliachim* the *Jew*, who entertain'd us at a Banquet, after the Faſhion of the

East. We advis'd with that honeſt *Hebrew* about our Affairs, I having made frequent and ſufficient Proof of his Fidelity and Friendſhip. In fine, he took them both into his own Houſe, under the Notion of *Greeks*, his Acquaintance; judging this the ſecureſt way to prevent any Diſcovery, or even the leaſt Suſpicion of our Circumſtances. They have continu'd there theſe Five Days, and their Character has not been queſtion'd by any. I viſit 'em daily, and we paſs away many hours in recounting the different Adventures of our Lives, in diſcourſing of our Friends in *Arabia*, *Greece*, and other *Parts* of the *World*, and in concerting the beſt Methods to ſerve one another, till Death ſhall divide us from our ſelves, as well as from our Friends, and rank us in a Liſt of *Inviſible Beings*, whoſe State and Qualities we know not.

Well, but all this while I believe thou art impatient to know what Motive of their own, or Turn of Fortune, drove them into ſo remote a *Region* as *France*, a *Country* inhabited by none but *Infidels*? Shall I tell thee in a Word? 'Twas Love, on her Part; and the Deſire of Novelty, on his.

Our Kinſman *Iſouf*, from his Childhood, felt powerful Inclinations to Travel: Which encreas'd with his Years, and were much heighten'd by his Converſe with *Greeks*, *Armenians*, *Franks*, and ſome *Muſſulmans* at *Conſtantinople*, who had ſeen many Foreign Countries, both in the *Eaſt* and *Weſt*.

The Relations they made of the Curioſities they had ſeen, and of their own Adventures, fir'd his Youthful Blood, and he form'd a Reſolution to depart, with the firſt Convenience, from *Conſtantinople*, and viſit all the *Regions* in the *World*, if his Life and Health would hold out. I formerly acquainted thee, that he had ſurvey'd the greateſt part of *Aſia*: Since which he ſet forth again; and having finiſhed his Travels in that *Quarter* of the *World*, he bent his Courſe for *Africk*; where he viſited Egypt, Barbary

bary, the *Empire* of *Morocco*, and *Fez*, with that of the *Æthiopians*, and many other *Regions* under the *Torrid Zone*, too tedious for me at this time to mention particularly, becauſe I write in haſt. Hereafter I ſhall give thee a more ample Account of his Obſervations, *&c.* Wherein thou wilt find, that *Iſouf* has not altogether loſt his time.

At length, having ſatisfy'd himſelf with whatſoever he thought worthy to be ſeen and known in that *Southern Tract*, he parted from *Fez* with a deſign to ſee *Europe*. Some *Bills* of *Exchange* cauſed him to take *Grand Caire* in his Way, where he encounter'd my Mother. She perceiving, that he wou'd take Shipping directly for *France*, reſolv'd to lay hold on ſo favourable an Opportunity, of ſeeing me once more before ſhe dy'd. Wherefore, imparting her Deſign to him, *Iſouf* offer'd her his utmoſt Service. And having ſetled her Affairs at *Caire*, and pack'd up her Money, Jewels, and other Neceſſaries, they took the Road of *Scanderoon*, where they ſoon arrived; and putting themſelves into the Habit of *Greeks*, *Iſouf* alſo ſpeaking pretty well that *Language*, and the *Lingua Franca*, they bargain'd with the Maſter of a Veſſel then lying in the Harbour, and bound for *Marſeilles*: He took them on Board, and under the Protection and Favour of *Heaven*, they arrived ſafe at *Marſeilles*, and are now in this City.

Yet amidſt all the Pleaſure I conceive in the Preſence of ſo near a Relation as a Mother; I am not without ſome Qualms of Fear, leſt ſome Unfortunate Occurrence ſhould diſcover her to be no *Chriſtian*: For then, the Iſſue might prove dangerous both to her and me.

As for *Iſouf*, he deſigns to tarry no longer in *Paris*, than to inform himſelf of what is moſt Remarkable in this City, and to ſatisfie the other Ends of a Traveller. From hence, after he has viſited the Chiefeſt Cities in *France*, he talks of travelling into

into *Flanders*, *Holland*, *Germany*, *Suedeland*, and the other *Kingdoms* of *Europe*. But for *Spain* or *Portugal*, he has no thoughts; either out of Fear of the *Inquiſition*, which is very ſevere in thoſe Countries; or out of an Averſion for the People who expell'd the *Moors*, of which he relates very Tragical Stories, which they told him during his reſidence at *Morocco* and *Fez*. In a Word, he gives this Character of a *Spaniard*, That he is a *Mungrel*, between a *Man* and a *Devil*. He likes the Company of the *French*, in Regard they converſe with a Natural and Unreſerv'd Freedom, which becomes them very well. But he has ſpoke with none but Travellers yet, who have been otherwiſe employ'd, than in ſtudying the Artificial Diſguiſes of *Courtiers*. If he Sojourns the ſpace of Three *Moons* in this *Kingdom*, he will find ſome of the *French* as affected in their Way, as other People: He will encounter with a new Sort of *Frenchmen* in every *Province*. For *France* is a mere *Gallimaufry*, made up of the Fragments and Remnants of other *Nations*. They differ alſo in their *Language*, as well as in their *Manners*, one from another. So that the Inhabitants of *Gaſcoigne* and *Bretagne*, can hardly be underſtood by thoſe of *Paris* and *Blois*, with the Adjacent *Parts*. Theſe *Weſtern* People, are not Curious in preſerving the *Dialect* of their Fathers, but every *Age* introduces a Change in their *Speech*. Neither are they diligent in retaining their *Genealogies*. Whereas in the *Eaſt*, thou know'ſt the *Languages* remain uncorrupted, the ſame now as they were Two Thouſand Years ago, or from the *Confuſion* of *Babel*. The ſame care we *Arabians* have of our *Tribes* and *Families*

Son of my Mother, when thou readeſt the two enclos'd, and ſhalt ſee the very Hand writing of the Dear *Ouconiche*, and *Iſouf* our Kinſman; let thy Heart be like the Valley of *Admoim*, Fragrant as a Grove of

Spices:

Spices: For then thy Eyes will convince thee, that what I write is Truth.

Paris, 22d *of the* 12th *Moon, of the Year* 1654.

LETTER II.

To Adonai, *a* Jew, *Priſoner in the* Tower *of* Nona *at* Rome.

THIS comes to thee by the Hand of a truſty Friend: Give entire Credence to his Inſtructions. To ſay I'm ſorry to hear of thy Misfortune, wou'd but faintly expreſs my Paſſion: Tis not eaſily deſcrib'd in Words. I am as Melancholy as an *Antelope*, when the *Sun's* in *Conjunction* with *Saturn*. This is a ſad ſort of a Beaſt, that will neither Eat, Drink nor Sleep, during that Dull Aſpect.

In *God*'s Name, how cam'ſt thou to be ſo free with thy Tongue among the *Romans*? Or, what tempted thee to meddle with their *Religion* and *Laws*? Was it not enough, that thou and all the *Jews* in that City, had Liberty to frequent your *Synagogues*, and there curſe the *Chriſtians* in Antiquated *Hebrew*? Muſt you needs rail at 'em in plain *Italian* too? And that over your Cups, when Men ought to be Good-Natur'd to all the World? Of what import is it to you, whether they be *Idolaters* or no, ſo long as they give you leave to Adore *One God, Creator* of the *Worlds*? Or, what ſignifies it, if they are guilty of Ten thouſand Injuſtices and Follies among themſelves, whilſt you live quietly under their Protection and Government? *Adonai*, I'm aſham'd of the Immorality of thoſe of thy *Nation*. I bluſh for your Ingratitude, Pride, and Malice. Surely, if the *Nazarenes* did really believe what they profeſs, they would

would Sacrifice you all to the *Ghoſt* of their *Meſſias*, whom they ſay, you *Crucifi'd*. They wou'd not eave a *Jew* living in *Chriſtendom*, but do their uoſt to exterminate you from the Earth. I ſpeak ot this as my Wiſh; but only to upbraid your mpertinence and Vanity, in thus fooliſhly provoing thoſe, with whoſe Permiſſion it is, that you ve and enjoy the *Elements*.

The *Prophet Moſes*, your *Law giver*, left you ano- ier Rule, a Leſſon of Civility, when he ſaid, *Ye all not blaſpheme the Gods of the People*. Had thou id thy Companions obey'd this *Precept*; ye might ive been at liberty: But 'tis bad falling into the ands of the *Inquiſition*. However, I am glad to ear, that you are not tranſported to the *Caſtle* of . *Angelo*; that would have been a Tragical Re- ove, at this Juncture. But now, as I'm informed, ot one of you is in Danger: For, they ſay, that the Priſoners in *Rome*, are by Cuſtom releas'd up- the Death of the *Pope*, except thoſe who are in it Fatal *Fortreſs*. And 'tis generally ſuppos'd the od Old *Caliph* is no long liv'd Man. For they ne- uſe to remove the Priſoners deſign'd for Death, the *Phyſitians* are paſt all hopes of the *Holy Fa- 's* Life.

lowever, in Regard there is no certainty in Hu- Affairs, but a perpetual Change and Circulati- f Events; leſt ſome unhappy Turn of Fortune 'd either now continue thy Reſtraint, or here- bereave thee of thy Liberty, I ſend thee here i'd, a *Receipt* of a *Chymical* Liquor, which may ſome Service to thee, in the ſtrongeſt Priſon rth. 'Twas reveal'd to me by my Mother, arn'd it of an *Ægyptian* Artiſt at *Caire*. Deſpiſe ecauſe it comes from a Woman's Hand: For made an Experiment of it, and find it effectu- ill render Iron as brittle as Glaſs. 'Tis more l than the Water of the River *Styx*, which

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no Veſſel could hold, but the Hoof of a *Mule*. After an Hour's Application, thou may'ſt make the thickeſt Bars, Chains, and Bolts, fly in a Thouſand Pieces, as if they were made of *Porcelain*.

Thou wilt not wonder at this, when thou conſider'ſt the innumerable ſtrange *Inventions* of Men prying into the *Secrets* of *Nature*, and Fortunate in their Searches. Above all, *Chymiſtry* has brought to Light the greateſt Prodigies of *Art* and *Knowledge*. This Myſterious *Science*, was the peculiar Boaſt of the Primitive *Egyptians*, from whom all other *Nations* learn'd it. And had not *Moſes* himſelf been inſtructed from his Youth in all the *Learning* of *Egypt*, perhaps he would have been at a loſs, when he Calcin'd the *Golden Calf*, and gave the Duſt to the *Iſraelites* to be mix'd in their Drink, as the only Expiation of their *Idolatry*. Doubtleſs, this *Secret*, among others, was tranſmitted down to thoſe Times from *Philemon* the good *Prieſt*, who was in the Number of them who eſcap'd the *Flood* in *Noah's Ark*, and whoſe Grandſon *Maſar*, was the Firſt *King* in *Egypt* after the *Deluge*.

Philemon, the better to eſtabliſh the State of his *Off ſpring*, reveal'd to them many Hidden Things; taught them the *Hieroglyphicks* of the *Dgebel Pharan*, or the *Pyramids*, with all the Myſteries of the *Taliſmans*, and the *Chymical* Preparations of *Moucatam*; the forcible Waters and Eſſences, Powders and other Ingredients, by which they made Marble as p'iable as Wax or Clay. Theſe Things he had learn'd of thoſe who periſh'd in the *Flood*: He retain'd the *Wiſdom* of the *Ancients*, his Coevals and Predeceſſors; leaving the Rudiments of ſo profound a Knowlege to his Poſterity, as an Invaluable Treaſure, of which they could never be robb'd. Thus *Science* became Hereditary to the *Coptites*, who bear that Name from *Coptim*, the Son of *Maſar*, the Firſt *King* of *Egypt*, ſince the *Rainbow* appear'd in the Clouds. And

'twas

'twas from one of that Race, my Mother learn'd that admirable *Secret*.

Truſt not to Words, but try the Experiment. The *Receipt* will give thee all Neceſſary Directions. Yet I counſel thee not to be big with it, like him who having found out the Art of making Glaſs Malleable, or fit to be beat by the Hammer into any Shape or Figure, as the Silver-Smiths work their Metal; muſt needs go and diſcover his *Secret* to the *Prince*, expecting a great Reward: When, on the contrary he loſt his Head on the Spot; the *Prince* thinking it great Injuſtice, that ſo many Thouſand People as got their Bread by making of Common Glaſſes, ſhould be all ruined, to promote one Man's Profit and Advantage.

In fine, uſe this *Secret* to ſerve thy ſelf, or the *Cauſe* thou art engag'd in: But truſt it not to another, unleſs on the ſame Equal Terms as I commit it to thee, wherein the greater hazard is thine in divulging it.

Paris, 15th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, *once an* Eunuch Page *in the* Seraglio, *but now an Exile in* Egypt, *at* Grand Caire.

WHEN I firſt heard of thy Baniſhment from the *Imperial Palace* and City, think not that I was ſad, or entertain'd the uſual Sentiments of a Friend, on ſuch Occaſions. No: I tell thee on the contrary, I rejoyc'd, (yet not with the Joy of an Enemy) at that Seeming Misfortune, as knowing

knowing it has deliver'd thee from a Real one, in which, according to my Preſages, all the Attendance of thy *Miſtreſs*, the Old *Queen*, were ſoon after involv'd.

Thou art oblig'd to *Bacchus*, for that Fortunate Calamity; which tho' it for a while eclips'd thy Honour, yet was the only means to ſave thy Life.

When I formerly ſent thee an Account of my Impriſonment here, and how I was regal'd by my *Keeper* at a *Banquet* of *Wine*; when in that Letter I play'd the Advocate for the Juice of the *Grape*, I little thought that thou woudſt ever make an Experiment of that Bug-bear-Liquor. Tho' I know 'tis common, even in the *Seraglio*, to drink *Wine* privately, and chaſe away Melancholy, the conſtant Familiar of Reſtraint and Servitude, with generous Compotations.

I am no ſtranger to the counterfeit Sickneſs of thoſe, who for the ſake of this ſtolen Mirth, put themſelves into the *Infirmary*, that they may there Carouſe with Freedom, and drink Healths to the *Grand Signior* without Suſpicion.

Were it not for the convenient Situation of that Apartment, and the Favour of the *Boſtangi's* no *Wine* could find admittance into the *Seraglio*, ſave what is for the *Grand Signior's* Uſe. But now his *Slaves* drink it as merrily as *he*: And I am not ſorry, that thou art one of the Number. 'Tis a groundleſs Superſtition, to refuſe the Gift of Divine Liberality, and deny our ſelves the uſe of that *Plant*, which was made to chear the Hearts of *Mortals*. Nay, our *Holy Traditions* themſelves, and all our *Doctors* tacitly own, that the *Vine* is allowable, in that it was ſav'd among the reſt of the *Vegetables*, by *Noah* in the *Ark*: And that *Holy Prophet* curs'd the *Devil* for ſtealing it away. Perhaps the Story will not be unpleaſant to thee.

When *God* commanded *Noah*, with his Companions, to deſcend out of the *Ark* in Peace, they built them Houſes,

uses, and began to exercise *Husbandry*: They ved *Corn*, and the Seeds of other *Vegetables*: They nted also all sorts of Trees; but when they came look for the *Vine*, it could not be found. Then it s told *Noah* by the *Angel*, that the *Devil* had stolen way, as having some right to it. Wherefore *Noah* ed the *Devil* to appear before the *Angel* in the me of *God*, to answer his Theft. The *Angel* gave lgment, that the *Vine* should be divided between into *Three* Parts, whereof the *Devil* should have , and *Noah One*: to which both Parties consented hereby it is evident, that Man has some share in Juice of the *Grape*. For, this was the Decision *Gabriel*, That when *Two Thirds* of the Liquor of Fruit, should be evaporated away in boyling r the Fire, the Remainder should be lawful for *h* and his *Posterity* to drink: And thou know'st, *Mussulmans* generally obey this *Law*, in prepa- g our *Wine*

et the *Devil* therefore, in the Name of *God*, have share in his Tempting Fruit, and then there can o injustice in enjoying our own Part. For when which inebriates is separated by Fire from the this Liquor becomes pure, holy, and blessed. is the Sentence of the *Ancients*, the immediate tors of th[illegible] *Messenger* of *God*, as is to be seen in *Manuscripts*. the[illegible] left behind them; which tho' re rare [illegible] ficult to be met with, yet such gently [illegible] Wisdom shall not lose their labour. *ere* [illegible] *Mahumet*, has taken great Pains to th[illegible] *emoirs* of *Antiquity*. He was a Learned [illegible] ng my Countrymen of the House of [illegible] may he rest under the *Umbrella*'s of *Para-* rom him I had this Relation.

ell, me, my dear *Mehemet*, if thou know'st, n'st thou to be the only Man that had the tune to be sentenc'd to this happy Disgrace? u art ignorant, I will tell thee. For, it seems,

the

the reſt of thy Company in that Night's Revel were diſcover'd as well as thou, yet eſcap'd all Cenſure It looks, as if they were deſignedly reſerv'd for Victims, to a more inexorable Revenge. And the Event juſtifies this Conjecture: Since within the Circuit of the *Moon*, not only they, but all the ſurviving Creatures of the *Sultana Kioſem*, were ſtrangled.

Therefore again I pronounce thee Happy, and doubly Bleſs'd in being an *Exile*, ſince thereby thou haſt eſcap'd the Hands of the *Executioner*, and art now living in *Egypt*, the moſt Fortunate *Region* on Earth. Aſcribe this to thy *Propitious Deſtiny*, and to the Favour of *Solyman Kyzlir Aga*: Who foreſeeing the Slaughter that would be made of that Old *Queen*'s Servants, took this Opportunity to accuſe thee to the *Grand Signior*, that ſo he might ſave thy Life. For, 'twas at his Interceſſion, thou wert baniſh'd into this Happy *Province*, which is call'd the *Nurſe* of all *Nations*. Improve thy *Exile* to the beſt Advantage; and from this *Nurſe*, ſuck the *Milk* of *Science* with which ſhe has formerly nouriſh'd the whole Earth. Be grateful alſo to thy *Deliverer*; for he is a Truſty Friend, and unchangeable, where he once places his Affection. He had a particular Kindneſs for thee. From him I received the News of thy Eſcape; for that is the proper Name of thy Baniſhment. Pour forth devout *Oraiſons* for his health and Happineſs: Since thou art in a *Land*, where the *Prayers* of *Muſſulmans* are as effectually heard at ſome particular *Places* as if they were utter'd at the *Tomb* of the *Prophet*.

I counſel thee, to viſit the *Priſon* of *Joſeph*, which is in the *Dungeon* of the *Caſtle* of *Caire*. This is a Place of great *Devotion* among the *Faithful*, and has been ſo in all Ages, ſince the Death of that *Patriarch*. *Moſes* the *Prophet*, of whom it is ſaid, *that he died in the Embraces of God*, made his *Prayers* in this Place; and ſo did *Aaron* his Brother, when they perform'd thoſe *Miracles* in *Egypt*. *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, vi-

ſited

this Place, both he and his Mother (on whom
nter'd the Smiles of the *Creator*:)They there
rm'd their *Devotions*, when they fled from the
cution of *Herod*. So did the *Prophets*, and *Apo-*
s many as were in *Egypt*, with all *True Belie-*
Nay, ſome of the *Infidels* themſelves, having
of the Renown of this *Sanctuary*, made their
ſes to *Heaven* there, in time of great Diſtreſs.
here *Prayers* are infallibly heard, eſpecially if
be ſaid after the *Sun* has travers'd the *Meridian*;
the *Wicked Damons* are aſleep, who walk a-
till *Noon*, doing all the Miſchief they can.
y Friend, when I think of the *Region* where
art, I can hardly forbear envying thee. 'Tis a
of *Prodigies* and *Miracles*. It is the Support of
and the *Granary* of the *World*: Thoſe who In-
it, are full of Complacency and Joy; and thoſe
abandon it, burn with a perpetual deſire to re-
Its *Rivers* are Clear, and the *Waters* Sweet and
as *Wine*; the Eye of *God* is upon it, who cauſes
ile to flow at his accuſtom'd *Seaſon*, whence the
is made fertil beyond all the *Provinces* on
. This *Nile* is one of the *Rivers* which *God* cau-
) deſcend from the *Springs* of *Paradice*, on the
s of *Gabriel*; and has hid the Place of its Deſcent,
ig the inacceſſible Heights of Mountains.
ere are many ſtrange Things related of the *Land*
phiom, and how it was firſt Manur'd by *Joſeph*,
; before his time but a *Fen* or *Marſh*. The Story
of *Hagar*, the Mother of all the *Iſmalites*, is not
eaſant; Thou wilt find it in the *Chronicles* of
t: For ſhe was an *Egyptian*, of the *Family* of the
es; and was beſtow'd on *Sarah*, the Wife of our
er *Ibrahim*, by *Charoba*, the *King* of *Egypt*'s
ghter. After ſhe was diſmiſs'd from her *Lady*,
ravell'd to *Mecca*; from whence ſhe ſent a *Diſ-*
) to the *King* of *Egypt*, to acquaint him with
Affairs, and with the Birth of her Son Iſmael,

im-

imploring his Aſſiſtance, in Regard ſhe was *Land* barren of all Things. Then the *King* of caused a *Canal* to be cut form the *Nile*, at the of the *Eaſtern* Mountains of *Egypt*, to the *Red* and ſend Veſſels laden with Corn, Fruits, manner of Neceſſary Proviſions to *Hagar*.

If thou addreſſeſt to the Feet of the *Doctors*, Venerable Prelates of *Caire*, they will inform th more ſtrange Things than theſe. It is a Noble l elſe, to Contemplate the *Kingdoms* of the *Hea* and the *Earth*; to ſearch into their Wonders Prodigies; to trace the Footſteps of *Ancient Na* and the *Traditions* which know no *Origne*.

Mehemet, I am an *Exile* as well as thou: L continue our former Friendſhip in this State, a one another all the good Offices we can. As fo Misfortunes of Humane Life, let us bear them an equal Mind. For, they will ſoon have an en well as we our ſelves.

May *God*, who in the time of *Gog* and *Magog*, up from the *Earth* the Great *Alcoran*, and the S of *Science*; the *Black Stone*, and the *Shrine* of A with the *Five Rivers*; have thee in his Holy Prot on and Cuſtody, at the Hour of *Evil*, and at all ti

Paris, 26 *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTR XIII.
To Kerker Haſſan Baſſa.

THOU may'ſt report it to the *Divan* f certain Truth, That the *Chief Mufti* of *Chriſtians* is Dead: Which puts all the *Court* *Europe*, upon new Strains of *Policy*.

He was call'd *Innocent* X. after his Aſſumption to he *Papacy*: For, his true Name, was *Pamphylio*. lut, ſome ſay, it has been a Cuſtom for the *Popes* o change their Names, ever ſince a certain *Prieſt* vas lifted to that *Dignity*, who was call'd *Bocca de 'orco*, or *Hogs Face*. He, aſham'd of this Ignomiious Name, as ſoon as he ſate in the Chair of *Pe-r*, aſſum'd the Name of *Sergius*. Yet, all his *Suc-ſſors* have not obſerv'd that Rule.

Theſe *Popes* have an Authority, greater than our *rincipal Mufti*. For, they are obey'd by *Kings* and *mperors*. And being eſteem'd little leſs than *Gods* n *Earth*, they are ſolemnly Ador'd on the Day of heir *Coronation*, by all the *Cardinals*, *Princes*, *Pre-ates*, and Foreign *Ambaſſadors* at that time in *Rome*. nd, for that End, they are ſeated on the Altar, hich the *Nazarenes* call, The *Tabernacle*, and *Ha-itation* of their *God*.

If I miſtake not in my Obſervations, theſe *Roman aliphs* aſpire at a Sovereignty over all *Kings* and *rinces*: They wou'd make that which they call ne *Hierarchy*, a Superlative Independant *Monarchy*, o which all the *Governments* in the World, ſhould ay *Homage*, and be Subject.

This puts me in mind of a certain *Preacher* at *Na-'es*, who ſome Years ago, when *Adonai* the *Jew* was n that City, and happen'd to be preſent in the *Church*, aving made a very Elaborate Speech to perſuade ne People, That the *Prieſts* were Superior to *Kings*; t length he broke out into this Paſſionate Exclama-ion: O *ye Princes of Chriſtendom, ye are* Pharaohs, *nd we Prieſts are your Gods*; O *ye* Pharaohs, *obey ur Gods! Ye can only command the Creature, but we ake the Creator himſelf come down on the Altars, at r Pleaſure*. This Relation I had from the *Jew*, n his *Travels* through *Italy*. And it is aſſerted by me of their *Doctors*, *That the Pope has not only ower to Excommunicate the greateſt* Prince *on*

Earth, but alſo to pull a Saint out of Paradiſe, and ſend him to Hell.

If they cou'd perſuade the *Nazarene Princes* and *People* to believe they have ſuch an *Exorbitant Power*, perhaps in time they might reduce 'em to as blind a *Superſtition*, as the Ancient Kings of *Egypt* were guilty of, who were ſo beſotted to their *Prieſts*, that when he whom they call'd the *Cater*, or *Maſter* of the *Celeſtial Influences* commanded the King to kill himſelf, for that it was the Will of *Heaven*, the poor bigotted *Monarch*, durſt not diſpute the Orders he had receiv'd, but in ſimple Obedience became his own Murtherer.

Thoſe *Egyptian Prieſts* indeed, were *Maſters* of great *Science*, profound *Aſtrologers*, excellent *Mathematicians*, and perfectly skill'd in the *Secrets* of *Natural Magick*. They perform'd Things tranſcending the more common and obvious Works of *Nature*: By which it was eaſy to ſtrike a Terror into the Hearts of ignorant Mortals. But, as for theſe *Nazarene Prieſts*, all that they can boaſt of is, that they have read the *Hiſtories* of former Times, and are able to diſcourſe in *Philoſophy* and other *Sciences*, without having the Power to work any *Prodigies*: Unleſs thou wilt count it one, to keep ſo many Warlike *Nations* in a ſervile Awe of their Authority; with the bare Pretence of turning a *piece* of *Bread* into a *God*.

Yet for all this, there are many poor *Prelates*, and other *Eccleſiaſticks*, who are inveſted with empty Titles, having little or no *Revenues*: Among which, the Poverty of ſome is ſo Remarkable, as to become a *Proverb*. Thus, 'tis common in the Mouths of the *Romans* to ſay, *The Pope's Mule fares better than the Biſhop of* Orvietto.

Illuſtrious *Baſſa*, live thou in the Faith of a *Muſſulman*, and the Favour of the *Grand Signior*. For,

For, in that State, thou mayeſt deſpiſe the greateſt of theſe *Eccleſiaſtick Infidels.*

Paris 13th *of the* 2d *Moon, of the Year* 1655.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Believe, the *Secretary* of the *Nazarene* Affairs takes me to be a *Conjurer*, and thinks that I can divine of all the Changes and Alterations that happen at the Port; or that I have ſome *Magical* Glaſs, which repreſents to me the continued *Series* of remote Events, with all the Tranſactions of the *Imperial* Court, Camp, and City: Or elſe he won'd not be ſo late in his *Diſpatches*, and ſend me ſuch Imperfect News. I am forc'd many times to addreſs my Letters by Gueſs; not knowing, whether the Perſon to whom I write be in the ſame *Station* he was a-while ago; or whether he be among the *Living*, or the *Dead*: Whether I ſhould direct my *Diſpatches* to *Conſtantinople*, or to the *Elyzian Shades.*

My Intelligence of the *Muſſulman* Affairs is many times more owing to the *French* Merchants who Trade in the *Levant*; or to the *Expreſſes* which come from *Ambaſſadors* reſiding at *Conſtantinople*; than to that *Secretary*, whoſe Care it ought to be, that I ſhou'd be timely inform'd of whatever happens in the *Oſman Empire.*

Surely, *Kiſur Dramelec* has ſome Deſign upon me, in being always thus tardy and negligent. I ſcarce hear from him once in half a Year; whereas he is commanded by *his Superiors*, as well as *mine*, to write to me every *Moon.* And then, he ſends me ſuch a lame Account of Things; ſuch Fragments

and Scraps of News, that his Letters need a *Comment*, to make 'em intelligible.

About four Years ago, I modeſtly tax'd him with this Neglect, when I had reaſon to do it in my own vindication, to *Minezim Aluph, Baſſa*. But *Kiſſa* heard of it, and was very angry. He ſent me a Letter full of Invectives, which I anſwer'd with a kind of Indifference, mixing Railery with my Juſter Reſentments. How that work'd on him, I know not; but his Reſervedneſs ever ſince, makes me conclude he ſtudies Revenge; and that he takes this method to accompliſh it, by keeping me as much in Ignorance, as he dares, of the Changes and other important Occurrences at the *Myſterious Port*. He knows it wou'd be a Crime little leſs than Capital, not to write to me at all: Such a wilful Contumacy wou'd ſtrait proclaim him a *Traitor*; ſince, among the other Inſtructions which were given him with his Commiſſion, this Charge was none of the leaſt, That he ſhould ſend frequent Intelligence to all the *Grand Signior's Agents*, whether Publick or Private, in the Courts of *Nazarene Princes*. He is ſenſible that ſuch a manifeſt Contempt of *Supreme Authority*, wou'd abſolutely ruin him. Therefore he goes more ſubtilly to work. For, he writes, indeed, but very ſeldom. And then, with cunning Artifice, either quite conceals, or at leaſt diſguiſes the moſt conſiderable Tranſactions, only filling up his Letters with trifling Stories, and impertinent Relations, nothing to my Purpoſe: Thinking by this means, to bring upon me the Diſpleaſure of the *Grandees*, through the Miſtakes I may commit, for want of better Advertiſement.

Be it how it will, I am ſtrangely at a loſs ſometimes, what to think, or how to write to my *Superiors*; or what ſort of Conduct I ſhou'd uſe in this Place, amidſt ſo many various Reports as are continually ſpread abroad in *Europe*, concerning the Affairs

fairs of the *Seraglio*, the *Shining City*, and other Parts of the *Ottoman Empire*: Whilſt this *Kiſar* ſtill delays to aſcertain me of any Thing.

I have been wholly a Stranger, till within theſe few Days, to the Fate of the *Captain Baſſa*, who was ſtrangled about a Year ago, for his Cowardiſe and ill Conduct againſt the *Venetians*. Neither knew I any thing of the Adventure and Flight of his Sons. I was equally ignorant of the Succeſſion of the *Baſſa* of *Buda* in this important *Command*; and of many other changes both by *Land* and *Sea*.

So at preſent, here are a Thouſand Rumours ſtirring about one Thing or other in the *Eaſt*. Some ſay, that *Chuſaein Baſſa* is ſtrangl'd, and that the *Captain Baſſa* is made *Vizier Azem* in his ſtead. Others Report, That this *firſt Miniſter* was only depos'd from that *Supreme Dignity*, the *Seals* being taken from him; but that nevertheleſs, he ſtill continues to be *General* of the *Sultan*'s Forces in *Candia*. A third ſort affirm, that he intended to turn *Chriſtian*, holding a ſecret Correſpondence with the *Patriarch* of *Jeruſalem*, by whoſe means, and a General Revolt of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and other *Chriſtians*, under the *Grand Signior*'s Juriſdiction, he ſought to betray the *Ottoman Blood*, and exalt himſelf to the *Empire*.

I am not willing to believe, that ſuch Monſtrous Perfidy, cou'd enter into the Heart of that Illuſtrious *Hero*; yet know not how to contradict it, for want of true Advice.

It is reported alſo, That *Signior Apello*, the *Venetian Bailo* or *Reſident*, at the *Happy Port*, has kill'd himſelf with a Ponyard: Being driven to deſpair, by his long Confinement, and the cruel Uſage he had receiv'd from the *Muſſulmans*. *God* knows whether it be true or no. It wou'd be much to my ſatisfaction, to have a particular Account of all theſe things, and of whatſoever elſe occurs worthy of Notice. For,

how can I diſcharge my Truſt, whilſt I am thus kept in the Dark?

They talk here of a violent *Plague* that rages in *Moſcovy*, and that above 200000 People have died of it in the City of *Moſco* only, beſides Millions that have been ſwept away in the Provinces of that vaſt *Empire*. Thoſe that really know not *themſelves*, nor are acquainted with their *own Nature*, will yet pretend to penetrate into the *Counſels* of the *Omnipotent*, and pronounce this as a *Judgment* on the *Moſcovites*, for the Cruelties they have committed in *Poland*. Doubtleſs, the *Methods* of *Fate* are *Inſcrutable*.

In the mean while we are plagu'd here with a Crew of *Vagabonds*, whom they call *Gypſies*, or *Egyptians*: For, they pretend to be deſcended from that Place. They ſwarm up and down the Country like *Caterpillers*, devouring the Fruits of the Earth. They boaſt of a Profound Skill in *Palmeſtry*, *Viſiognomy*, and other *Sciences*, cheating People of their Money, under the Notion of telling them their *Fortunes*. No Body knows from whence they come, or whither they go. For, they are as uncertain as the Wind. A naſty Generation, and the very Burthen of the Land. If any Creatures be oblig'd to them, 'tis the *Mice* and *Rats*, with whom they ſeem to be in League. For they kill and eat all the *Cats* they ſeize on.

Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, I pray *Heaven* defend thee from all ſorts of *Plagues* and *Vermin*, but eſpecially from *Monſters* in *Human Shape*.

Paris, 26th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

AS I am alive, theſe *Gypſies* have enchanted me: I cannot put 'em out of my Mind. And, perhaps, it will neither be impertinent nor troubleſome, to give thee a farther Information of them.

There are ſeveral Opinions concerning the *Original* of theſe *Vagrants*, and they have been thought worthy to be inſerted into *Hiſtories*. Some ſay, they came out of *Tartary*, or *Scythia*, and that they firſt appear'd in theſe *Parts* about the Year 1417 of the *Chriſtians Hegira*. At which time they enter'd into *Saxony* in Troops, having the *Paſſport* of *Sigiſmund* King of *Hungaria*, and Son of *Charles* IV. They had alſo the Recommendations of divers other *Princes*, who look'd upon them as *Holy Perſons*, or *Prophets*. For they pretended, that they were commanded by *God*, to travel over the whole Earth, and not to have either Houſes or Lands in their own Poſſeſſion: And, that this was enjoin'd 'em as a *Penance* to expiate the Sin of their *Anceſtors*; who inhabiting *Egypt* in the Days of *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*, the *Chriſtians Meſſias*, refus'd to entertain the *Holy Prophet*, and his *Mother*, when they fled from the *Perſecution* of *Herod*.

Others are of Opinion, that they came firſt out of *Perſia*, and are of the *Race* of thoſe who Adore the *Fire*: Being forc'd once in Seven Years, to make *Decimations* of their *People*, and ſend away many *Caravans*, to ſeek their Fortune in Foreign Countries, *Perſia* not being able to ſuſtain their numerous *Progeny*.

A third Sort affirm, That they are the *Poſterity* of the *ten Jewiſh Tribes*, that were carried away Captives by *Salamanaſſar*, King of *Aſſyria*. No Body knows

knows for certain, what they are, or of whence They are of ſwarthy Complexions, wrapt up in Mantles of Cotton or Wool. They ſpeak ſeven *Languages*; profeſs three *Sciences*; obey one King or General, who always travels with 'em. The *Italians* call 'em *Cingari*, from a Word in their *Language*, which ſignifies a kind of *Water-Fowl*, that hath no certain Neſt, but is forc'd every Night to ſeek a New Lodging: For ſo theſe *Gypſies* rove from place to place The *Germans* call them *Zingener*, from the Word *Zindel*, which is the conſtant Appellative of the King of theſe *Ramblers*; as *Pharaoh* was of Old among the *Egyptians*, and *Cæſar* among the *Romans* In many things they reſemble the *Torlakins* and *Faquirs* of the *Eaſt*: Boaſting of extraordinary Illuminations, and a conſtant Familiarity with God: Tho' ſome Learned Men among the *Nazarenes*, eſteem 'em no better than a Crew of Cheats and Hypocrites: Even as they do thoſe *Oriental Santones*; who they ſay, under the Maſque of an Uncommon Holineſs, commit a thouſand Villanies.

God beſt knows what Judgment is to be made either of the *One*, or the *Other*. But theſe *Egyptians*, as they call 'em, whether they are really ſuch, or no, have no great Marks of *Sanctity*, in that they are very *Unclean*. They ſeldom or never Waſh themſelves, but like the Swine, wallow in all manner of Filthineſs, eating prohibited Meats, and having their Women in Common, which are the two Sources of all *Impurity*.

As to the *Faquirs* of the *Eaſt*, they are ſtrict Obſervers of the Law of Abſtinence and Cleanneſs; whether they be *Muſſulmans*, or the *Gentiles* of *India*. And if in other Matters, they may be found faulty, 'tis very rare: And then they exceed not the *Character* of *Humanity*, which thou know'ſt, is by *Nature* prone to Error, and ſubject to a thouſand Frailties and Overſights. We are all Men, and God does not

expect

expect our Conduct to be that of *Angels*. His Repoſe is in himſelf; and if he takes any Complacency in the Things of the World, 'tis in beholding every Thing act according to its *Nature*. The exquiſite Form and Symmetry of a *Bee*, a *Spider*, or a *Piſmire*, with the inimitable Architecture of the two former, and the admirable Providence of the latter, may, for ought we know, afford him as much Delight, as the moſt celebrated Beauty, Strength, Science, and Performances of Men. For, his Power and Wiſdom, are equally manifeſt in all Things. Every *Creature* is *Perfect* in its *Kind*, only a *Wicked Man* is a *Blot* in the *Univerſe*.

Would'ſt thou know what the *Weſtern Nazarenes* are moſt buſy about at this time? 'Tis the *Election* of a new *Pope*. He is to be choſen by the *College* of *Cardinals*, who are *Princes* of the *Roman Church*. They are all ſhut up in a Place, which they call the *Conclave*. This is a certain *Gallery* in the *Palace* of the *Vatican* at *Rome*; where every *Cardinal* has his *Cell* or *Apartment* by himſelf, having only two Servants to attend him. The *Conclave* is ſurrounded by the *Roman Militia*, to prevent all Intercourſe by Letters, or other ways, between thoſe without, and thoſe within. The very Diſhes which are ſerv'd up at the Tables of the *Cardinals*, are narrowly ſearch'd, leſt any Letters ſhould be convey'd in them. The laſt Poſts from *Rome* aſſure us, That there were no leſs than 66 *Cardinals* thus ſhut up, when they left that City. And, there they muſt remain Night and Day, without taking the freſh Air, or ſeeing any Body till they have agreed in their *Election*. There are two *Phyſicians*, a *Surgeon*, and an *Apothecary*, ſhut up with 'em to ſerve 'em in caſe of Sickneſs.

One of the *Conclaviſts* is the *Cardinal de Retz*, who eſcaped out of his Priſon in this *Kingdom*, and fled to *Rome* for *Protection*. From whence he ſent a Letter to the *Archbiſhops*, and other *Prelates* of

France; which being pronounced a *Seditious Li* gainſt the *King*, and the *Government*, was i End of the laſt *Moon* burnt publickly by the H Order, and all *Copies* of it prohibited.

The King has alſo ſent private Inſtructio the *Cardinals* of his Party at *Rome*, to keep a Watch on the Conduct of *de Retz*, and to o him in all Things.

Here is nothing but Caballing and Intrig mong theſe *Infidels*: They are good at a Strata and know better how to undermine one ano than to face their Enemies in the open F Which is a Character more ſuitable to Women Men: Whereas thou know'ſt, our *Hero's* i *Eaſt*, know no other way to Honour, Victory Empire, than by downright Bravery and Reſ on, ſubduing all Things by the Force of their A But *God*, when he divided the Nations of the E and ſeparated the Sons of *Noah*, aſſign'd to every a different *Conſtellation*, according to whoſe *Infl* the *Genius* of each People is diſpoſed. They a bey the *Dictates* of their *particular Stars*, and *Orders* of *Eternal Deſtiny*.

Therefore, Sage *Miniſter*, ſince *Mars* is the *ast* of the Sons of *Iſmael*, and the *Aſcendant* of *Ottoman Empire*, there is no need, that we ſh turn *Apoſtates* from the Star of our *better For* to court the *Glances* of *Mercury*, who is only *Guardian* of *Knaves* and *Cheats*.

Paris, 26th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

The End of the Firſt Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

FOrmerly I could have writ to thee with as much Freedom, as I could to *Egri Boinou* (on whom reſt the Favours of *God*) or as I now to *Gnet Oglou*, to my Brother *Peſteli Hali*, any of my Familiar Friends. But when I ſee the Eminent *Station* thou poſſeſſeſt, in the Health and Life of the *Mighty Emperor* is committed to thy Skill and Care, I am ma-ny times at a Stand how to addreſs my ſelf. Me-thinks, thou art tinctur'd with the *Majeſty* of the *Perſonage*, whoſe Hand thou ſo often haſt the honour to touch, when requir'd to diſcover the beating of his *Pulſe*, the Interior Mala-dies which afflict *his Royal Soul*. Yet I know

thou ſtill retaineſt thy Humanity, and wilt not deſpiſe thoſe whom thou haſt once thought worthy of Friendſhip.

Suffer me then to converſe with a *Philoſophick* Freedom, that is, in an Addreſs void of Formalities and Reſerves.

I know 'tis of no Import, whether *Mahmut* be ſick or well, provided the *Grand Signior* be ſerv'd. What ſignify the Languiſhing Pains, or more Acute Agonies of a Slave, ſo long as he is able to carry on his *Maſter*'s Intereſt? We are not born for our *ſelves* only, but by the very Condition of our *Nature*, are oblig'd to conſecrate our Lives to the Service of *others*. 'Tis a Reciprocal Debt, from which no Mortal is free. Every Man owes ſomething to his Relations, more to his Friends, but moſt of all to the *Publick*.

Therefore I make no Complaints of my Lot, nor murmur at the Will of Deſtiny. I accuſe not the *Stars* of my *Nativity*, nor tax 'em with unkindly *Aſpects*: But am contented with my Fortune, be it Good or Bad, and reſign'd to the Pleaſure of *Heaven*.

As *Nature* has fram'd my Body Infirm and Weak, ſubject to a thouſand Maladies; ſo is my Mind alſo haraſs'd with Diſtempers which have no Number. But above all, I labour under a kind of *Intellectual Fever*, a perpetual Thirſt of Knowledge, which all the Books and Converſe in the World cannot ſatisfy. There is no End of my Doubts and Scruples. Every Thing appears to me as Ambiguous, as the *Anſwers* of the *Delphick Oracle*. Nay, I am a perfect Riddle to my ſelf.

Tell me, dear *Hali*, how I ſhould cure this *Dropſy* of the Mind, and I will not trouble thee with the inconſiderable Diſeaſes of my *Body*. I have a high Opinion of you *Phyſicians*: And ſhall put more Confidence in thy Advice, than in the *Tiſta* of the *Muſti*. Conceal not thy Art from *Mahmut*, who admires thee with a Reſpect equal to that which he

pays

pays to the Memoirs of *Avicen*, *Al Razi*, *Helal*, and the reſt of thoſe excellent *Phyſicians*, mentioned in our *Arabian Hiſtories*.

And now theſe Ornaments of our *Nation* are come into my Mind, permit them to divert me from ſaying or thinking any more of my ſelf at preſent: For it will be better to turn the Diſcourſe to ſuch illuſtrious Themes. At worſt, it will be but an innocent Digreſſion.

In peruſing the Lives of thoſe Famous Men, I meet with ſome Paſſages which are very delightful. Perhaps thou haſt ſeen the ſame. Yet 'twill do thee no hurt, to call 'em again to thy Remembrance.

I have read in a certain *Manuſcript*, penn'd by *Ibrahim* the Son of *Helal*, a Renown'd *Phyſician* at *Badgat*, this *Memoir* of his Father. "On a certain "Day, ſays he, that my Father had adminiſtred "Phyſick to the *Emperor Tuzun*, for which he was "preſented with a Royal *Veſt*, rewarded with Five "Thouſand *Piaſters*, and by the *Emperor*'s Com- "mand was carried through the Streets in State; I "obſerv'd that he was Penſive amidſt all thoſe Ho- "nours, and troubled in Mind, when I thought he "had greateſt Reaſon to rejoyce. Therefore I ſaid "to him, *My Father, how comes it to paſs, that you "are thus dejected, at a time when all the World ex- "pects to ſee you diſſolv'd in Pleaſure?* He anſwered, "*Son, he that has beſtowed theſe Honours on me is a "Fool, and does things prepoſterouſly without Reaſon. "And therefore I cannot rejoice at theſe untimely Fa- "vours he has ſhewed me, being ſenſible they are not "the Effects of his Judgment, but of his Ignorance. "I gave him a Cathartick Potion, which work'd ſo "ſtrongly with him, that it excoriated his Bowels, and "brought forth Blood. So that I was forced to uſe a "different Method, both to remove his Diſtemper, and "ſtop the Violent Flux. In the mean while, he igno- "rantly believing, That the Voiding of ſo much Blood,

"pro-

"*procured him the present Ease and Health he*
"*therefore ordered these Honours to be done me*
"*thou seest. Now that which saddens me, is my*
"*lest some time or other, he may through his Ign*
"*commit as great an Error on the contrary sid*
"*suspect that I have done him an Injury, when t*
"*no Ground for it, and so put me to Death.*

Tell me, my Friend, had not this *Physicia*
son for his Behaviour and Words? He was a
of great Abilities, accomplish'd with divers *S*
and in high Esteem with the *Princes* and *No*
Arabia.

It were worth thy Pains to peruse freq
the Life of *Avicen*, written by himself, w
thou wilt behold the Methods he us'd to a
a Profound Skill in the *Sciences*: How he
first puzzl'd in the *Metaphysicks*, and was
driven to Despair, till a Dream unfolded t
whatsoever was difficult. When he was at a
any Disquisition, he us'd to frequent the *M*
and pour forth devout and fervent *Oraisons*
Source of *Intellectual Lights*, till the Thing w
nifested to him. He sate up late at Nights, h
a Lamp perpetually burning in his Chambe
plying himself attentively to Books and Co
plation. This was his Course, till he was Co
mate in all the *Liberal Sciences*, which was i
Eighteenth Year of his Age.

But of all the *Physicians* whose Names ado
History none seems comparable to *Thabet Eb'n*

" To whom the *Phyſician* forthwith reply'd, *Thou*
" *haſt us'd a groſs Diet, and been intemperate in eating*
" *ſowr Milk with Veal.* The other anſwering, That *it*
" *was true*, and all the Company admiring; *Abu'l*
" *Abbas* the *Aſtrologer*, alſo reach'd forth his Hand.
" But when *Thabet* had felt his Pulſe, *Thou*, ſaid he,
" *haſt committed an Exceſs in taking too much of cold*
" *Things; for, as I judge, thou haſt eat about eleven*
" *Pomegranates.* Immediately *Abu'l Abbas* cry'd
" out, *This is a Prophet certainly, and more than a*
" *Phyſician; for he ſpeaks the Truth to a tittle.* Every
" body was aſtoniſh'd at his wondrous Knowledge,
" and I more than all the reſt. Wherefore, when
" I had him alone, I ſaid, *My dear* Thabet, *The*
" *Study of Phyſick is common to us both; therefore hide*
" *nothing from me, but diſcover freely by what Art*
" *you were able to tell, That the* Poet *eat ſowr Milk with*
" *Veal, and not as well with Beef or Mutton; and that*
" *the Aſtrologer eat no more nor leſs than eleven Pome-*
" *granates.* He anſwered, *My Mind ſuggeſted this*
" *to me, and prompted my Tongue to utter it.* Then
" I deſir'd him to ſhew me the *Scheme* of his *Na-*
" *tivity*: Which he hid at his own Houſe. And
" conſidering it attentively, I obſerv'd, That the
" Planet *Jupiter* was *Lord* of the *Horoſcope.* Then
" I ſaid to him, *'Tis this ſpeaks, my dear Friend, not*
" *you, ſo often as you make theſe fortunate Conjectures.*
" Thus far *Abul Pharai.*

God knows, whether the *Stars* have any ſuch *Influence* on Men in their Birth, or no. I am not very credulous in this Point. Nor can the Authority of the *Ancients*, or the Character of the *Perſian* and *Chaldæan Magi* captivate my Mind in an implicit Faith of things ſo liable to Doubt. Who knows what the *Stars* are made of, or for what Ends they are created? Yet I muſt own, that ſome Men ſeem to be born with inherent Faculties, which others can never acquire with all the Art and Induſtry in

the

the World. One Man is of a *Poetick* Conſtit
Another is *genially* inclin'd to *Phyſick*: a T
cels in *Mechanicks*: Every Man has his
Gift. And yet perhaps all this while, the *St*
nothing to do in the Matter. However, if
any Truth in *Aſtrology*, the *Perſians*, *Caldæa*
bians, and *Indians*, ſeem to be the only Me
Nations, conſtellated to underſtand this *Scie*
fectly. One knows not what to think, ad
many Appearances of Truth and Falſhoo
can our thoughts be of any great import, be
it will, in theſe *ſpeculative* Matters. At the
Judgment, we ſhall not be ask'd What Profi
we have made in *Logick*, *Metaphyſicks*, *Aſtrono*
any other *Sciente*; but, Whether we have
according to our *Nature*, as Men, endu'
Morality and *Reaſon*. In that Hour it will mo
us, That we have thrown a handful of Flo
Charity to a Neſt of contemptible *Piſmires*
that we could muſter all the *Hoſts* of *Heave*
call every *Star* by its proper Name. For, th
Conſtellations themſelves ſhall diſappear; the *S*
Moon ſhall give no more Light, and all the *Fr*
Nature ſhall vaniſh: But, our good and bad V
ſhall remain for ever, recorded in the *Archie*
Eternity.

If from this manner of Writing, thou ſhalt
jecture I am Melancholy, and wilt alſo reve
Cauſes and Remedy of this *Diſtemper*, thou ſh
more to me than a Thouſand *Avicen*'s, *Helal*'s,
bet's or all the *Phyſitians* and *Aſtrologers* of the
For. theſe kind of Thoughts are mornful a
Shadow of *Death*,

Paris, 23 *of the* 4d *Moon*,
of the year 1655.

LET TI

LETTER II.

To Aſis, Baſſa.

w not whether thou wilt praiſe or condemn
Sentence, which the *Elector* of *Saxony* pro-
ed not long ago on a poor Fellow for killing
Yet, becauſe there is ſomething very ſingu-
it, I will relate the whole Paſſage, as I re-
it from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, the *Jew* at *Vienna*.
he *Moor* of *Chevval*, a certain Citizen of *Wir-*
was accuſed before the *Elector*, for hunting
Foreſt, and killing one of his *Deer*. The *Duke*
ge, commanded him to be ſet upon a *Stag*,
nds chain'd to the Horns, and his Feet un-
Belly of the Beaſt; ordering, that the *Stag*
his Burthen, ſhould be let looſe to run whi-
would. The poor frightn'd *Stag* not being
med to ſuch a Load, and terrified with the
of the Chains, ran away full ſpeed over
nd Dales, through Thickets of Briars and
s, never ſtopping till he had meaſur'd above
and thirty *German* Leagues; and then tir'd
o faſt a Race, he fell down. At which in-
a *Caravan* was coming by that Place out
a.
poor Wretch on the Back of the *Stag*, almoſt
ith the Pains he had undergone, in ſo conti-
nd violent a Motion, being alſo ſorely bruis'd,
Fleſh torn and mangled by the Boughs of
as the *Stag* ruſh'd through thick Woods;
aloud to the *Caravan*, begging that ſome of
would in Mercy diſpatch him out of his Tor-
But they, either for fear of the *Duke*'s Diſ-
e, or for other Reaſons, refuſed him this Kind-
o that after the *Stag* had reſted a while, and
red new Spirits, he began a freſh Career;

and

and never ceas'd running, till he arriv'd at a c
Monaſtery or *Convent* of *Religious*, where he t
gainſt the Gate with his Horns, till ſome
Derviſes open'd it, and let him in. They aſt
ed to ſee a Man thus pinion'd to a *Stag*, his
Arms, Legs, and all his Body cover'd with
and himſelf ready to expire, immediately br
him *Cordials* and other Refreſhments, whilſ
were employ'd in looſing his Chains. But bei
form'd by his own Mouth, how he came in
condition, they began to think of turning hir
again, for fear of the *Duke*'s Anger. Howev
fering themſelves to be overcome by the Im
nity of the miſerable Man, and relying on t
cleſiaſtick Privileges, (for here in the *Weſt*, t
vents are generally allow'd *Sanctuaries* for a
of Offenders,) they took him into their P
on: But he expired that Night.

It is hard to determin, whether the *Duke*,
Derviſes, were in the right or wrong: The
who of late, have by a Faſhion learn'd to gr
durate, juſtifie the Proceedings of this *Prin*
ing, That Pity is a Paſſion fit only for Wome
dren, and Fools. They eſteem it a Mark of
Spirit, a Mind capable of *Empire*, not to be
with the Sighs or Tears of the Miſerable;
frown or laugh at the Misfortunes of other
they ſay, is the only Method to harden M
War, Conqueſts and Plunder: Where the
are to cut their way to Honour and Riches,
the Hearts of the vanquiſh'd to quench the

t *Prince*, or moſt valiant *General*, when
ıies are reduc'd by the Fortune of War,
Duſt of their Feet, and beg for Mercy:
n time of Peace, their *Subjects* fall into a
ich may admit Indulgence. Certainly,
ʼm *Infidels* have wrong Notions of Hu-
aſſerting, That Cruelty is either a Sign
: Nature, or a Step to true Happineſs:
moſt hard-hearted *Tyrant*, one time or
have need of Compaſſion himſelf; eſpe-
ckneſs and the Agonies of Death, which
ove more tormenting to him, than to the
nd Generous. It is recorded of *Al Hejai*
n, a famous *Arabian* Captain, that when
ant *Fever*, he call'd for Water to drink,
deny'd him by the *Phyſicians*, who had
Health: *It is enough*, ſaid he, *Rueno'ddaula,*
utenant, to whom I forgave Three Treaſons,
ed a natural Death, has refreſhed me at
with a Liquor unknown: Sure 'tis the Wine

And from that moment he began to
s Health, after which he liv'd many
:n rehearſing this Paſſage among his fa-
:nds to his laſt Day.

Infidels are either ignorant of theſe Exam-
:hey know 'em, Pride will not ſuffer 'em
orality and Juſtice. They are deſtin'd,
t part, to be incredulous to the *Day* of
How many *Prophets* has *God* ſent into all
teach them the right way, and not the
h with whom he is diſpleas'd; yet they
: converted? They look on the *Apoſtles*
gers of the *Eternal*, with the Eyes of
y grunt under the burthen of their Sen-
like thoſe filthy Animals, return to their
. Yet, that *ſuperlatively Merciful*, winks
ilties, and viſits them with his *Graces* e-
ing. But they put their Fingers in their

Ear

Ears and turn away in disdain, as from a l
They reject the *King* of all things, as a Fugiti
Vagabond on Earth.

From that delectable *Essence*, the Odour of
Sweetness is diffus'd through the *Elements*, r
freshes the Minds of the *True Faithful*; let
continual Devotion and Virtue, attract divi
ctures, till our Hearts be all transform'd into
and in this Aromatick Pile, our *Souls* expire l
Phœnix, to revive again in the Joys of *Pure*
Amours which know End.

Paris, 8th *of the* 5 h *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vle

I Wonder at nothing: Much less, at the e
gant Caprices of *Tyrants*. Methinks, th
pears no Novelty in Modern Transactions.
are but a repetition of ancient Practices, und
Forms. Of all the Events in this Age, not o
come to my knowledge which gives me a Su
Yet I must confess, there is something very
lar in the Punishment the *Duke* of *Saxony* inf
as thy Letter tells me, on the poor *Deer*-
And, if it be just to put a Man to Death o
an account, as the *Indians* hold; the *Duke*
very ingenious and accurate, in the choise he
of an *Executioner*.

The ancient *Romans* had a *Law*, which they
Lex Talionis; which in all *Criminal* Cases, appo
the Punishment to be in some Circumstance
quate to the Fault. And thou know'st, *Moses*
Lawgiver, left much the same *Statutes*: requ
the loss of the Eye of him, who had put an

;a Tooth for a Tooth, an Arm for an
ſo proportionably of other Injuries. But
ſeems to have made a Supplement, where
appear'd ſhort; and has ſhew'd a moſt
liceneſs of Revenge in the Deſtiny of the
e Huntſman, to cauſe a *Stag* to be, in ſo
ıanner, the Inſtrument of his Death, who
ɔuſly murther'd one of the ſame *Species*;
it was a *Princely* Freak of Juſtice: And,
ı done purely to avenge the Blood of the
l Beaſt, and not in vindication of his own
ıu'd not forbear to pronounce it a Frolick
a *Hero*. But he himſelf is frequently guil-
ume kind of Murther, as are moſt of the
in *Europe*; whoſe Tables are no other
ltars of *Gluttony*, ſmoaking with Fleſh
whilſt *Hecatombs* of Animals are there
ɔ voracious Appetites, the *Idols* of theſe
ɔple.

cs therefore, it had been more generous
ing a *Prince*, to pardon the poor Fellow a
ich perhaps was the only Method he had
e *Him ſelf* and his *Family* from ſtarving.
ught I know, he had as much right ac-
the *Law* of *Nature*, to kill a *Stag*, as the
s. But, there is no Talk to be made of
rong, where Power over-rules all.

at preſent, the only publick Theatre of
vard all living Creatures. There, it is a
me to ſhed the Blood of any Animal, and
ith Death no leſs than the Murther of
Princes and *Nobles* indeed incloſe *Deer*,
innocent Creatures in Parks, not with a
ɔrey upon them at their Pleaſure, but to
n from the Violence of others; whilſt
y Animals range and feed where they
ıin thoſe Pales, free from Peril, and ne-
any other Death, ſave what they pay to

Nature,

Nature, when they have ſpun out the accuſtom'd term of their Life. They alſo built Hoſpitals to like purpoſe; and are at a great charge every Y to redeem a certain number of Oxen and Cows fr Slaughter. For they eſteem it a barbarous and human Cruelty, to murther thoſe Creatures wh are the Nurſes of our Life.

The *Law* of *Moſes*, if I miſtake not, obliges all thy *Nation* to certain ſpecifique Tenderneſſes t wards the dumb Animals. And *Eſaſ* the *Prophe* Man of no obſcure Extract, but of a noted Fa among the *Hebrews*, ſays, *He that killeth an Ox, is if he ſlew a Man; and he that ſacrificeth a Lamb, if he beheaded a Dog.* And in another place, t ſame *Prophet* ſays, in the Perſon of *God*, *To wh purpoſe is the multitude of your Sacrifices to me? I a offended with the Smoak of your Burnt-offerings, a naſeated with the Smell of broiled Fat. I take no light in the Blood of Bulls, Lambs or Goats. Who h required theſe things at your Hands? Bring no m vain Oblations, which my Soul hateth.*

By theſe Expreſſions, one would think the P phet brings in *God*, denying that ever he commo ed any ſuch *Sacrifices* or ſhedding of Blood, a proteſted againſt it, as an Abomination. Wh then is the Reputation of thoſe *Writings* which under the Name of *Moſes*? For, in them th bloody *Victims* are expreſly enjoined; *God* cannot contradictory to himſelf. Doubtleſs, a great pa of the *True Law* which *God* gave to *Moſes*, was l in the former *Captivities* of your *Nation*, when yo Cities and Provinces were quite diſpeopled, yo Fathers led away by the victorious *Monarchs* of t *Eaſt*, and your choiceſt *Memoirs* aboliſh'd. So th what remains now, is only a collection of Fragmen patch'd up by *Eſdras*, and other induſtrious *Scrib* to which they gave the ſpecious Title of the *Law Moſes*, that ſo they might faſten the wavering Pe

F

obedience to ſomething tho' of their own
g.
ſan, I do not go about to ſeduce thee; exa-
ll Things. Believe neither me nor thy own
, but truſt only thy Reaſon, which will
by thee at the *Day* of *Judgment*, when all
elſe ſhall fail.
s, 8th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
the Year 1655.

LETTER IV:

To Dgebe Nafir, Baſſa.

Theſe *Nazarenes*, like the *Followers* of the *Pro-
phet*, are divided into innumerable *Sects*; and
in all *Religions*. Men cannot think alike. *Na-*
ſelf delights in Variety, *God* has diverſify'd
culties of our *Souls*, as he has the *Conſtitutions*
r *Bodies*. The *Zealot* is ſubject to *Choler*, the
to *Melancholy*, the *Libertine* is of a *ſanguine*
lection; and as for the reſt, they are but ſo
walking, ſpeaking Lumps of *Flegm*. This is
ſyſical Diviſion of *Mortals*; under which are
rehended, the various *Tempers* which reſult
the different mixture of theſe four *Radical
ples*. And for this, we muſt thank *Galen* and
ates.
t, if we conſult the *Aſtrologers*, they will aſ-
s many different *Humours* and *Complections* as
be *Stars* in the *Heavens*, at leaſt, as there be
llations. They'll tell ye of the *Bull* and the
and *God* knows what *heavenly* Stories. The
ſ ſhall ſpit Venom on one Man's *Nativity*,
f his Mouth; and give another a poiſonous
with his Tail. If we believe all they ſay, there is

not

not an Herb in the Field but has its particular *Star*, whose *Influence* causes it to grow and prosper tho' *Moses* tells us, that all the *Vegetables* appear'd on the Earth, even before the *Stars* themselves had their Existence in the *Heavens*.

But, whether there be any Truth in *Astrology*, or no; this is certain, that Men differ in their Sentiments of *Religion*, as they do in their Faces. The *Phisiognomy* of *Faith* is infinitely various. One Man believes in *Moses*, another in *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*, a third in *Mahomet* our *Holy Law giver*. Then these are subdivided into innumerable Parties. The *Jews* have seventy eminent *Religious Factions*. Then are number'd Seventy and one *Sects* of *Christians* and Seventy two of *Mussulmans*. These are all at odds about Words and *exterior Ceremonies*; so zealous for Charity and Peace, that they are in perpetual Wars for its sake, murthering one another in the Love of God: And such stout Champions for the *Truth*, that they scruple not to tell ten thousand Lies in its Defence.

The Differences between the *Greek* and *Armenian Nazarenes*, the *Nestorians* and *Jacobites*, with other *Sects* of the *East*, are not unknown to the *Ministers* of the *Port*. But, perhaps thou art a Stranger to the newer *Schisms* of the *West*.

The most eminent *Division* of *Christendom* at this time, is into *Catholicks* and *Protestants*. The former obey the *Roman Mufti*, and boast of an uninterrupted *Series* of *Caliphs* from *Peter* the *Vicar* of the *Messias*, down to the present *Pope*. The latter are the *Followers* of *Luther* and *Calvin*, Men who pretended to certain *New Lights*, and claim'd a right to reform the Errors of their *Fathers*, in matters of Faith and Worship. God best knows, who's in the right or wrong of these two *Parties*: But, they have always been at Daggers-drawing in defence of their several *Tenets*; persecuting and massacring

ing one another, for *Conſcience* ſake. Both ſides ap-eal to the *Written Law*, to *Apoſtolical Traditions*, to ie *Teſtimony* of the Ancients, the Decrees of *Coun-ls*, and the Practice of thoſe whom they call the *rimitive Church*. Yet neither Part will allow the :her a ſufficient Judgment to interpret thoſe *Me-oirs* of Antiquity, nor an Authentick Power to :cide Controverſies of this Nature. Thus their iſputes are like to laſt, till the *Final Day* of Deci-on, when all human Quarrels ſhall be determin'd :fore the *Grand Tribunal*.

In the mean time, they take all Advantages to tecute their Spight and Malice on each other, un-:r the Notion of Juſtice and Piety. We are dai-alarm'd here with Tragical Relations of horrid lurthers and Butcheries committed on the *Prote-ants* of *Piedmont*, and other Parts under the *Duke* f *Savoy*. Whi'ſt ſome ſay, That all theſe Re-orts are falſe, and the Sufferings of thoſe People e according to Law, the due Puniſhment of their *ebellious* Actions.

It is not in my power to adjuſt their Differen-:s; nor is it Material to a *Muſſulman*, which of iem has the Law on their ſide. Yet, if I were in-lin'd to take any Part, it ſhou'd be that of the Op-reſſed. Cruelty I abhor: And our Holy Prophet as forbid Force to be us'd in Matters of Religion, nce the Conſcience is reſponſible to none but God.

May that God, from whoſe Unity have ſprung l the different Eſſences in the World, and all the ariety in Nature, give us Grace to love the whole reation, and not to ſhed Blood unleſs in the Sa-ed Combat.

aris, 13th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER V.

To William Voſpel, a Recluſe Auſtria.

I Had concluded thee dead, till thy Letter ca me to the contrary. So long a Silence b Friends, wou'd put any Man upon th Thoughts. Ten Years have ſlipt away betw laſt to thee, and thy Anſwer. I hope th not meaſure *Time*, after the rate of the *Seve ors.* Perhaps thou haſt been enjoin'd a ter *Silence* and Abſtinence from all manner of C ſation, by the *Superiour* of thy *Convent.* Suc rities are not uncommon in *Religious Societie* the main Buſineſs is, to acquire *Perfection. Carmelite Monaſteries* are much more rigid, but for one extravagant word, I have kn Man's Tongue lock'd up for the ſpace of tw twenty Years, under pain of *Excommunicatio* then releas'd, only for the ſake of a moſt ſign Jeſt, put on the *Patriarch* in *mute* Signs. W find a way to vent it ſelf, tho' it be at the F Ends. And for ought I know, thou haſt c thy *Abbot* to take off the *Cenſure* by the lik thod. There was abundance of *Satyr* in th ſannation of the Ancient *Romans*; and n *Rhetorick* in the Shrug or Grimace of the M *Italians.* The *Mimicks* of *Scaramouchi*, are feſt *Lampoon*; and *Harlequin* is *Burleſque* ver.

Thou know'ſt I always entertain thee wi frivolous Diſcourſe or other, to divert thy Mel ly; and thy own Letters give me Encourag They ſeem to be writ in a pleaſant Humour. ell me, Have I gueſs'd right at the cauſe of dious a Reſervedneſs, or no? Haſt thou been

all this while, to ſpeak with thy Hands, Feet, Noſe, and the Emphatick Motions of thy Head and Eyes? If it were ſo, I fancy thou wert excellent Company among thy grave flegmatick Brethren, and in a fair way to underſtand the Language of the *Beaſts*, who by curvetting, creeping, leaping, friſking their Tails, and other Poſtures, expreſs their various Paſſions, Deſires and Neceſſities, as intelligibly to thoſe who are us'd to them, as we can do by the moſt Elegant Addreſſes in Words.

But to be ſerious: If for the ſake of *Virtue*, this *Penance* be impos'd on thee by *him* who preſides over thy *Convent*, or thou haſt voluntarily undertaken ſo difficult a Part of Self-denial on the ſcore of *Philoſophy* or *Religion*, thou haſt approv'd thy ſelf Wiſe and Brave in not flinching. A Coward in religious Matters, is as deſpicable, as in the Engagements of the World. 'Tis honourable to face Temptations, and come off with Victory.

As for what thou deſireſt to know concerning the *Sepulchre* of King *Childeric*; it is eſteem'd a piece of great *Antiquity*, in regard he was the Fourth *Monarch* of *France*. He reign'd over the *Gauls* or *Franks* in the Year 458. *Severus* being Emperor of *Rome*, *Severinus* and *Degalaiphus*, *Conſuls*. Yet in little more than three Years, he was depos'd and baniſh'd by his Subjects, whilſt one *Ægidius* a *Roman*, was Crown'd in his ſtead. Neither did this Man pleaſe the People ſo well, but that after ſome Experience of his Oppreſſion, Avarice and other Vices, they expell'd him alſo, and recall'd their *Lawful Sovereign*. For *Ægidius* had vex'd them with unreaſonable Taxes, fleecing them of many Millions, which he privately ſent out of the *Kingdom*, diſpoſing of this vaſt Treaſure at *Rome*, and among his Friends in other Parts, as a Support againſt future Contingencies: For, he look'd for ſome Back-Blows of *Fate*. *Childeric* therefore

being reſtor'd to his *Crown*, enjoy'd it till his
which was in the Year 484. After whom
ed in the *Kingdom*, *Clodovæus the Great*,
the firſt *French King* that embrac'd *Chriſtiani*

The time when *Childeric*'s *Tomb* was firſ
-ver'd, was about two Years ago, when the
dral of *Tournay* wanted reparation. For, as
bourers were digging up the old *Charnel-Hou*
encounter'd a long Stone; which giving 'e
Fatigue, they broke in Pieces, and found
the entire *Skeleton* of a *Man* lying at length
abundance of *Greek Medals* of *Gold*, and ſom
Curioſities of the ſame *Metal*, among whic
Ring with this *Motto*:

SIGILLUM CHILDERICI RE

All theſe *Reliques* were at firſt poſſeſs'd by
nons of that *Church*, where they were foun
whom they were begg'd by the *Arch-Duke*
ſtria, who has them in his Cuſtody. Th
thoſe who told thee, they are in the K
France's Hands, were miſinform'd themſelv
deſign'd to abuſe thee. For this cannot be ſup
during the preſent Wars between *France* and
When they are more ready on both ſides to
der one another, than to grant Civilities o
obliging Nature.

I perceive, thou art grown a great *Anti*
and therefore, in token of my Eſteem, I hav
thee a *Cabinet* of ſuch *old Things* as I have
together in my Travels, and during my Re
in this City.

The *Agates* which you will find in the
moſt Drawer, may eaſily be dated by their Fi
which are all after the Faſhion of *Gentile*
As for the *Shells* in the *Second*, I leave 'em t
own Judgment; only this I will ſay, That

are not common. The *Third* contains a Miſcellany of ſeveral *Antiques*. The *Knives* were us'd by the Ancient *Roman Prieſts* in their *Sacrifices*. The *Weights* are at leaſt twelve hundred Years old, by the Parallels which I have ſeen in the *King's Library*. The *Rings* alſo are of the *Parthian* Make: And the *Arrow* to which they are faſten'd, retains its *Oriental Venom* to this Hour; as thou wilt find by trying it on any *Animal* that deſerves it. But, after all, the *Lowermoſt* Drawer contains nothing but *Counterfeits*. For, thoſe *Medals* are the work of *Parmezan*, the fineſt Graver in the World. If thou knoweſt not his Character, I'll tell thee in a word; he was famous for imitating ſo exactly the moſt ancient *Medals*, that the *Tranſcripts* cou'd not be diſcern'd, even by the moſt skilful *Artiſts* from the *Originals*.

Accept theſe with the ſame good Will as I did, when they were preſented to me, and tell me wherein elſe I can gratify thy Wiſhes.

You *Monaſticks* are infinitely happy, in the advantages of Retirement and Tranquillity. You are free from the Cares which moleſt other Mortals. The Bell rings you to *Prayers*, and to your *Repaſt*. You have nothing elſe to regard, but your *Contemplations* and *Studies*. Many Great Lights have ſprung from your various *Orders*. And I'll tell thee, Father *William*, the World will be diſappointed, if thou ſhould'ſt prove a *Dark Lanthorn*, and only be Wiſe for thy Self.

Paris, 25th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VI.

To the moſt Illuſtrious and Invincible Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

BY the Sound which the Sun makes at his go ing down, I ſwear, I was not miſtaken in th *Idea* I had of thy Generoſity. And, the Diſpatc with which thou haſt honour'd the *Slave Mahom* confirms me in a perfect ſecurity of thy Favou and Protection.

I ſhall with exquiſite Diligence obey thy Order But, it cannot be attempted without vaſt Sums o Money. And, if I may be thought worthy to giv Advice to my *Superiors*, the moſt effectual way t accompliſh this, will be by ſending one of the *Pri cipal Miniſters* to this *Court*, with a ſplendid *Embaſ* For, this young King expects very honourable Ad dreſſes from all that ſeek his more intimate Frien ſhip. Therefore a *Chiaus* wou'd be ſlighted on ſuc an Occaſion, and mar all the Deſign. I woul counſel, That ſome body be ſent who perfectl underſtands the *Genius* of the *French*, and the pa ticular Aims of *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Under the Protection of ſuch a one, I ſhou'd b able without hazard of a Diſcovery, to act all tha is neceſſary to carry on this Deſign with good ſuc ceſs. Here are abundance of needy *Courtiers*, o whom Gold will have a powerful Influence. Bu neither I in Perſon, nor any one whom I ſhall de pute, can make ſuch Tenders, unleſs there wer here ſome known Publick *Embaſſador* from th *Grand Signior*, to countenance the Buſineſs. For otherwiſe it will preſently be whiſper'd, That ſom *private Agent* lurks here *Incognito*. They will ſtar a thouſand *Chimera*'s of Jealouſy; and ſo I may ru the hazard of a *ſecond* Impriſonment, when the *Car dina*

dinal ſhall call to mind the occaſion of my *firſt*. All that I can then ſay of my being a *Moldavian*, will find no Credit; and 'twill be no leſs than a Miracle, if they do not expoſe me to a Scrutiny for the Mark of *Circumciſion*. Which if it be found, all's betray'd and ruin'd.

I do not value the Puniſhments they will inflict on me, nor the Loſs of my Life: But I dread the more important Conſequences of ſuch a Diſcovery; the unmasking the *Secrets* of the *Grand Signior* to *Infidels*.

Theſe are the chief Reaſons I have to offer in behalf of an honourable Embaſſy. As to the Perſon whom thou ſhalt think fit to employ in ſo glorious a Truſt, I will not preſume to add any thing to what I have ſaid already, That he be a Man of Experience in the *French* Affairs, well vers'd in the Knowledge of *Chriſtian* Policy, the different Intereſts of the Courts of *Europe*, and one that exactly knows what Advantage to make of the New *Pope*. For, after long Debates, the *Cardinals* have at laſt Elected one, who has aſſum'd the Name of *Alexander* VII.

It is hard to judge at his firſt Acceſſion to that *Sovereign Chair*, what Intereſt this *Prelate* will embrace, whether that of *France* or *Spain*: Or whether his Conduct will be *Neutral*, deporting himſelf with an equal Indifference to all the *Nazarene Princes*, whom he calls his *Sons*, endeavouring to compoſe their Quarrels, and unite their Forces againſt the *Muſſulmans*. I tell thee, no body can be yet aſſur'd, what the Temper of the *Roman Mufti* may prove. For, it is uſual for the aſpiring *Cardinals*, to promiſe many Things in hopes of the *Papacy* which they never perform, when they have once obtain'd the *uncontroulable* Command. *Diſſimulation* is rank'd among the *Principal* Virtues in the Court of *Rome*: And he that knows not how to

diſguiſe his Affections, is not thought worthy of any important *Truſt*. *Adonai* the *Jew*, has loſt his Liberty in that City, for being defective in this Courtly Accompliſhment. It ſeems, he and ſome others of his *Nation*, rail'd too paſſionately and openly at the *Idolatry* of the *Romans*. Yet I expect daily to hear of his Relief; for, I underſtand by a Letter from him, that he was excepted out of the Number of thoſe, whoſe *Condemnation* is *Irrevocable*.

I reprov'd him for his Immorality, in reflecting on the *Eſtabliſh'd Religion* of the *Country* where he reſides. But, this kind of Arrogance is the peculiar Vice of the *Hebrews*. They deſpiſe all other People in the World: Whereas thou know'ſt, the impartial God reſpects not one Nation more than another; for, they are all equally the Works of his Hands. And for ought we know, he tolerates the Variety of Religions that are extant in the World, with the ſame Indifference as he diſpenſes his common Bleſſings to ſuch an infinite Number of Men of diverſe Faces.

The Multiplicity in the Univerſe, exalts the Divine Unity, which is the Root of All. And if there be ten thouſand Myriads of Worlds, they all ſprang from one Cauſe, and there they end. For he is the Firſt and Laſt of every Thing.

Paris, 2d *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi *a* Jew, *at* Vienna.

THE *Egyptians* have a *Proverb*, That he who thinks and ſpeaks of *God* only when he is Melancholy, Sacrifices to the *Planet Pharovis* or *Saturn*,

turn, and not to the moſt High and Exalted King of *All Things*, who is the Fountain of Joy to Men and Angels.

I counſel thee, not to liſt thy ſelf in the Number of thoſe who adore the Stars, by cheriſhing ſad *Idea*'s of the ever indulgent and merciful Divinity: Nor think thy ſelf the leſs liable to this Cenſure, becauſe it proceeds from a Nation which was once at Enmity with the Sons of *Jacob*. Deſpiſe not the Wiſdom of that People, from whom even *Moſes* your Lawgiver learn'd all his, and from whom all Nations borrow'd Improvements of Learning, if they are not indebted to them for its firſt Rudiments.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt perceive that I conſult thy Happineſs, and wou'd have thee chaſe away vain Fears and ſuperſtitious Thoughts, the mere Product of an ill-temper'd Spleen, which is the peculiar Malady of thy Nation. Let thy Heart be always chearful; for God loves every thing that he has made: The Univerſe overflows with his Bounty. Be not too Religious, nor ſtrain the Faculties he has given thee for thy Support, and not for thy Bane.

I had rather hear from thee Matter of News, than theſe diſmal Scruples about thy Soul. If thou art not willing to embrace the *Muſſulman Faith*, in God's Name continue to obſerve the Law of *Moſes*, and proſecute thy Affairs with Alacrity.

Thou haſt been very ſlack of late in ſending me Advices of what paſſes at *Vienna*, and other *Parts* of *Germany*. We have flying Reports here of the Death of *Eleanora* the *Empreſs*; and that on the ſame Day whereon ſhe died, *Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus*, the *Emperor*'s Son, was elected King of the *Romans*. I know not how to write to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, till thou haſt aſcertain'd me of theſe Things. For God's ſake, be ſpeedy in thy *Diſpatches*, and inform me what is done at the *Diet* of *Frankfort*. Rowze

up thy ſelf, and baniſh ſuperfluous Cares. Remember, that as there is but *One God*, ſo there is but *One Law*, but *One Thing* neceſſary to Men; that is, *To live according to Reaſon*. This is Engraven in every Man's Heart, and there needs no *Commant* to explain it. Thou art a ſufficient *Lawgiver*, a *Rabbi Doctor*, and *Interpreter* to thy ſelf. Let not others amuſe thee with *Fables*.

I will now acquaint thee with ſomething of Certainty. The *French* have gain'd *Landrecies*, a ſtrong Town in *Flanders*. It was ſurrendred to them on the 22*d* of this *Moon*; and the next Day all the Garriſon marched out, conſiſting of 1500 Men, beſides 300 wounded.

The King is gone upon this good News, to view and take Care of his New Conqueſt. For, this is not the only Town the *Spaniards* have loſt: The talk of *Maubeug*, *Bovines* and *Condé*; all which, according to freſh Report, are in the Hands of the *French*. This Young *Monarch* is ſtrangely Fortunate.

If thou canſt inform me of ſuch ſucceſsful Campagnes among the People of the *North*, fail not to do it in Seaſon: For we are not plac'd in the *Stations* to whiſtle to Sheep.

Paris, 29th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VIII.

To Muſtapha Lulu Beamtilla, *a* Man *of the* Law.

I Wou'd willingly be admitted into *Paradiſe*, as well as other *Muſſulmans*. Neither wou'd I think to ſpeak or do any thing which might prejudice my Title, and baulk my Pretenſions to Eternal Happineſs. This Deſire is natural to all Men; and when I pro

I profeſs it, thou may'ſt believe me without an Oath. Yet methinks, I wou'd not go Hoodwink'd to *Heaven*, but wou'd fain enjoy the benefit of my Senſe and Reaſon, in my Advances to that *Region* of *Bliſs*.

I believe the *Alcoran*, as the *Oracle* of *God*; and 'tis ſo firmly imprinted in my Memory, that I cou'd repeat it *verbatim* from the beginning to the end, without miſſing a *Verſicle*. I give an entire Credence to the Doctrine of the Reſurrection; being naturally deſirous of *Immortality*: But I cannot entertain the groſs Conceit, which the greateſt Part of *Muſſulman*'s have of the *Reſurrection*; that is, that our very *Duſt* ſhall be raiſed again, and Organiz'd into a *Body*. The *Nazarenes* are of the ſame Opinion. But methinks, there's no need of ſtretching and ſtraining of *Nature*. Beſides; this Opinion is inconſiſtent with other *Fundamental Doctrines* of the *Muſſulman Law*.

We are all taught to believe, That the *Souls* of *Juſt Men*, *Saints* and *Martyrs*, immediately on their Departure from the *Body*, aſcend to *Paradiſe*. If ſo, then they either live there in an *unbodied Eſtate*, or they have *New Bodies* aſſign'd them by the ſame *Providence* which gave them their *Old*. Be it which way it pleaſes *God*; it will appear a manifeſt Botch in the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, and *Indecorum* in *Nature*, to make theſe Souls either caſt off their *New Bodies* at the *Day* of *Judgment*, for the ſake of their *Old Rotten Reliques*, after they have enjoy'd all the raviſhing Delights of *Eden* for ſo many Ages; or to ſtand in need of any Bodies at all, after they have liv'd ſo long in a *ſeparate* Condition. There's no Senſe in't. Doubtleſs, this Opinion was firſt hatch'd by thoſe who believ'd the Sleep of the Soul, and held that it was inſeparable from the Body. For then they had no other way to comfort themſelves with any probable hopes of a *ſurviving Immortality*, but by maintaining, That as the Soul ſlept with the Body in the *Grave*, ſo both Soul and Body ſhou'd conjointly riſe again at the *Day* of *Doom*.

Or perhaps, this *Figure* of our *Reſurrection* was inculcated, to inſinuate the Faith of an *Immortal* State, into the duller Minds of thoſe who were incapable of comprehending either the *Pre-exiſtence* of *Souls*, their *Self-ſubſiſtence* after *Death*, or their *Tranſlation* into other *Bodies*.

It ſeems to me much more eaſie to believe, according to the moſt obvious *Works* of *Nature*, that after our *Diſſolution* here, we ſhall either aſſume ſome *Body* of *Air*, *Fire*, or other *Elemental* Supplement, or by Magnetick *Tranſmigration* ſhall be united to ſome *Vegetable* or *Animal Embrio*; than to dream of recollecting all our ſcatter'd *Aſhes* together after ſo many Thouſands of Years, wherein they have been diſpers'd, perhaps thro' all the Ranges of the *Univerſe*.

Surely, our *Holy Lawgiver*, and all the other *Prophets*, intended no other Thing by the *Doctrine* of the *Reſurrection*, but only to convince the World, that the *Soul* was *Immortal*, and that conſequently there wou'd be a Reward of *Good* and *Bad* Works after this *Life*. We ſhall live for ever, Old *Lawyer*: And what ſignifies it, whether we have the ſame *Bodies* or others, ſo long as we are happy in any State: And if we are Metamorphos'd we cannot fail of our *Specifick* Felicity, ſince every *Creature* is happy in his own *Eſſence*. Then let us be *Apes*, *Dromedaries*, *Camels*, or any thing but *Hogs*, and we ſhall have Bliſs enough. That *Creature* is the very *Emblem* of *Uncleanneſs*, and therefore its *Life* cannot be the Object of a *Muſſulman*'s Wiſh. Yet we know not the *Laws* of our *Change* or *Tranſmigration*, from this *Mortal* Life. For the *Soul*, according to *Pythagoras* and the *Ancients*, is capable of all *Forms*.

If thou wond'reſt what has put me upon this Diſcourſe, it is the Remembrance of what I have heard thee relate of the *Apparition* of *Dead Mens Bones* in the *Cemetery* of *Grand Cair* in *Egypt*, at a certain Seaſon of the Year, when Multitudes of People

by

by Cuſtom flock thither to behold this Wonderful *Scene* of a *Sham Reſurrection*. I can give it no better Title, ſince in all probability, 'tis only the effect of ſome Artifice us'd by the *Chriſtians*, to procure Money from the Admiring Croud. And I'm confirm'd in this Belief, by a Letter I receiv'd from *Mohemet* the Exil'd *Eunuch*, who now reſides at *Cair*; and having been curious to obſerve this Celebrated *Miracle*, among the other *Rarities* of this City, ſent me ſuch an Account of this Paſſage, as convinces me there's ſome Cheat in't.

He tells a great many other things of the *Superſtition* and *Ignorance* of the *Egyptians* as to the *Pyramids*, and the ſuppos'd *Spirits* which guard 'em. In all, he laments the Condition of Mortals, who have ſo far degenerated from themſelves, and ſuffer'd their *Reaſon* to be debauch'd with *Fables*.

Sage *Muſtapha*, thou art of the *Race* of thoſe who have preſerv'd *Science* and *Philoſophy*. A *Halo* of *Light* inveſts thy Soul. Let no dark opinion of *God* and his *Works*, eclipſe thy *Intellect*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER IX.

To Solyman Kuſſir Aga, Prince *of the* Black Eunuchs.

THY *Diſpatch* came in a happy Hour: Yet the Contents of it ſurpriz'd me. 'Tis a ſtrange Turn of Fortune, that the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, after ſo many *Rebellions*, ſhou'd become the *Sultan's* Favourite, and be inveſted in the *Higheſt Dignity* of the *Empire*. Yet, who knows, but this may be the

only

only effectual Courſe to reclaim him, and of a my to render him a Friend? For, Ambiti Vice ſo nearly bordering on Virtue, ſo refir ſubtle in Complexion, that when the Paſſion cheriſhes it, is once gratify'd with its prop ject, it ſoon becomes a Virtue it ſelf, and tran a *Libertine* to a *Hadgi*, ranking a Man to mong the moſt deſerving *Hero's*, who but day was in the Number of the *Seditious*.

Therefore, I cannot but highly applaud th ſel of thoſe, who perſuaded the *Grand Sig* this uncommon Choice of the *Vizer Azem.* whole *Empire* has languiſh'd for want of a Abilities in that *Supreme Station*, ever ſince t was taken from the moſt illuſtrious *Chuſaei* through the Malice of his Enemies. And Juncture, they cou'd not have pitch'd on more capable of the *Charge*, than this bold who, beſides his Experience in the Wars, b Sea and Land, is look'd on as the ſtouteſt M this Age. As for his former Crimes, they p ed only from his Diſcontent and Thirſt of which is now ſufficiently allay'd by the Bou our *Sovereign*. The *Cauſe* therefore of his E gances being thus ſeaſonably remov'd, the will naturally ceaſe.

But, ſuffer me to ask thee; Do they not at the *Seraglio*, his Approaches to that *Sanct Mortals*, with ſuch a Formidable Retinue? telleſt me, he is attended by forty thouſand M Equipage fit for a *Sovereign Monarch*. Perha only the effect of his *Martial Genius*, and tha willing to appear like a Soldier. Or, it may really ſuſpected Danger, and that he was deſig a Sacrifice; which made him come thus guar the Feet of his *Maſter*: That his Son might r his Death, by ſome deſperate attempt on *Co nople*. Be it how it pleaſes God, it ſeems, the

wink'd at all, and receiv'd him with ſuch Marks of his Eſteem and Affection, as are ſeldom vouchſaf'd to *Subjects*. I hope, the Event will anſwer his Expectation. Theſe new Methods of Clemency may prove more ſucceſsful, than the ſevere Conduct of former times. Men of great Souls, are ſooner ſubdu'd by Favour, than Force and Cruelty.

I am extremely oblig'd to thee for thy Inſtructions, which I ſhall exactly obſerve, in writing to this *Supreme Miniſter*. Thou haſt match'd my own Thoughts, in this Advice. For, knowing that *Baſſa*'s Temper, it will be Policy, as well as Juſtice, frankly to own what I have writ againſt him, and not ſtuff my Letter with abject fawning Submiſſions, or ſneaking Excuſes. He is brave himſelf, and will be pleas'd to ſee a Man reſolute in his Duty.

However, let the Conſequence be what it will, I muſt follow the Meaſures of my own Integrity. There is ſomething ſo ſatisfactory in Truth, and an honeſt blunt Carriage, as far ſurpaſſes the little faint Pleaſures of Artifice and Diſſimulation. And I ſhou'd be weary of my Life, were I forc'd to preſerve it by ſuch Effeminate Tricks. Yet, I muſt confeſs, 'tis a vaſt Encouragement, to find thy Sentiments the ſame. What is this World, that we ſhou'd be ſo fond of it? Or what is the Life of Mortals, that we need be ſo over-ſtudious of prolonging the Reſpiration of that Breath, which may with as much Eaſe be all breath'd out at once, as by ſo many Succeſſive Millions of Moments; For, Death properly poſſeſſes but an Inſtant of Time; no more does Life. Every Gaſp renews the one, and the laſt commences and finiſhes the other. As to Pleaſure and Pain, we generally have an equal ſhare of 'em. And it appears to me an equal, if not a greater Happineſs, at once to be freed for ever from the latter, than by ſuch an irkſome Compoſition to protract the Enjoyment of the former.

Brave

Brave *Solyman*, when I contemplate th
it inſpires me with Courage againſt the v
of Fear, which the *Magick* of Opinion has
fore the Eyes of Mortals. I embrace thee
extended Soul, and wiſh thee the two Ex
Happineſs, Plenitude of Joys in this Life
Immortal *Series* of Felicities in *Paradiſe*.
ever thou Generous Son of *Cham*.

Paris 2d *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER X.

To the moſt Illuſtrious Vizir Azem
the Port.

BY the Souls of all my *Progenitors*, I was
hear the News of thy Advance to this G
Height of *Power*: Yet when thou wert *Baſſ*
leppo, and heldſt Correſpondence with the *Ve*
I accus'd thee to the *Divan*, doing thereby n
Service to the *Ottoman Empire*: For which th
now Reaſon, in Honour, to reward me; kn
that I prevented a great deal of Confuſion and
It will not become the firſt Miniſter, to
private Revenges, or harbour ill Though
faithful Slave. In diſcovering thy Intrigues
time, I did but perform my Duty to the *Gra*
nior, thy Lord and mine. Nay, for ough
know'ſt, I was happily inſtrumental in ſavin
Life, which might have been loſt in the purſ
thoſe hazardous Projects thou wert then en
in. Be it how it will, thou art now living, a
ſtall'd in the moſt illuſtrious Charge of the E
And, without Flattery I ſpeak it, a braver Man

not have aſcended to that *Dignity*. May God long continue thee in it, to the Joy and Advantage of all the *Muſſulmans*.

All the World extol thy Valour and Boldneſs; eſpecially the *Nazarenes*, among whom the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo* is famous. They alſo highly commend thy Juſtice. And thou wilt find in the *Regiſter*, that when I acquainted my *Superiors* of thy Revolt, I was not envious in concealing thy *Virtues*.

Therefore I beg of thee, not to be partial in thy Reſentments; but conſider *Mahmut* as a faithful Slave, who will never tranſgreſs the Commands of the *Miſterious Bench*, nor ſuffer any Siniſter Motives to biaſs him, tho' 'twere in Favour of his own Brother. For, this is the ſevere Conduct that is expected of me by my *Superiors*, and which thou thy ſelf wilt require at my Hands.

But, I believe, thou needſt not theſe Addreſſes to move thee to Generoſity. Thy own Native Juſtice will ſuggeſt to thee, that I rather merit a Reward than a Puniſhment for doing my Duty, tho' 'twere in accuſing thy ſelf.

Confiding therefore in thy Goodneſs, and my own Innocence, I ſhall not deſpair of that Protection, and Favour from thee, which all thy *Predeceſſors* have afforded me, ſince my arrival at this place. Nay, I think thy Friendſhip and Eſteem is rather due to me than a Thouſand *Sycophants* and *Flatterers*.

I will in this Confidence, write freely to thee, as I have been commanded; And vent my *Thoughts*, without a Timorous Reſerve. For, thou art the *Juſt Judge* of the *Judges*, among the *faithful*.

There is no doubt, but thou haſt heard of the Duke of *Lorrain*, a Famous Warriour in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, but now a *Priſoner* of *State* in *Spain*. I ſent Intelligence laſt Year to *Muſtapha Berber Aga*, of the Grounds and Circumſtances of this *Prince*'s

Con-

Confinement, whereof thou canſt not be ignora
For, all my *Diſpatches* are made Publick to the I
ulſters of the *Bleſſed Port*.

The Brother of that *Duke* immediately ſucceed
him, by the *King* of *Spain*'s Orders, in the co
mand of the Army in *Flanders*; they call him *D
Francis*. Every Body thought that he had conſen
to the Impriſonment of his Brother, as being
guſted at his Inconſtancy, Avarice, and other Vi
It was ſuppoſed alſo, That his own Ambition,
Thirſt of Honour, had corrupted the Fidelity
Love he owed to the Son of his Mother; as kn
ing that by his Fall, he himſelf ſhould riſe to
Dignity of *General*, which his Brother enjoy'd
ring his Liberty.

But now 'tis evident, that this *Duke Francis* di
along diſſemble his Reſentments of his Broth
Calamity. For, he is lately revolted from the
of *Spain*, and come over to the *French*, with
thouſand Horſe and Foot. He has openly decla
That he will never give Reſt to his Sword, til
has either procur'd his Brother's Releaſe, or de
reveng'd the Injuries have been done him. He
receiv'd by the *French King*, with all imaginable
dearments and Careſſes. The whole *Court* are E
lous, in ſtriving to excel one another in the Dem
ſtrations of their Civility and Reſpect to this *Pri*
And they have cull'd out the beſt Quarters for
Soldiers. This *Nation* is always Hoſpitable to *St
gers*; more eſpecially to ſuch as court their Fri
ſhip after this extraordinary Way, who enter
their Intereſts, and engage in their Quarrels.
neither *France*, nor all the *Kingdoms* of *Europe* t
ther can match the Bounty of the *Munificent P*
which pardons and receives with open Embraces
moſt implacable Enemies, on their Submiſſions
Repentance.

Commander of the *Muſſulman Grandees*, thou art but a Man, and haſt not exceeded that Character, in the worſt of thy Errors. Now, thou art aſſum'd to a *Charge* which requires the Fidelity and Prudence of an *Angel*. If thou ſhalt reform the *State* and reſtore the *Muſſulman* Affairs to their true Luſtre, we ſhall have reaſon to contemplate thy *Life* in ſome Meaſure a Parallel to that of *Craſſus*, who was pardon'd Three *Treaſons* by *Cæſar*, and afterwards became the moſt Loyal and Serviceable Man in the *Roman Empire*.

Paris, 2d *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, *an Exil'd* Eunuch, *at* Caire *in* Egypt.

THOU telleſt me Wonderful Things of *Egypt*, ſuch as almoſt ſurpaſs Credit. And I perceive thou thy ſelf doſt not believe the Story of the *Annual Reſurrection* of *Bones*, which is ſo much talk'd of by *Travellers*. My Couſin *Iſouf* Ridicul'd it with ſmart Reaſon, and was almoſt in danger of his Life among the Bigotted *Moors* and *Coptites*.

But I cou'd hardly imagine there had ſtill remain'd in that *Region* (which has undergone ſo many Revolutions of Government) any Footſteps of the Primitive *Egyptians*. Yet, it ſeems, the Prieſts of thoſe *Early Ages* were particularly careful to tranſmit to Poſterity, an exact *Hiſtory* of their *Kings*, with *Memoirs* of their *Actions*; the Building of the *Pyramids*; the Place of the *Statues*; the *Magical Mirror*; the *City* of the *Black Eagle*; the *Caſtle* of

Demons

Damons ſeated on the *Brow* of the *Mountain* of the *Moon*, the *Palace* of *Adamant*, with innumerable other Rarities.

I tell thee, my Dear *Mehemet*, I know not how to believe all theſe *Romantick* Stories. It cramps my Reaſon to hear of a *Brazen Tree*, with *Iron Branches* and *Verſatile Hooks*, to catch *Lyers* and *Cheats*, and there detain 'em till they ſhou'd do right to those whom they had Injur'd. Altogether as improbable is the Story of *Gabdaſarumis*, the *Statue* ſet up by King *Gariac*.

Who can read of that *Monarch*'s being carried in the Air by *Eagles*, but may as well believe the *Romantick* Voyage of *Domingo Gonſales* to the *Moon*. If thou knoweſt not that Story, I'll tell thee in ſhort. That this was a certain *Spaniard*, who in a paſſage to the *Indies* being by Shipwreck caſt aſhore on the *Iſland* of St *Helena*, with a *Negro* his *Slave*, they were put to their Shifts ſo far as to divide that Unpeopled and Deſolate *Iſland* between 'em out of pure Neceſſity, that they might both find Proviſion enough to keep 'm from ſtarving (for, it ſeems, there was great ſcarcity of every thing that ſerv'd the Uſes of Life.)

In this Condition, *Neceſſity*, the *Mother* of *Cunning Devices*, taught them to hold Correſpondence with one another tho' living at Oppoſite Angels of the *Iſle*, by the help of certain Wild *Swans*, which they took out of their Neſts very Young, and brought 'm up as they do *Pigeons* at *Babylon* and *Aleppo* to be *Letter-Carriers*.

Afterwards, as the Srory goes, *Domingo* trying ſeveral Experiments on his Birds; and finding all Succeſsful, at laſt, having got Four and Twenty of them together; and having brought 'em up to his Lure, he ventur'd his Carcaſs with 'em in the Air, faſtening 'm together with Ropes and other Materials. But the Extravagant Animals one Day took Wing, and carry'd their *Maſter* to the *Moon*: Where he reſided

reſided a conſiderable time; ſaw and convers'd with divers Inhabitants of that Neighbouring *Globe*, viſited the *Courts* of ſeveral *Lunar Princes*, and was kindly receiv'd by 'em all, even at the *Seraglio* of the *Chief Emperor*, or *Grand Signior* himſelf. And having been preſented with Three *Stones* of Matchleſs Virtue, and other Rich Gifts, he had his Audience of *Conge*, and came down to the Earth again, where he publiſh'd a *Journal* of his *Travels*, out of which I have extracted this ſhort *Epitome*; not thinking it worth the while, to trouble thee with the Entire Relation of his Ingenious Whimſies.

Doutleſs, there is nothing ſo eaſy, as to invent new and unheard-of *Fables*, to amuſe the Credulous World, and captivate their underſtandings. And I have told thee this, as a Parallel to thoſe Monſtrous Figments of *Egypt*: Such as that of King *Gancam's* being carry'd in a Pavilion on the Shoulders of *Spirits*: His *Magical Tables*, and the reſt of his glorious Whim-Whams. And that of the Queen *Borſa*, who ſat on a *Fiery Throne*, and liv'd in an *Enchanted Caſtle*, whoſe Walls were full of Pipes, which convey'd to her the *Addreſſes* of all ſorts of *Plantiffs*, and her *Decree* and Deciſion of Controverſies back again to them. Such another is that of *Bardeſir's Silver Tower*, and his ſitting before his People in the Clouds of *Heaven*: And *Bedoura's* ſending an *Angel*, who made ſuch a horrible Roaring, that it caus'd an *Earthquake*.

Who can without laughing, read the Story of the *Idol* of the *Teſt*, which diſtinguiſh'd between *Harlots* and *Virgins* by the Touch of their Hand? Or of the *Spirits* which guard the *Pyramids*, One like a Naked Woman, walking about in the open Air at Noon, and making Men run Mad for Love of her? Another in the Form of an Old Man with a Basket on his Head, and a Cenſer in his Hand; A Third of a Black Woman with a Monſtrous Child in her Arms?

There

There is no End of ſuch *Fables*. Neither ca
Mean of Reaſon, ſtoop to ſo much eaſineſs as
gard 'em. And it is a pleaſure to me, when
ſider thee as a Man actually *Satyrical* upon O
and *Traditions* repugnant to *Senſe*.

Mehamet, whilſt thou art in *Egypt*, remembe
thou wert born in *Arabia*, where *Science* ha
riſh'd for theſe Thouſand Years.

Paris, 28th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XII.

To Zorneſan Muſtapha, Baſſa *of the* S

I Will not pretend to Divination, nor flatte
with Preſages of better Fortune againſt t
netians, during thy command of the *Navy*, tha
Predeceſſors have had. Yet, I believe, thou haſt
Honeſty and Valour than ſome of them.
congratulate thy Riſe to this *Dignity*.

If my Intelligence be true, a more Glorious
has not ſail'd out of the *Ottoman Harbours*, tha
pears now at Sea, under thy Command. Ma
Succeſs anſwer the Expectation of the *Muſſul*
But, I tell thee, thou haſt need to look about
for thou will encounter a Valiant and Subtle En

Theſe *Venetians* are not like the reſt of the
rences, Superſtitiouſly devoted to the Sentimen
their *Prieſts*. That kind of Bigottry chains up
Spirits, and renders 'em Effeminate: It blind
and robs 'em of their Senſe and Native Vigo
theſe are bold, reſolute People, fearing neithe
nor the *Devil*. They are alſo well vers'd in S
gems, being as cunning as *Serpents*. In fine, *Ve*
a *Commonwealth* made up of Soldiers and S

And thou can'ſt not expect, that the Sea
'em degenerate. Therefore look for Hot En-
ıment whenever thou engageſt thoſe *Aborigi-*
rpawlins. I ſpeak not this to diſcourage thee,
arm thee with due Caution. Thou knoweſt
me *God* who made them, made thee and all
ſen in thy *Fleet*. Thou haſt alſo the Happi-
:o ſerve the moſt Victorious *Empire* in the
Fear nothing therefore: But when thou
t from the *Helleſpont*, with the *Invincible Fleet*,
'd with *Enſigns* of High Renown the Proſ-
s *Streamers* of *Mahomet*: When thou heareſt
ll cheering *Clarions* and *Timbrels* breathing the
Menaces, the Vital Airs of War; then let
loble Heart flouriſh with brave Thoughts,
risk Reſolutions. Yet let not a falſe Aſſu-
of Victory, make thee Raſh and bereave thee
t Conduct, which is as neceſſary a Qualifica-
n a *General* as Courage. Conſider that the
me of Battels is uncertain: Therefore, do all
gs with great Precaution. Truſt not to the
of thy *Commiſſion*, in that thou fighteſt for the
ınd *Honour* of the *Prophet*. But remember the
rb of the *Ancients*, which ſays, *The Devil often*
ts the Standard of the Living God. There may
oſe in thy *Fleet*, who are Treacherous, and
e Devotion of the *Nazarenes*. For, I hear,
ooth *Spahi's* and *Janiſaries* were very unwil-
to embark themſelves; and *God* knows, how
he *Venetian* Gold may work on ſome of the
rs. Tho' their Reſentments ſeem'd to be ap-
d by the Bounty of our Glorious *Sovereign*;
the ſmalleſt occaſion may renew their Old
ntent again; and put 'em on more dangerous
ults at Sea, than thoſe they were guilty of a-
. Or at leaſt they will become more Remiſs
Cold in the Service of the *Grand Signior*.

Be-

Be it how it will, if the *Navy* has not good Su
ceſs, the Blame of all will be laid on thee. Pardo
therefore the Freedom I take in adviſing thee, fin
'tis an Argument of my Affection and Concern fi
thy Honour and Safety. And no Man can with Re
ſon be offended at another, for warning him
Dangers. In a Word, I wiſh thee the good Fortu
of the *Engliſh*; who have lately taken an *Iſland*
the *Weſt-Indies* from the *Spaniards*: They call
Jamaica.

It ſeems, the *Kings* of *Spain* had poſſeſs'd this *I*
from the time of the Firſt Conqueſts in *Americ*
where his Subjects had committed horrid Cruelti
on the Natives. For which, they are now puniſh
by that New *Commonwealth*, who boaſt that th
are eſtabliſh'd by *God* to reform or overturn all t
Kingdoms of *Europe*.

Thou haſt heard, I ſuppoſe, of *Oliver*, the *S*
vereign of that Nation. He appears like anoth
Jingiz Cham, ſetting up for a *Prophet* and Found
of a New *Empire*. He has refus'd the *Title* of *Kin*
which was offer'd him by the *Engliſh States*, with
the *Enſigns* of *Royalty*. But, he aims at a mo
Sublime Character, laying the Foundation of h
Hopes in a pretended Modeſty, aſſuming only t
Stile of *Protector*. They ſay, he talks of leading
Army to the Gates of *Rome*, and when he has ſu
dued the *Pope*, that he will march or ſail to *Co*
ſtantinople, and drive the *Grand Signior* out of h
Seraglio.

I tell thee, theſe are not Things to be contemn'
or laugh'd at. For this *Oliver* has the Fame of
Great and invincible *General*. And I can aſſure the
all the Neighbouring *Kings* and *States* court h
Friendſhip. In fine, he makes the moſt formidab
Figure at preſent, of any *Prince* in theſe *Weſte*
Parts.

If it will divert thee at Sea, to hear of the Tranſactions by Land, know, that *Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus*, Son of the *German Emperor*, is elected *King* of the *Romans* in the Room of his deceas'd Brother. There's alſo a *Diet* Aſſembled at *Frankford*, where they have too many Diſcords and Quarrels of their own, to have Leiſure to plot any Miſchief againſt the *Empire* of *True Believers*. Theſe *Infidels*, in their Publick Counſels, are like Women Scolding away the Time, that ſhou'd be employ'd in Action.

There arrives daily a great deal of News out of *Sweden*, *Moſcovy*, and *Poland*. One *Poſt* informs us of a *Plague* raging at *Moſco*, and other Cities of that *Northern Tract*: Another alarms us with Intelligences of Sieges and Plundering of Towns, diſpeopleing of Provinces, and a Deluge of Blood and Slaughter: For the *Swedes* eſpouſing the Quarrel of the *Moſcovites*, endeavour to make their own Game in *Poland*: Many Princes and Great Men, with their Towers, Villages, and Vaſſals, Revolting daily from the Unfortunate *Caſimir*, and ſubmitting to the *Swediſh Monarch*.

And here in *France*, thoſe that go not to the Wars, make Private Campagnes at Home. Here's nothing but Duelling and Murther among Men of the *Sword*; whilſt the *Eccleſiaſticks* are Combating one another with their *Pens*, and the *Lawyers* with their *Tongues*.

In *Switzerland*, they're mad about *Religion*. At *Dantzich* two *Eagles* were ſeen Combating in the Air. And, as if all *Nature* were in a Ferment, the Winds have been at Variance in the Bowels of the Earth, which has occaſion'd frequent *Earthquakes* in the Parts of *Germany*. The *King* of *Poland*'s Brother is Dead, and the *Queen-Mother* of *Sweden*.

We muſt all die at the determined Hour; And there is no other Terror in Death, but what is created by our own Opinion, nor any greater Pain than attended our *Birth*. For, at our *Diſſolution*, every *Element*

of which we were compounded, takes its p
Share; and that which is Divine in Us, retur
that which is Divine in the Universe.

Paris, 28th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTR XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his* Brother, Master *of* Grand Signior's Customs.

OUR Kinsman *Isouf* is now gone for *Mo*
having visited the most remarkable Pla
this Kingdom. I receiv'd a Letter from him
at *Diep*, a Sea-Town over against the *English* C
He was just going aboard, as he tells me, wh
deliver'd his *Dispatch* to the *Post*. God grant h
Prosperous Voyage to that *Region*, and whith
ever his *Genius*, or Fortune carry him.

I am extremely pleas'd with his Conversa
Whilst he was in *Paris*, I was never sensible o
lancholy, unless 'twere in the Evenings, w
forc'd us to part Company. He has an Exce
Memory, and recounts all the Adventures of
Life with a great deal of Ease, both to himsel
his Hearers. He never was at a loss for Matte
confounded one Circumstance with another;
ranking every Thing in its due Time and P
deliver'd all with a Clearness and Grace, whic
fected me with singular Delight.

Besides, he has a ready Wit, lively Fancy,
Judgment enough for one of his Years. I
thee, the Relations he has made of his Travels,
his Regular Deportment here in *Paris*, of whi
have been a Witness, have imprinted in me su

Opi

Opinion of his Abilities, that I have truſted him with ſome Particular Inſtructions in order to a ſettl'd Correſpondence between us, in whatſoever *Court* he reſides. For, in a word, I find him Mature enough for Buſineſs of Moment: And 'tis pity his Parts ſhou'd be bury'd without ever appearing in Action.

If he ſucceeds in what I have put him upon, when he arrives at *Archangel* a *Sea Port* of *Ruſſia*, and a Place of great Commerce and Traffick; I ſhall have good Reaſon to hope for more important Matters when he comes to *Moſco*, the Chief City of the Men who worſhip the Eyes of their *Emperor*. And then it will be time to give a due Character of him to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*: Wherein thou wilt have many Opportunities, to perform the Office of a Kinſman and Friend. Thoſe of the ſame *Blood*, ought thus to ſerve one another with Integrity and Affection: For, in ſo doing, we help our ſelves, ſtrengthen the Intereſt of our Family, and ſhall find Returns in time of need. As thou haſt receiv'd Favour from *Kerker Haſſan Baſſa*, on the Score of being his Countryman; ſo there is greater Reaſon, that thou ſhould'ſt ſhew Kindneſs to *Iſouf* who partakes of our Blood.

There ariſes a vaſt Complacency from doing Good Offices, tho' to a ſtranger, or even to an enemy. Man is naturally Generous; and he has debauch'd his Soul, who acts contrary to this Principle. Yet the greateſt part of Men are degenerated. They purſue *Lions*, *Tigers*, *Bears*, and ſuch like *Ravenous* Beaſts with inexorable Hatred and Revenge; they bear ſecret Antipathies againſt *Spiders*, *Toads*, *Serpents*, and other Venemous Creatures; and yet they are all theſe Things, or worſe themſelves. Ever ſince *Aſtræa* abandon'd the Earth, there has been a ſtrange *Metamorphoſis* in our Race: Men have for the moſt part forſaken their Humanity, and chang'd Nature with the *Salvages*. Nay, we tranſcend them in

whatſoever is Cruel and Vitious. As if our *Reaſon* were given us, only to teach us the moſt refin'd Methods of Impiety, and to be a more exquiſite Spur to Vice.

Iſouf has preſented me with ſolid Obſervations of this kind in his *Travels*, eſpecially in *Africk*; he ſays, that *Region* is not more Prolifick of ſtrange and horrible *Beaſts*, than it is of *Monſtrous Men*, *Brutes*, and *Devils*, in *Humane Shape*. And tho' he relates ſome fair Things of the *Indians*, and other People in *Aſia*; yet they are intermix'd with *Tragical* Reports, and Mournful *Memoirs*: Such as ſtrain the *Hiſtory* of our *Race*, and make it evident, That it is hard to meet with one Good Man among ten thouſand. The whole World is over-run with Oppreſſion, Cruelty, Avarice, Perfidy, and Luſt.

He relates ſtrange things of the *Antiquities* of *Egypt*. He calls it the only *Scene* of Wonders and Miracles on Earth. Indeed this *Country* was very Famous among all *Nations* for the Wiſdom and Learning of her *Prieſts*; who, in the *firſt Ages* of the *World*, underſtood all the Secrets of the *Elements*, the Virtues of *Plants* and *Minerals*, and were perfectly vers'd in the *Science* of the *Stars* and *Spirits*, and in all manner of *Miſterious* Knowledge. They were ſaid to make *Statues* and *Images*, that cou'd Speak, Walk, Run, and counterfeit all Human Actions. They were alſo exquiſite in making Miraculous *Taliſmans* and *Mirrors*, with any kind of *Magical* Work, whereby they kept the People, and even the Princes in a Profound Awe and Veneration of their Prodigious Knowledge and Power: and likewiſe defended their *Country* againſt all *Invaders*. For no ſooner did an Enemy appear with his Armies on the *Frontiers* of *Egypt*, but theſe Prieſts had preſent Intimation of it by their Secret Art, even in their Chambers, perhaps at a hundred Leagues Diſtance. Then by their Enchantments, they either caus'd Fire

to

to conſume them in their Camps, or turned their Swords againſt each other, or ſent an Army of *Winged Serpents* to deſtroy 'em. So that for many *Ages*, no *King* ever proſpered that fought againſt the *Egyptians*.

But let not thou and I, dear Brother, ſuffer our Reaſon to degenerate by giving Credit to Fictions and Romances, though vouch'd by ſome of our Countrymen, ſuch as *Morat Alzeman*, *Eb'n Abdalhokm*, and others.

He alſo tells many remarkable Paſſages of the *Pyramids* of *Cair*, the overflowing of the *Nile*, the *Mummies*, and other Things which I have not now Time to rehearſe; but in another *Letter* I will gratify thee with a more Ample Account of his Obſervations.

In the mean time, live thou to enjoy the Fruits of thy own *Travels* in the *Eaſt*. Which if it matches not the *South* in *Prodigies* and *Stupendous Inventions*; yet it ſurpaſſes both it, and all the reſt of the World, in *Juſtice* and *Morality*.

Paris, 17th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the year 1655.

LETTER XIV.

To Iſmael Kaidar, Cheik, *a* Man *of the* Law.

THOU haſt the Character and Fame of a Great *Hiſtorian*; a Man of Intelligence both in the *Records* of *Paſt* Times, and the Tranſactions of the *Preſent*. Therefore the Name of *Chriſtina* late *Queen* of *Sueden*, cannot be ſtrange to thee. I doubt not, but thou haſt heard of this *Princeſs*, ſo celebrated

throughout the Earth for her Learning and other Noble Accompliſhments; and how ſhe voluntarily reſign'd the *Crown* to one of her Kinſmen. But perhaps, thou knoweſt not the true Motives which induc'd her to this *Royal Caprice*: For, it deſerves no better Name, as thou wilt underſtand by the Sequel.

Her Father, who for his ſucceſsful Wars, and perpetual Victories was call'd the *Great Guſtave*, dying left her in the entire Poſſeſſion of his *Kingdom* and *New Conqueſts* in *Germany*. But during the time of her *Reign*, *Piementelli* the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* at *Stockholm* by daily converſing with this Great *Queen* us'd ſuch plauſible Inſinuations, as prevail'd on her to have a more favourable Opinion of the *Pope* and his *Religion* than ſhe had before entertain'd: For, all the *Swedes* are Educated in an Averſion for thoſe of the *Roman Faith*. I need not explain to thee, theſe Diſtinctions of *Belief* among the *Nazarenes*: Thou art vers'd in their *Hiſtory*, as well as in our own. Suffice it to ſay, that this *Ambaſſador* poſſeſs'd *Chriſtina* with ſo fair an *Idea* of the *Catholick Religion*, that ſhe abandon'd her *Crown*, and has ever ſince been a *Queen Errant*, a *Royal Rambler* through *Europe*, being reſolv'd to make Experiment of the Generoſity of *Catholick Princes*, whoſe Virtues *Piementell* had ſo highly extoll'd.

'Twou'd be a Work of ſeven *Moons* for the moſt induſtrious *Scribe*, to relate all the particular Magnificences, with which ſhe has been entertain'd in her Travels through *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Alſace*, *Inſpruck*, *Italy*, and *Rome*, where ſhe now reſides. Every *Prince* of the *Roman Church*, through whoſe *Territories* ſhe paſs'd, was Ambitious to appear Prodigal of his Favours and Civilities to their *illuſtrious Stranger*. Perhaps to evade the Laſhes of her Wit, which they ſay, is very *Satyrical*. Or, it may be, for other Reaſons more forcible and poignant. Be it how

it will, the *Roman Wits* have not ſpar'd her; as thou wilt perceive by the following Verſes, which on the firſt Day of the *Moon* of *January* were found in the Hand of *Paſquin*, and on the *Portal* of the *Palace Ferneſe*, where ſhe reſides.

Pazza, Gobba, & Zoppa viene dal Norte,
Del Monarcha Invitto l' indegna Figlia,
Mentre Pologna Gente & ſi Scempiglia,
A vana Pompe Roma apre le Porte:
Contra queſti Applauſi l' ungrida forte,
Et in baſſe Note l' altro bis Biglia,
Corre la Sciota Genti, alza le ciglia,
Ride Paſquin *del* Papa, *& della* Corte.
Su ſu venite voi Ruffiani Snelli,
Et portate a Chriſtina *ſtravagante*
Di venere il Scetro ne i Pazzarelli:
Vual parer dotta, & e rozza Pedante,
E in Braccio a mangiator di Ravanelli
Vual parer caſta, & e Putana Errante.

I ſend thee theſe Verſes in the Original, knowing thou art a *Critick* in the *Italian* Language; beſides, they will not ſound ſo well in *Arabick*. Thou that haſt been in *Rome*, know'ſt what *Paſquin* is, and art no Stranger to the Humours of that City.

Let not *Lampoons* of Moroſe *Italians*, abate thy Charity for this Renowned *Princeſs*. But let her Extravagances be an Argument of the Greatneſs of her Soul; and remember the old *Roman Proverb*, which ſays, *There's no ſurpaſſing Genius, without ſome Mixture of Madneſs.*

Paris, 30th *of the* 1ſt *Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

HAVING the ſpace of an hour before goes, I cou'd not forbear to inform a New Star which lately appear'd in theſe moving in a direct Line from *Eaſt* to *North Aſtronomers* have made Accurate Obſervation and yet are at a loſs what to conclude: So 'tis below the *Moon*, others place it in the *S* the *Fixed Stars*. One will have it a *Meteor*, a affirms it to be a *Planet*; whilſt the *Jews* re very where, that 'tis the Star of *Jacob*, and that their *Meſſias* is at Hand.

Nathan Ben Saddi, one of that Nation at ſends me ſtrange Stories concerning the *P* which ſhall go before, and accompany the *A* ance of the *Deliverer* of *Iſrael* (as he calls h

He ſays, there ſhall ſpeedily come a ſort of from the *Uttermoſt Parts* of the *Earth*, of a Bl Horrible Aſpect, ſo that whoever ſhall but caſ on any of them, ſhall immediately die, as Glance of a *Baſiliſk*. For, every one of the have two Heads, and ſeven Eyes, glowing an ing forth Sparks of Fire as Poiſonous as the l of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*. They ſh be ſwift as *Stags*. And about the ſame ti extraordinary Heat ſhall flow from the *Sun*, being diſpers'd through the *Elements* ſhall c the Air, Earth, and Waters, and infect Lower World with ſuch *Peſtilential* Qualitie a Million of *Gentiles* (for ſo the *Jews* call a are not of their own *Nation*) ſhall die ever And Men ſhall be in ſo great Conſternation they ſhall run up and down the Streets c *Wo, Wo to us and our Children!* They ſhall di own Graves, and go down into them of

own Accord, expecting Death. But, that all this Time, the *Jews* ſhall be in ſafety and Health.

This *Hebrew* adds, that the Light of the *Sun* ſhall be totally extinguiſh'd for the Space of Thirty Days; during which horrible Darkneſs, the *Chriſtians* and *Mahometans*, ſhall acknowledge their Errors, and many of them ſhall embrace the *Law* of *Moſes*; for which *God* being mov'd to Mercy, will reſtore that *Planet* again to its former Brightneſs.

But what he ſays next, is an Unhappy *Preſage* to the *Romans*, whoſe *Empire*, according to this *Tradition* ſhall be extended over all the *Regions* of the Earth for the Space of Nine *Moons*. After which Term, *God* ſhall ſend the firſt *Meſſias*, the Son of *Joſeph*, who ſhall gather the diſpers'd *Tribes* of *Iſrael*, and to Conduct them to *Jeruſalem*. From whence he ſhall Iſſue forth, with a Victorious Army, and lay waſte the *Roman Empire*, ſack *Rome* it ſelf, and carry away the Immenſe Riches of the *Chriſtians* to *Jeruſalem*; And the very Fear of him ſhall reduce all *Nations* to his Obedience. He ſhall fight with *Armillai Haraſcha*, the *Antichriſt* of the *Chriſtians*, and ſhall deſtroy Two Hundred thouſand of *Armillai*'s Flowers; but in the End ſhall be ſlain himſelf, and the Good *Angels* ſhall tranſport his Body to the *Apartment* of the *Fathers*.

The *Jews* hold, That this *Armillai* ſhall ſpring out of an *Image* of the *Virgin Mary* in *Rome*, made of *Marble*, with which the moſt Wicked and Profligate among Men ſhall be enamour'd, and commit the moſt execrable Uncleanneſs that can be nam'd. The Reſult of theſe *Adulterous* Congreſſes ſhall be, that the *Statue* by a *Supernatural Power*, ſhall prove *impregnate*; and cleaving aſunder ſhall be deliver'd of this Young *Antichriſt*, who is to vex and perſecute the *Jews*, and afflict them with greater Calamities than either *they* or their *Fathers* felt ſince the *beginning* of the *World*. They ſhall be forc'd to flee

into the *Deſarts*, and hide themſelves in t
and Caves of the Earth, living only on th
and Herbage, with the Leaves of Trees,
great *Michael* the *Archangel* ſhall thrice v
Horn. Then ſhall the Second *Meſſias* the Sor
vid, with *Elias* the Prophet appear, who ſ
cue 'em out of all their Troubles, and le
Triumphant to *Paradiſe*.

This is the Sum of what *Nathan*, and all
believe concerning the *Laſt Times*, which t
are now approaching: As is evident by th
of this *New Star*, accompany'd with terribl
ders and Lightnings. And the chief Patr
Prince of the *Jews*, is come from *Jeruſalem*
na, to prepare thoſe of his Nation in theſe
Parts for the *Grand Revolutions* which they
are ready to fall out in the World. All the
that City went out a League to meet him
great Pomp and Solemnity.

In the mean while I hear that the Son of
Vizir Azem, makes a confuſion amongſt yo
ſtantinople, and the Parts adjacent, being at t
of fifty thouſand Men, on pretence to reve
Death of his Father, but really to recover
viſh'd *Miſtreſs*, the Fair *Soltana Zamiouvre*, v
forc'd from his *Seragl'* by the *Grand Signior*
mand. *Women* and *Wine*, according to the
of the *Franks*, make all the Diſturbance
World. And without calling to Remembr
Trojan Wars, the Unhappy Effects of *Helen*
fidy, we may conclude, That Women are
caſions of many Quarrels among us.

There is a *Peace* lately concluded betw
French and the New *Engliſh Commonweal*
which means, the Exil'd *King* of the *S*
forc'd to depart from this *Realm*, which h
his *Sanctuary* for many Years. He went a
the beginning of the *Treaty*, and has wand

and down *Germany* ever ſince; ſometimes keeping a Court like a King, at other times living *Incognito*, and very privately, with only two or three Attendants. That poor Prince is very Unfortunate; yet, they ſay, he bears his Calamity with ſingular Moderation, and a certain Royal Stiffneſs of Mind, which will rather break than bend.

This Pope is a great Peace-maker, and has ſent *Nuntio*'s with Letters to all the Princes of *Chriſtendom* within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*, earneſtly perſuading them to Unity and Friendſhip, that ſo their Arms may be turn'd againſt the *Muſſulmans*. His *Predeceſſor* was of another Sentiment, and wou'd not intermeddle in the Quarrels of any. One Day as he was looking out of a Window of his *Palace* with ſome *Cardinals*, they ſpied two Men a fighting in the Street; whereupon they deſired the *Holy Father* to interpoſe his Authority, and command peace. But he refus'd, ſaying, *Let them fight it out, and then they'll be good Friends of Courſe* And turning to the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador*, he ſaid, *So will it fare with your Maſter, and the King of* France: *When they have have ſufficiently wearied out one another with Wars, they will gladly embrace the Propoſals of Peace.*

Here is great Rejoicing for the Reconciliation newly made between the King and his Uncle the Duke of *Orleans*, who have been eſtrang'd a long time, the latter having eſpous'd the Prince of *Conde*'s Cauſe. But now he has abandon'd it, and is come to the Court.

Theſe Infidels are as inconſtant as the Winds, which vary to all the Points of the Compaſs.

Paris, 30th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XVI.

To Solyman *his* Couſin, *at* Scuta

I See, thou art given over to a Spirit of
tent. Nothing can pleaſe thee. Thou m
eſt at *Providence*, and caſteſt Obloquies on t
of *God*: As if the Order of all things, and t
bliſh'd *Oeconomy* of the *Univerſe*, muſt be
to gratify thy Humour.

Formerly thou wert troubl'd with dull
choly Thoughts about *Religion*: Now thou a
with thy *Trade*, and pineſt that thou wert no
ted in the *Academy*. A *Mechanick* Life, thou
tedious and irkſome: Beſides, that it is bene
of thy *Blood*, to be always employ'd in m
Turbants. Thou wiſheſt rather to have beer
ter, *Soldier*, or any thing ſave what thou a
Couſin, let not Pride and Ambition cor
Manners. Doſt thou not conſider, that
Believers are oblig'd to exerciſe ſome *Ma*
cupation, and that the *Sultan* himſelf is
empted from this Duty? Did not the Prop
ſelf practiſe it, and enjoin it to all his Fol
Haſt thou not heard of his Words, when
No Man can eat any thing ſweeter in this World
what is acquir'd by his own Labour? Doubtle
Prophets and *holy Men*, have gain'd their B
their Lawful Employments. *Adam was*
ner, Abel *a Shepherd*, Seth *a Weaver*, Enoc
lor, Noah *a Shipwright*: Moſes, Saguib,
homet, *were Shepherds*. Jeſus *the Son of*
Carpenter: Abu-Becre, Omar, Othman, G
Gabdorachamam *were Merchants*.

Doſt thou eſteem thy ſelf of better Blo
Adam, from whom thou receiv'dſt thine
Shame prefer not thy ſelf to *Noah*, the

of *Mankind*, to *Jeſus* the *Meſſias*, to *Mahomet* our holy Lawgiver, and to the reſt of thoſe Excellent Perſons who thought it no Contempt to work at their ſeveral *Trades*, and eat the *Bread* of their own Labours.

Beſides, doſt thou conſider the dangerous Intrigues of a *Prince's Court*? Art thou ſufficiently arm'd with Wit and Dexterity, to ſecure thy Station againſt the Wily Trains of deſigning Men? I do not reproach thy Abilities: Yet I think thou wilt do better in the *Poſt* allotted thee by Deſtiny; that is, in thy proper Calling, than in the perillous Condition of thoſe who ſtand or fall at the Pleaſure of others. Whereas, thou art now thy own Man, and needeſt fear no Tempeſts of State, or Frowns of thy Prince, ſo long as thou purſueſt none but thy private Affairs. Many Sovereign *Monarchs* have envy'd ſuch as thee, when they have ſeen, how chearfully, and quietly they paſs'd away their Time, under the *Umbrella* of an obſcure and private Life: Whereas, at the Court there is nothing but Intriguing, Plotting, and Treachery; one undermining another, to make way for their own Advance. The Court is a perfect Theatre, of Fraud, Diſſimulation, Envy, Malice, and a thouſand Vices, which there act their various parts under the Habit and Diſguiſe of ſeeming Virtues. There a Man muſt flatter the Great, and ſpeak againſt his own Senſe, and the Truth, to procure the Favour of ſome dignify'd Fool: Than which nothing is more Ignoble and Baſe.

This puts me in Mind of a pleaſant Repartee, which *Diogenes* the Philoſopher gave to a Courtier. The Spark paſſing by *Diogenes*, as he ſat in a Tub, eating of Turneps, put this Scoff upon him; *Diogenes*, ſaid he, *If thou woud'ſt but learn the Art of Flattery, thou need'ſt not ſit here in a Tub, ſcranching of Roots.* To whom the *Philoſopher* reply'd: *And thou vainglorious Man, if thou would'ſt but learn to live* contented

with

with my homely Face, need'ſt not condeſcend to the Fawning of a Spaniel.

But *Couſin*, let not this Paſſage cauſe thee to emulate the *Philoſopher's* Manner of Life; For, he had his *Vices*, as well as other Men. If he was no Flatterer, yet he was Proud and Opinionative: He laid Trains for the Applauſe of Men in all his Actions, and ſo taught others to become Flatterers, tho' he was none himſelf. All his pretended Humility, Mortification, and Rigour, were but ſo many Decoys for Fame. Of this, *Plato* was ſenſible, who was a far more Excellent *Philoſopher* than he. As this Sage was one Day walking with ſome of his Friends in the Fields, they ſhew'd him *Diogenes* ſtanding up to the Chin in Water, whoſe *Superficies* was frozen over, ſave one Hole that *Diogenes* had made for himſelf; *Pub*, ſays *Plato*, *Don't regard him, and he'll ſoon be out: For, had he not ſeen us coming this way, he won'd not have put himſelf to this Pain.* Another Time this *Philoſopher* came to *Plato's* Houſe: And as he walk'd on the Rich *Carpets* with which the Floor of the *Hall* was cover'd; *See*, ſaid *Diogenes*, *how I trample on* Plato's *Pride. Yes*, ſaid *Plato*, *but with greater Pride.*

Certainly, the greateſt *Philoſophers*, *Doctors*, and even *Saints* themſelves have their Errors and Failings. Do not therefore affect to change thy *Calling*, for the Life of a *Student* or a Contemplative Man. For the ſame Diſcontent will ſtill haunt thee in that State, which makes thee ſo uneaſy now. Thou art a perfect Stranger to the intolerable Anguiſh of Mind which afflicts *Thinking* Men, and ſuch as apply themſelves to the Study of the *Sciences*. They labour under a Perpetual Thirſt of Knowledge; and the more they learn, the greater and more ardent is their Deſire of farther Diſcoveries. So that the moſt accompliſh'd *Sages*, are no more ſatisfy'd with *their own* Acquiſitions, than he who has never *meddl'd with Books*.

Thes

Then as to their Bodies, they are always vexed with one Malady or other, proceeding from the violent Agitation of their Spirits, the Intenſeneſs of their Thoughts, perpetual poring upon *Books*, and their Sedentary Life.

In all that I have ſaid, I do not diſſuade thee from ſeeking after Knowledge. I rather councel thee to read *Books*, and I gave thee the ſame Advice in a former Letter. But, do it with Moderation. Let not thy Studies entrench on the Affairs of thy *Calling*. Read *Hiſtories*, or other *Tracts* according to thy Fancy, when thou haſt nothing elſe to do. But, do not follow it ſo cloſe, as if thou aſpired'ſt to the Character of a Compleat *Hiſtorian*, or *Philoſopher*. Still remember, that thou art a *Turbant-Maker*, and that by the *Decree* of *Fate* thou art born for this Buſineſs. Follow it with Alacrity and Mirth. When thou art at thy Work, 'twill be pleaſant meditating on what thou haſt read at thy ſpare Hours. Thou wilt find thy ſelf much more happy, in thus mixing Studies with the neceſſary Offices of thy *Trade*, than in abandoning thy ſelf wholly to a Contemplative Life. And in the midſt of thy Diſguſts, thou may'ſt comfort thy ſelf with this Reflection, That thou art of none of the moſt deſpicable *Callings*, which ſerve the Neceſſities of Man's Body. Had thy imployment been only to make *Papouches*, or *Sandals*, which cover the Feet, it might have been an Argument of Diſcontent to thee, in regard the Foot is the moſt Contemptible Member in the Body. But now thou paſſeſt thy Time in making Ornaments for the Head, which is the Nobleſt Part, and Commander of all the Reſt, thou haſt no Reaſon to repine.

If, after all, thou reſolveſt to change thy Courſe of Life, I adviſe thee to turn *Soldier*; for, then thou muſt be contented and patient per-force.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1656.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To Melec Amet.

THE *Nazarenes* boaſt much of the Ne
verts they have made from the *Muſſulma*
to the *Faith* of *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*. On th
of the laſt *Mon*. a *Moor* of *Tripoli* was *baptiz'*
Church of this City; and the next Day he v
nointed with their *Chriſm* or *Holy Oyl* (as the
it) which they ſay has a Virtue to confir
ſtrengthen him in his New *Religion*. On the a
was Cloath'd all in *White Linnen*, and walk'd i
ceſſion through the Streets with *Muſick* playin
fore 'em, whilſt the Ground was ſtrew'd with
ers. When he arriv'd at the great *Moſch* of this
a *Prieſt* gave him that which they eſteem th
of the *Meſſias*: But in reality is only a *Wafer*,
the *Figure* of a Man *Crucifi'd* on it. Theſe *W*
are made and ſold to the *Prieſts* by the Commo
kers of the Town, and yet they make the Poo
norant People believe, with *Four words* they
change 'em into an *Immortal God*.

The *Renagado Moor*, appears very zealous an
vout, frequenting the *Temples*, and viſiting all
Places. He walks along the Streets with *Bea*
his Hand, which the People Interpret as an A
ment of his Piety to the *Virgin Mary*, the *Moth*
Jeſus. For, when they pray to her, it is the
ſtom to number their *Oraiſons* on *Beads*. But all
while they conſider not, that he may be a *Hypo*
as to their *Religion*, and inſtead of addreſſing
Prayers to her, may direct them to *God* alone;
all the *True Faithful* do, who uſe *Beads*, in reh
ſing the *Divine Ejaculations* as well as the *Chriſti*
in repeating their *Ave Maria*, which they ſay, v
the *Salutation* that *Gabriel* gave the *Virgin*, when
enter'd her *Oratory*.

Be it how it will, he gets abundance of Money by his *Devotion*: For the *Franks* are really very Charitable, and give plentiful *Alms* to the *Poor*. But eſpecially to one under his Circumſtances, they are extremely Liberal, that ſo they may imprint in him a more fervent Affection, and profound Reverence for their *Religion*.

But he is not the only *Convert* they brag of. Many *Captives* they either wheedle, or force to turn *Chriſtians*. Thus, he that was taken at Sea by the Ships of *Malta* Twelve Years ago, when it was reported through *Chriſtendom* that he was the *Grand Signior*'s Son, is of late turn'd *Chriſtian* and *Friar*, having ſolemnly and in Publick abjur'd the *Muſſulman Law*, curs'd our *Holy Prophet*, and all thoſe of his *Race*, with the *Believers* of the *Alcoran*. He is like to come to great *Preferments* in the *Roman Church*: They call him the *Ottoman Father*; and boaſt That the *True Heir* of the *Turkiſh Empire* is a *Chriſtian*, and in their Cuſtody.

Yet after all, the *Proſelite* of greateſt Fame is *Don Philippo*, the Son of the *Dey* of *Tunis*, of whom I made mention in one of my former Letters. This *Prince* is now at *Valentia*, under the *King* of *Spain*'s Juriſdiction, who allows him a conſiderable *Penſion*, and has given him leave to marry a *Princeſs* of that *Country*, very Beautiful and Ingenious, but of a Poor Fortune. He has one Son by her; and 'tis ſaid, the *King* of *Spain* deſigns to ſet forth a Mighty *Fleet* of *Ships*: And having furniſhed this *Prince* with all Things neceſſary for a Warlike Expedition, will ſend him thus Equipp'd to claim the *Government* of *Tunis*; or in caſe of Denial, to make a *Deſcent* in that *Kingdom*, and fight for it. But I believe, this will only prove a *Spaniſh Rhodomontade*; that *Monarch* having Work enough cut out for him in *Europe* and *America*, by the *French* and *Engliſh*, to divert him from any ſuch Wild Enterprize on *Africk*. However it be,

this

this *Don Philippo* is much talk'd of in *Chri* and the *Spaniards* flatter themſelves with th of Conquering a great Part of *Barbary* by his he having many Friends, and a conſiderable in thoſe *Parts*.

Thou may'ſt acquaint the *Divan*, that O *Dwarf* is ſtill living, and ſerves the *Port* w cret and untainted Zeal. Two days ago he c ed a Cunning Practice of *Cardinal Mazarin* Motions and Intrigues he watches very n He aſſures me, That this *Miniſter* has diſpa way two *Agents* to the *King* of *Sueden* and *Brandenburg*, with a Letter to each of the from the *King* of *France*; alſo with Blank and the *King*'s *Seal*, giving them Inſtructior up thoſe *Blanks*, and Seal them with th *Signet*, according as they found the *Treat* ward between thoſe *Princes*. The main D this Trick being, to hinder them from en to a *League* againſt the *King* of *Poland*, b Artifice theſe *Agents* could uſe, in exact and ſuiting their Counterfeit Letters, to t culties and Miſunderſtandings that alway in ſuch *Treaties*, that ſo they may exaſpe *Party* againſt the other, as occaſion offer'd being obliged to ſend to *France* for freſh which would breed too much Delay, and f Deſign.

By this thou may'ſt perceive, that *Car zarini* comes not ſhort of his Predeceſſor in managing the Affairs of *Foreign Court* the very *Soul* of all the Grand Buſineſs in *dom*.

A general Heart-burning has poſſeſs'd t eſecially the Inhabitants of *Paris*, ever Concluſion of the laſt Year, when the *K* out certain *Orders*, commanding that all and Silver-money in the *Kingdom*, ſhould be

into his *Mint* to be new Coin'd. The *Merchants* firſt complain'd of this *Edict*; and then it was murmur'd at by all the Trading People. At length the *Parliament* of *Paris* took it into their Conſideration, and oppoſed the *King*'s Pleaſure: Upon which he baniſhed eight of their *Members*, and has ſeveral Times prohibited them to Aſſemble; yet they perſiſted to meet, till he baniſh'd more of them: Which inſtead of awing them into the expected Compliances, has but incens'd 'em more: And the diſcontended *Clergy* blow up the Coals, as do likewiſe the Friends of the *Prince* of *Conde*. The *Parliament* are very bold and peremptory in their Proceedings, having expreſly forbid the Citizens of *Paris* to obey the *King*'s Order, and decreed that nothing ſhall be done in their *Aſſembly*, till the Baniſh'd *Senators* be recall'd.

Things being at this Paſs, we expect nothing but Inſurrections, Maſſacres, and other Effects of Popular Fury. The Rich are laying in vaſt Quantities of Corn and other Proviſions, as if they expected a Siege. And the Poor fare the better for it, whilſt great Largeſſes are given among them by the *Grandees* of the *Parliament*, to engage them in the *Faction*. Beſides, thou know'ſt, the Multitude always delights in Novelty and State-Tempeſts, hoping for Plunder, and to enrich themſelves by Ruin of others.

I know not what Conduct is fitteſt for me to uſe in this Caſe. Whether it will be beſt for me to abide in this City, or follow the *Court*, which is now at *La Fere* in *Picardy*. Or whether I ſhould retire to ſome other Place, leſs liable to Civil Diſturbances. I wiſh, the *Miniſters* of the *Port* would ſend me full Inſtructions, what I ought to do in theſe Emergencies.

From *Rome* we hear, that the *Pope* and *Cardinals* are in great Conſternation on ſome Intelligence they have

have received, That the *English* intend t
Deſcent on the *Territories* of the *Church*
that is now become the *Great Bug bear* of a
ſince they have molded themſelves into a
wealth.

Every *Kingdom* and *Empire* has a time to
another to fall. But, who can determine t
wherein the *Ottoman* Glory will decline,
not yet advanc'd to its *Zenith*.

Paris, 27th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XVIII.

To Sedree Al' Giraw'n, *Chief T*
to the Grand Signior.

THY Virtues have at length raiſed
Glorious *Truſt*, the Charge of Immenſe
Thou haſt in thy Cuſtody, the Riches whic
be match'd in the Univerſe. *God* inſpire t
Graces ſuitable to a *Dignity* ſo full of Tem
I hope, thou wilt not be affronted at my F
was thy Predeceſſor *Kienan Baſſa*, at ſome
of like Nature, which I gave him in a *Lett*
Men are ſtrangely Cholerick, and lookt on h
Enemy, who gives them good Advice. I only
him of the ordinary Cheats that are practiſe
tain Times in the *Treaſury*. which thou kn
be true, as well as I. And I tell thee far
himſelf was ſuſpected by many in the *Sera*
to have been altogether exempt from Gui

Whether he were or not, I performed
Duty in giving him neceſſary Cautions. F
is the Will of my *Superiors* that I ſhould

afraid to unravel the Secrets of thoſe that are falſe to the *Grand Signior*. I did not charge him with ſuch a Crime, and therefore he had no Reaſon to be angry: But ſome Men will pick a Quarrel with their own Shadows. In a Word, this *Grandee* forgot himſelf.

In ſaying ſo, I do not reflect on his *Original*, or that he was found ſleeping on a Dunghil in *Ruſſia*, a poor ragged Infant, when the *Tartars* took him Captive, among many Thouſands of others, in the Plunder of *Tſmarow*, and ſold him to the *Capa Agaſi*, for Thirteen *Piaſters*, by Reaſon of his Beauty. I do not call to mind the Circumſtances of his Youth; ſince 'tis common for the meaneſt Slaves, to arrive at an Extraordinary Grandeur by thir Merits, or at leaſt through the Favour of the *Sultan*.

But what I aim at is, that in his being diſguſted at the Remonſtrances I made of ſome private and ſiniſter Practices in the *Treaſury* he forgot, that he himſelf is ſtill a *Slave* to the *Grand Signior*, as well as I, and therefore not above Inſtruction.

Well, it ſeems he is now made *Captain Baſſa*, and thou ſucceedeſt him in the Office of *Treaſurer*. To *him* I wiſh all imaginable Succeſs and Victories at Sea, for the ſake of our *Great Maſter*, and the *Muſſulman Empire*; to *thee*, for thy one ſake, and for my Brother's, whom I know thou wilt ever reſpect as a Friend. I wiſh Increaſe of Riches and Honours, even as thy Merits and Services augment, in the Eſteem of the *Sultan*, and of all the World.

And, I tell thee, I have far livelier Hopes to ſee this Latter wiſh take Effect, than the Former: For, what Reaſon have we to expect better Luck from the Courage or Conduct of this *Ouroos Kienan*, that from the brave *Zorneſan Muſtapha*, who commanded the *Fleet* laſt Year?

This Unhappy Thought has put me into as Melancholy a Humour, as *Æneas* was in when the Queen

of

of *Carthage* required an Account of t
Wars. For, I have heard that *Cara Muſta*
ſucceeded *Zorneſan* in the Command of
and in the Revolution of a *Moon* was ma
again, for the ſake of *Kienan Baſſa*, or
the ſake of the licentious Soldiers, wh
command all Things. I have been inform
all the other *Tragedies* Acted at the *Serag*
the Second *Moon* of this Year. Neither ar
ſes and Origin of ſo much Slaughter and I
hid from me. 'Tis too apparent, that t
Univerſal Diſorder and Corruption in
pline of the *Janizaries.*

I formerly wrote to the *Kiaya Bey* on
count. But it ſeems, Avarice the Root o
had render'd him Inſenſible and Obdurat

Is it not a Shame that the Pay of thoſe v
the *Grand Signior* in the Wars, ſhould be
not three or four *Moons*, but five or ſix
their corrupt *Officers?* They ſit at home
their Eaſe, Revelling in Taverns, and com
thouſand Riots; whilſt the others under
berleſs Fatigues abroad, and are reduced t
tremeſt Neceſſities, not having ſo muc
Veſts allow'd 'em by the *Sultan*, to cover
kedneſs! And, if they complain of their St
inſtead of Redreſs they meet with noth
Taunts and Reproaches, as if they were
thy to eat the *Sultan*'s Bread and Salt,
freely hazard their Lives for him. It is no
the *Janizaries* are ſo unbridled in their Ra
ſo many Provocations.

Yet, I cannot but lament the Fate of t
fortunate Men, who were ſacrificed to the
that inſolent *Militia:* Eſpecially I condole
of the brave *Solyman Kyzlir Aga.* The J
had an old Grudge againſt him, ever ſince

Diſpute with the *Boſtangi Baſſa*, and now they were reſolved to execute their Revenge.

As for the *Kiaya Bey*, it ſeems to be a Stroak of *divine* Juſtice that he who had been the Cauſe of all this Mutiny, ſhould in Remorſe ſtrangle himſelf, and ſo go to *Hell*, as an Expiation for the many Lives he had caſt away.

And there's little leſs to be ſaid, in Reſpect of the *Mufti*, who was the Chief of thoſe that betray'd their Maſter, *Sultan Ibrahim*. To tell thee my true Reſentments, I am heartily ſorry for all the Reſt: But to thoſe who were concerned in that Treaſon, there ſeems no Pity due. And the *Mufti* may thank God and his good Stars, that his Life went not with the Others. They Report here, he is fled into *Egypt*.

But, what was that *Gelep Aſſan*, who headed this Rabble of Mutineers? I have heard nothing of him, before the Intelligence I receiv'd of his ſudden Riſe, and equally precipitate Fall, during this Tumult. He was, I ſuppoſe, ſome paſſionate Fool, of an Ill-contriv'd Midriff, which us'd to make a Quarrel between his Heart and his Spleen: And from this Inteſtine Broil, he habitually learn'd the way to ſet People together by the Ears. A popular Man, an Incendiary, and one that knew how to wheedle the Vulgar to his own Ruin. Who can give an Account of theſe Things? Or who can unravel the Web of Deſtiny? Tho' there's nothing ſtrange in his Particular Caſe, yet in the General 'tis prodigious, That ſuch little Inſtruments ſhould be able to give ſo terrible a Shock to the Frame of an Ancient and Mighty Government!

He was a Man of no Fame or Character, and yet for the ſpace of two *Moons*, he may be ſaid to command the greateſt *Sovereign* in the World, Sole Proprietor of Fame and Honour. And, had he puſh'd on his Intereſt, 'tis not improbable, but that he might

might have exalted himſelf above his Maſter, a
ſecured his Poſt againſt all After claps. For, a
cording to my Intelligence, he had during the
dition, heap'd together prodigious Sums of M
ney, the Preſents of *Baſſa*'s, and other *Miniſters*
the Port, who all ador'd this new riſing *Comet*, a
ſought his Protection and Favour againſt the B
barous Rabble. But, it ſeems, he was infatuat
with too much Glory, and conſider'd not that
very Body watch'd all Opportunities and Occa
ons to ruin him: And that his very Followe
would be the firſt to betray him, as ſoon as the H
ry of their *Inſurrection* was over. This general
happens to all *Ringleaders* of *Parties*. When on
the Spirits of a Faction are ſpent, the *Lees* (whi
conſiſt of Regret and Confuſion) are diſcharged
thoſe who firſt fermented them, mix'd with t
Revenge of the State.

There are abundance of Great and Brave M
gon: But, the old *Negidher* was of their Counc
and he brought them to Ruin, as he did the *Cor*
of *Mecca*, when they conſpir'd againſt the Life
the Prophet. This Devil enter'd the *Temple* (whe
they were aſſembled) in the Shape of an Ancie
Man, decrepid and leaning on a Crutch. And wh
he was commanded to withdraw, he told them,
was a Senior, who had ſeen all Ages, and remark'd t
Occurrences of Times; that he was expert in unfoldi
Secrets, and rendring difficult Things eaſy. In a Wor
he uſed ſo many plauſible Inſinuations, that the
admitted him into their Aſſembly. But, none
their Counſels proſper'd.

That malicious *Dæmon*, is often preſent in the C
bals of Seditious Men; and tho' they ſee him no
yet he ſecretly undermines their Plots, and brin
'em to Shame and Puniſhment. For, he is the Sp
rit of *Envy*: And tho' he be himſelf a Rebel, an
the *Ringleader* of a *Faction* in the *Kingdom* of th

Ai

Air; yet, ſuch is his ſpightful Nature, that he ſeldom ſuffers any *Rebellion* to thrive on Earth: Not for any Love that he bears to *Government*, but becauſe he delights to be active in Miſchief, be it where it will; and the *Guardian Spirits*, will not ſuffer him to mix with the eſtabliſh'd *Divans* of an *Empire*.

The All-good *God* preſerve thee from the Malice of Wicked *Dæmons* that always hover about *Treaſurers* of *Gold* and *Silver*.

Paris, 22th *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1656.

LETTER XIX.

To the ſame

THE Troubles of the *Sublime Port* touch'd me ſo nearly, and embark'd my Soul in ſuch a Tempeſt of ſolicitous Thoughts and Anxieties, for the Honour and Safety of the *Oſman Empire*, that I had no Leiſure to think of my own particular Hazards, whilſt I was writing the other Letter. Yet I have been engulph'd in abundance of Vexatious Circumſtances and perilous Accidents.

It generally happens, that when one Misfortune befals a Man, it brings a Train along with it. So that at ſome Seaſons we ſeem to be beſieged with Evils, or at leaſt ſo cloſely block'd up by an Army of Calamities, that there is no Paſſage left open either for Relief or Intelligence.

So has it far'd with me of late, and with Thouſands of others, I doubt not, in this populous City. The *Rebellion* of the *Prince* of *Conde*, is the Occaſion of all this. For, the *King* having ſome Reaſons to apprehend a ſecret Conſpiracy of the *Prince*'s Friends and Well-wiſhers in *Paris* and other

Places, has cauſed a very ſevere Scrutiny to
of all Strangers and Sojourners. The
Officers go to every Houſe within their
king down the Names of all the Inhabitants
ting, and ſeizing the Perſons of thoſe who
ſuſpect. The Priſons are fill'd with Peo
Ranks, and the *Nobles* are ſent to the
Wood of *Vincennes*. 'Tis ſaid, the *King* has
many Thouſand of *Condé*'s Party in *Paris*,
ſign'd on a prefix'd Day to take up Arms
Prince, and that their Example wou'd
follow'd all over the *Kingdom*.

God knows what is in the Hearts of thoſe
I am ſure, *Mahomet* is wholly a Stranger
Plots. Tho' laſt Year I receiv'd certain Inſtr
from the *Vizir Azem*, commanding me to a
ly in the *Prince of Condé*'s behalf, to abet the
and uſe all the Endeavours and Art I co
raiſe a new *Party* for him among the *Court*
I wav'd ſo dangerous an Employment, by
ſing to him the vaſt Expences it wou'd
and the Neceſſity of ſending ſome Extraor
Embaſſy to this *Court*, to countenance the I
To tell thee the Truth, I eſteem'd it a thing
dicable, and a mere *Caprice* of that act
who had a natural Kindneſs for *Rebels*, and
ed to have a Hand in difficult Undertakings
ther there was any likelihood of Succeſs o

But he is dead, and let that atone for all
Sullims, when he had the command of *Aleppo*
ſior to load the departed *Souls* with Accu
What I have to ſay, is in my own Vindicati
cou'd not approve his *Politick Chimera*: In
had it ſucceeded, no Profit or Advantage
from thence ariſe to the *Ottoman Empire*:
it been diſcover'd, not only I and all the *S*
my *Commiſſion* wou'd have lain open to the
but alſo it wou'd have been an eternal Diſhon

Blemiſh to the high reſplendent *Port*, to be found guilty of violating in ſo notorious a manner, the Faith it had given to the moſt *Ancient* and *puiſſant Monarchy* among the *Nazarenes*.

Beſides, I know not but this *Miniſter* had a private Grudge againſt me, for accuſing him formerly to the *Divan*, when he held Correſpondence with the *Venetians*: and that he ſtudy'd this way to be reveng'd by employing me in an Affair, which muſt needs be my Ruin. However, I think I had Reaſon to be Cautious and Apprehenſive of the Worſt. This made me diſpatch to him a Letter, full of ſpecious Umbrages, ſeeming to approve his Deſign, but entangling it with ſuch Difficulties, as wou'd divert him from farther Thoughts of it.

Yet after all, I have been really brought into Danger, on the bare Suſpicion of being concern'd on the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Side: By which thou may'ſt gueſs at the Conſequence had I hearken'd to the *Vizir*'s Advice.

One Morning early, the *Officers* appointed for this Purpoſe, enter'd my Chamber: And having demanded my Name, Buſineſs and Quality, I anſwer'd *My Name was* Titus Durlach Nieski; *but that for ſhortneſs, and to denote my Country, I was commonly call'd*, Titus *the* Moldavian; *and that by this Name I was well known to* Cardinal Mazarini, *as I had been to his Predeceſſor* Richlieu, *and other Courtiers of great Quality*. I told them likewiſe, *That I was a Clerk, who underſtood ſome Foreign Languages, and therefore had been often employ'd by thoſe* Cardinals, *in tranſlating Books out of* Greek *and* Arabick *into* Latin *and* French: *For which Reaſon, being recommended by* Cardinal Richlieu, *I had been introduc'd into the Acquaintance of ſeveral Nobles, whoſe Children I taught thoſe Languages. And that ſome of them had promis'd to make me Curate of St.* Stephen's *Church, as ſoon as it was vacant.*

They ſeem'd to be very well ſatisfy'd wit
I ſaid; but told me moreover, *They had a Co*
to ſearch my Lodgings for Arms and Treaſona
pers.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the Horror I
when I ſaw them go roundly to work, pryi
every Corner, and ſearching my Trunks, C
and even my Bed it ſelf. Not that I had an
upon me, of concealing either Arms or Pape
ting to this *Conſpiracy*, but my Concern was
Box of *Letters* to the *Miniſters* of the *Port.*
Arms, they found no other but an old Sword
I told them I Travell'd with out of own Co
and a Brace of Piſtols for the ſame uſe, to
me from Robbers, Aſſaſſins, and other Inju

These Fellows ſeem'd mightily pleas'd w
Curious Workmanſhip of my Weapons, ſu
them all over, and having drawn my Sword
the Scabbard, and made a Paſs or two with it
the Wall, after the *French* Mode of Fencin
put it up again; telling me, *They had no Auth*
take theſe Arms from me, ſince they were neceſſ
my Defence. But wen they came to my *Box*
ters, and ſaw them written in ſtrange Cha
which none of them could read; they be
look on one another, and change their Counte
as if there were ſome dangerous Matter con
in theſe Papers, and therefore writ in Cyphe

They went aſide to one End of the Cha
whiſpering together, and nodding their Head
all the Symptoms of Jealouſie. At length, I
rupting them, ſaid, "You need not, Gentlem
"concern'd about thoſe Papers. They we
"with me by a Merchant-*Jew* of my Acquain
"and they are Letters of Correſpondence bet
"him and ſome of his Brethren at *Rome*, *
"*Amſt-dam*, and other Places in *Europe*. 'Tis
"fore they are written in a Character which t

a

" appears ſtrange, it being *Hebrew* the *National* " Language of the *Jews*. They contain only Mat- " ters of Traffick, being Letters of Mart and Ex- " change: For you know, the *Jews* are the greateſt " Merchants, Brokers and Banquiers in the World.

Theſe Words, with ſome Gold which I gave them, diſpers'd all their Suſpicions, clear'd up their cloudy Brows, and turn'd their Frowns into Smiles and complimental Addreſſes. They told me, *I was a very honeſt Man, and they wou'd do me what Service they cou'd*. So bid me Adieu.

By this thou may'ſt ſee the mighty Power of that Charming Metal, which commands all Things. For. whatever I cou'd have ſaid without that, had been inſignificant. But theſe *Idolaters* melted into an Indifference at the Firſt Sight of glittering *Piſtoles*, and when I had once rend'r'd them thus ductile, 'twas eaſier to frame them to the moſt devout Appearance of Reſpect and Friendſhip. They promis'd and ſwore, no Hurt ſhou'd be done me.

But I knew the Fickleneſs of Human Fidelity better, than to repoſe any great Confidence in theſe Mens Words. As ſoon as they were gon, I convey'd my Letters to *Eliachim*, who cou'd eaſily conceal 'em in any private corner of his Houſe, deſiring him to furniſh me with ſome Letters of indifferent Concerns written in *Hebrew*, that if theſe *Searchers* ſhou'd come again, and demand a ſecond View of my *Box*, perhaps with Deſign to carry it to ſome *Miniſter* of *State*, I might have thoſe *Hebrew Diſpatches* ready to ſhew; which being put in the ſame *Box*, wou'd not be known from the other by ſuch ignorant Fellows, to whom *Hebrew*, *Arabick* and *Chineſe* were all alike, and ſo I ſhould be accquitted from all future Trouble of this Nature.

And the Event anſwer'd my Expectation. For, within three Days, the ſame Men came again with others in their Company, pretending they had freſh

Warrants, and were ſworn to be Impartial. V
fore I was fore'd to attend them, whilſt they
both me and my *Box* before a *Cadi* or *Judg*
having examin'd me very ſtrictly concerni
Name, Country, Religion, and other Matte
ſeeming well ſatisfy'd with all my Anſwers
ſent for a *Prieſt* well vers'd in the *Hebrew* T
ordering him to peruſe the *Letters*: Which
he had done, he aſſur'd the *Cadi*, that the
not a word in any of them relating to th
being purely Matters of private Contracts an
gains between Merchant-correſpondents wit
of Lading, *&c.* So I had my *Box* of Sham-l
reſtor'd to me again, and was Honourab
miſs'd.

Yet, tho' this Storm was ſoon blown over,
very near running on Rocks and Sands throu
Perſecution of thy Predeceſſor *Kienan Baſſ*
Kiſur Dramelec, with many others in the *Se*
The Firſt keeping from me the *Penſion* allov
the *Grand Signior*; the Second, either ſendi
no Intelligence, or elſe baffling me with t
News, nothing to the Purpoſe; the Reſt aſ
me to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*.

I deſire thee to ſend me the *Arrears* that
hind for the Space of Nineteen *Moons*, as tho
find in the *Regiſter* of the *Haſua*. Had it no
for *Eliachim*, that honeſt *Jew*, I ſhou'd hav
ruin'd in this Place for want of Money.

I need not ſay more to thee, who know'
Gold is the *Grand Taliſman*, which works
Miracles in the *World*.

Paris, 22th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

The End of the Second Book.

LETT

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Dgnet Oglou.

WHO can penetrate into the *Myſterious Conduct* of *Deſtiny*; Whether *God* governs this *World* by the *Influence* of the *Stars*, or by the *Miniſtry* of *Spirits*, or by his *own Immediate Power*? Or whether *All Things* did not proceed from *Chance*, and are ſtill Rul'd by the ſame? Be it how it will, there remains ſomething Adorable. Even that *Chance* it ſelf, ſuppoſing *Epicurus*'s Opinion true, is worthy of *Supreme Honours* and *Sacrifices*, which has with ſuch Exquiſite Luck, perform'd all the Part of Infinite

Wiſdom and Forecaſt, in Forming and Pr
the *Univerſe*. Were I a *Diſciple* of that *Ph*
every Morning when I beheld the Riſing
at Mid-day when I ſaw him Climb the A
and in the Evening when he takes his *Cong*
Upper World to viſit our *Antipodes*, woul
Profoundeſt Veneration cry out, O *eternal*
O *omnipotent Caſualty!* O *incomprehenſible* B
I adore thee, I burn Incenſe to thee, and do a
which the duller ſort of Mortals think are only
All Wiſe, All Good, and an All Mighty God.
would I addreſs to that infinite *Pell Mell* of
could I believe with *Epicurus*, that from
Unconceivable *Hurly Burly*, proceeded all
mirable Beauty and Order which we behol

Thou wilt perceive by this, that I am Rel
diſpoſed; and rather than not Adore ſome
Being, I would make a *Deity* of that which t
is the Fountain of *Atheiſm*. And I think ther
ſon on my ſide. For let this *World* be produ
it will, whether by the Caſual Concourſe of
or by the deliberate Act of an Eternal Mind
ther it be Eternally Self-Exiſtent, accordin
Stoicks, or be the Genuine Reſult of the
Idea's, as the *Platoniſts* ſay; It is but Juſt,
ſhould pay the moſt devout and grateful A
ledgments to the Source of ſo many I
Prodigies and Wonders.

But then, what ſhall we ſay for all the
that appears in the World? That there i
Thing as *EVIL*, ſcatter'd up and down t
all the Ranks of Beings, and as it were blen
rivetted in their very Eſſences, is manifeſt
View; and every Man has his Share of this
mical Contagion. But whence it proceed
can inform me? I am not the Firſt that
Queſtion. Many Ages ago the Inquiſitive
was buſie in ſearching out the *Root* of *EVIL*

there were almoſt as many Opinions about it, as there were *Nations* on Earth.

Some aſſerted, That all *EVIL* came out of the *North*: Others deri e it from the *South*; as if the two Poles were the Centers and Native Seats of this *Malady* of the *World* But theſe ſeem to be Men of ſhort Diſcourſe, and ſhallow Reaſon, ſupinely Credulous, and willing to take up with any thing rather than be at the Pains of Attentive Contemplation.

Yet this Opinion has ſo far prevail'd in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, that the *Nazarene* Prieſts when they Celebrate their *Maſs*, ſtand on the North ſide of the *Altar* at the Reading the Goſpel, turning their Backs to that Quarter of the World. And the Reaſon they give for this Ceremony is, becauſe in the *Written Law* it is ſaid, *Out of the* North *comes all EVIL*. I have heard 'em ſeriouſly maintain this Argument. But, God knows whether there be any ſuch Place in the *Written Law*, or no: Or, if there be, whether it muſt be taken in this Senſe. Yet I muſt confeſs, the *Romans* have ſome Reaſon to believe it, having Experimentally felt a great deal of *EVIL* from the *Northern Goths* and *Vandals*, who in *former Ages* ruſh'd out of their Frozen *Regions*, and came down like a *Torrent* upon *Italy* and other Parts of *Europe*, making Havock of all things *Civil* and *Sacred*. And if this be the Ground of their *Ceremony*, they have greater Reaſon now to change their *Station*, and turn their Backs to the *South Eaſt*, having been much more Fatally handled by the Victorious *Muſſulmans*.

The Ancient *Perſians* held, That there were *two Principles* or *Sources* of *All Things*, *viz.* *GOOD* and *EVIL*; and that there has been an Eternal Quarrel between them: But in the End, they ſay, the *GOOD* ſhall get the Victory, and Exterminate the *EVIL*. This Opinion was embraced by a

Sect of *Chriſtians* whom they call'd *Maniche*
Founder of that *Sect*, was a *Perſian* by Bir
Name was *Manes*, a very Learned Man, as
cords of the *Eaſt* teſtifie: Yet the *Chriſtians* r
among the moſt pernicious *Hereticks*. He
That Wine was the Blood of Devils; And t
forbad it to his *Followers*. He alſo prohibi
Fleſh of *Animals*. This he learn'd from th
of *Egypt*, where he reſided a conſiderable
But to return to the Sentiments of Men
ing the *Origin* of *EVIL*. There are ſor
affirm *God* is the *Author* of it; Which is
from *Blaſphemy*. Others ſay, That when th
were Exterminated from the Earth, they in
ſow'd the *Seeds* of *EVIL* in the *Univer*
that of the *Stoicks* ſeems the moſt plauſible
For they aſſerted, That Nothing is *EV*
ſelf, but that the *Contrariety* which we be
the *World*, is very *Good*, and conduces to
the *Order* and *Oeconomy* of *All Things*.
My dear *Gnet*, do not eſteem me an *Ath*
cauſe of the Liberty I take in diſcourſing
Myſterious Things. There are a ſort of Peo
in the *Weſt*, whom they call *Deiſts*, that
profeſſing the *Belief* of a *God*, *Creator* of th
but *Scepticks* in all Things elſe. They
Implicit Faith in *Hiſtorical Religion*, but t
the Part of Men as they are endu'd with
to call in Queſtion the *Writings* of Mor
themſelves, though they had the Character
Greateſt *Prophets*. Thus they think it no
canvas the *Books* of *Moſes*, and the *Hebrew*
the *Goſpel* of *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, and the
of *Mahomet* our *Holy Law giver*: Chuſing
Agreeable to *Reaſon*, and rejecting the Re
ſulous, inſerted either by the Craft of Men
Interloping of the *Devil*.

I proteſt, there appears to me no Reaſon to call theſe Men *Atheiſts* or *Infidels*. They rather ſeem to deſerve the Title of *Philoſophers*, or Lovers of Wiſdom and Truth. And 'tis from them I have learn'd this Unwillingneſs to be impoſed on in Matters of *Religion*. I find them in all Things Men of great Morality and Goodneſs, far exceeding the *Zealots* of the Age in true Virtue and Pious Actions. But they make no Noiſe of what they do: And whilſt only their Human Frailties are Conſpicuous to all, their Perfections lie conceal'd under the Veil of an Unparallel'd Modeſty.

Such of Old were the *Aſſociates* of *Zeid Eb'n Raphaa*, my Country-man This was a Perſon of an Ardent Spirit and Prodigious Underſtanding Educated in the *Muſſulman Law*: But when he came to thoſe Years, wherein Men uſually examine the *Grounds* of their *Religion*, he ſought out the moſt *Learned Men*, and ſuch as were vers'd in all *Sciences*. After he had converſed ſome Time with 'em and found 'em to be Perſons of Integrity, as well as Men of Senſe, he propoſed to them the Convenience of frequent *Clubs* among themſelves, where they might with an Unreſtrained Freedom, diſcourſe of all Things, and Being United in an Inviolable Friendſhip, might improve one another Knowledge and Virtue, without regarding the *Legends* and *Harangues* of the *Mollahs*. This *Society* compos'd Fifty *Books* of ſo many ſeveral Kinds of *Science*, that they call'd 'em *Echwanoſſapha*, or the *Writings* of the *Sincere Fraternity*, concealing their Names. They treated of *Human* and *Divine*, Matters without Reſerves or Caution: Aſſertaing That the *Muſſulman Religion* was Corrupted and Alienated from its *Firſt Inſtitution*, having imbib'd many *Errors*; and that there was no Way to reſtore it to its *Primitive Purity*, but by joining to it the *Philoſophy* of the *Ancients*. In a Word, they endea-

vour'd to reform whatever was amiſs in *Ethnes* and *Manners* of the Faithful, by re both to the *Standard* of *Reaſon*.

I know not whether thou wilt approve or their Enterprize. But I am ſure, thou art as well as I, that there are *Bigots* among the *ers* of the Prophet, and that thoſe deſerve ction. The Devil will ſet his Foot in the of God. But do not thou follow his Ste thou do, He that made the Devil fetch th again.

Paris, 30th *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1656.

LETTER II.

To the Nazin Eſchref, *or*, Prince Emirs, *at the* Port.

THE Chriſtians ſay, 'tis an Argument Love when he chaſtiſes them. T they have no Reaſon to be peeviſh, or ca Effect of his Anger, that a diſmal Plague out in the Territories of the Pope, the Kin *Naples*, and other Parts of *Italy*. This Co rages ſo vehemently in *Rome*, the Capital the *Weſtern Nazarenes*, that above a hundre ſand Perſons of ſeveral Ranks have forſa Place. The Pope's Palace is ſhut up, and n granted to any, not even to foreign *Emb* without great Precaution; and then none Retinue are admitted with them.

'Tis ſaid, ſeventeen hundred die daily City, and ſix thouſand a Day in *Naples*. I ſome Places, the Living are ſcarce ſuffi

bury the Dead. The *Grand Duke* of *Tuſcany*, to prevent the ſpreading the Infection in his *Territories*, has forbid all Intercourſe between his *Subjects* and thoſe of the *Pope*, neither will he permit ſo much as a *Nuncio* to paſs through his Dominions.

This Mortality has frighted *Queen Chriſtina* from *Rome*. She has ſent to deſire *Paſſes* of the Duke of *Savoy* and other Princes, deſigning for *France*. She is already on her Voyage, having been preſented by the Pope with ten thouſand Crowns, to defray the Expences of her Travels. Here are great Preparations making for her Reception: The King having ſent Orders to all Governors of Towns and Provinces through which ſhe muſt paſs, to receive and entertain her with a Magnificence due to her Sovereign Dignity, and worthy of the French Grandeur and Hoſpitality.

In the mean time, this *Court* is in a ſullen Humour, by reaſon of a late great Loſs they have ſuffer'd at *Valenciennes* in *Flanders*. This Place was beſieg'd by the *French*, at the beginning of the Campaigne, but was reliev'd by the *Spaniards* this *Moon*, who kill'd above a thouſand Men on the Spot, took five thouſand Priſoners, with all their Cannon and Baggage. Amongſt the Captives of Note, is the *Mareſchal de Ferte Seneterre*, *General* of the *French* Army. The Names of the others are wanting. *Mareſchal de Turenne* himſelf very narrowly eſcaped, by timely withdrawing his *Brigade* from the Fight: For which ſome ſtigmatize him with Cowardiſe and Treachery: Whilſt others affirm, he acted the Part of a Prudent Captain, in thus Retreating, ſince it was impoſſible to reſtore the Battel with any ſucceſs.

From *Sueden* we hear, that the Elector of *Brandenburgh* has enter'd into a League with the King of *Sueden*, by which both their Armies are united againſt the King of *Poland*: and 'tis ſaid, their

firſt

firſt Deſign will be upon *Dantzick*. That C
is in a horrid Confuſion, the Nobles, Gent
Boors, being all in Arms, ſome deſerting th
vereign, others adhering to his Intereſt. Ki
mir has inveſted *Warſaw* with an Army of
thouſand Men. In the mean time, the *Ho*
have ſent a great Fleet of Ships of War i
Baltick-Sea; but to what end is not known
what Part they will take, whether the *Su*
Poles. Yet, the latter hope for great Aſſiſtan
them, there having been lately ſome Mi
ſtanding between the *Dutch* and the *Suedes*
Moſcovites alſo have entred *Poland* with a
rous Army, and the *Tartars* are coming wi
ther to the Aid of King *Caſimir*.

Thus is *Poland* become the Stage of a mo
rible War; and which ſide ſoever gets the V
that unhappy Country will be near ruin'd.

Nathan Ben Saddi a *Jew* at *Vienna*, and a
Agent for the *Grand Signior*, ſends me wor
the Emperor of *Germany* hath an Army of
Thouſand Foot, and Twelve Thouſand H
Sileſia, who are to joyn with the *Moſcovites*,
ſome conſiderable Action againſt the *Suedes*,
continual Victories, and growing Greatneſ
Jealouſie to theſe Puiſſant Monarchs. He i
me farther, that the Emperor has diſpat
Courier to the Prince of *Tranſylvania*, w
ſtructions and Letters, to engage him to
trality.

But the young *Ragotski* is as wild as his
and hates to be led by the Noſe.

Thou mayſt inform the *Miniſters* of the
that *Adonai* the Jew is dead of the Plague i
having firſt taken Care to tranſmit to me all
pers which concern the *Myſterious Port*.

This *Court* at preſent is at a Place call'd
in *Picardy*, a Province bordering on *Flanders*,

whence there may be a more frequent Intercourſe between the King and his Camp.

Prince of the Holy Line, I have ſent thee all the News that is ſtirring at this Juncture, ſaving ſome trivial Matters which are not worth a *Muſſulman*'s Knowledge; much leſs thine, who art diſtinguiſh'd from the Crowd of *True Believers*, by wearing the *Sacred Colour* of the Prophet.

Paris, 30th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER III.

To Melec Amet.

HERE has been a ſtrange Accident lately, not many leagues from *Paris*, which has occaſion'd various Diſcourſes, and put the Philoſophers upon a New Scrutiny. One Morning a certain Peaſant or Farmer, walking over his Lands, as his Cuſtom is, to number his Sheep and other Cattle, miſs'd a Barn, or Store-houſe which ſtood in a Field at ſome Diſtance from his Habitation. Surpriz'd at this, he haſtned towards the Place where he ſaw it but the Night before: When, to his no ſmall Aſtoniſhment, he perceived, that not only the Barn, but a great part of the Field wherein it was built, was ſunk into the Earth. He immediately ran and call'd ſome of his next Neighbours to behold this ſtrange Spectacle: And the Fame of it ſpread all over the Country. Divers Learned and Ingenious Perſons have been there, to make Obſervations of this Accident. But none dares venture near enough to the *Chaſme*, to look down into it; becauſe the Earth continues breaking and falling in, which

which makes a Noiſe like the *Salvo's* of the *Janizaries*, when the *Grand Signior* viſits the *Arſenal*.

One would conclude by theſe Uncommon *Symptoms*, that the Earth grows Ancient and Weak, that her inward Strength and Vigor decays, and that we are every where in Danger of being ſwallow'd up. I have not time to write more, it being Midnight, and the Poſt ready to go.

The *Almighty* and *All-Good God*, have thee in his *Holy Protection*.

Paris, 30th *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1656.

LETTER IV.

To Zornezan Muſtapha, Beglerbeg *of* Erz'ram.

I Will ſtill congratulate thy Happineſs, even in this laſt Change of thy Fortune; which though it be a kind of *Deſcent* from the more lofty *Station* thou haſt poſſeſſed in the *Oſman Empire*, yet 'tis attended with Honourable Circumſtances and an Inviolable Security. Thou art not out of the *Sultan's* Favour, baniſh'd to *Egypt*, and confin'd to a narrow Penſion during thy Life, as has been the Fate of ſeveral *Grandees*: But thou art withdrawn from the Intrigues of State, the Toils of War, and the Plots of a Courtier's Life, to the ſweet Retirements of the Country, the Peaceable Poſſeſſion of a Rich and Fertile Province, where thou may'ſt paſs thy Days in Uncontroulable Eaſe and Felicity.

I am not ſurpriz'd at the Fall of ſo many Great Men at the *Port*, nor do I much regret the Death of thoſe who were known Enemies to the *Government*: Yet

Yet it troubles me to think, how the Brave and the Loyal had their innocent Blood mingled with that of Traitors and Villains. But, theſe things are unavoidable in Popular Inſurrections, when the *Sovereign* is compell'd to ſacrifice to the *Multitude*, whomſoever they require. Thus fell the Illuſtrious *Solyman*, among the Criminal *Eunuchs*, though he himſelf was free from Stain. But he was a *Negro*, and that was his Ruin. For, the *Malecontents* could not diſcern the Fair Qualities of his *Soul*.

Curſe on that Fool *Chaban Kalfa*, and double Curſes on his Rampant Wife *Mulkly Kadin*, who gave the firſt Occaſions to all this Diſorder and Spoil of *Noble Blood*. I remember, the honeſt *Solyman* gave me once a Hint of the Feminine Debaucheries practiſed in the *Queen-Mother's* Apartments: But he ſpoke of it with ſo much Modeſty and Reſerve, that it hardly made any Impreſſion on me at that time. Otherwiſe I ſhould have imparted it to the *Vizir Azem*, or ſome other *Miniſter* of the *Divan*; for, ſo am I commanded in Caſes that touch the Honour and Safety of the *Grand Signior*. And, I tell thee, this was none of the leaſt Importance. For, as it appears, the Women were undermining the moſt Sacred and firmly Eſtabliſh'd *Government* in the World. They were not contented to wallow in their own Impious and Unnatural Delights, but would have ſet themſelves as a Pattern to others, and by Degrees have infected the whole *Muſſulman* Empire with a new *Species* of Debauchery: Which as it began and was carried on by Embezelling the Royal Treaſures, ſelling of Places to Men of no Merit, Buffoons, Pimps, and Aſſes; ſo would it have ended in enervating our *Militia*, corrupting all the Faithful, and laying the Empire naked to Infidels.

How many *Vizirs*, *Chaimachams*, *Captain Baſſa's*, and other *Officers* have we had this Fatal Year? among the reſt, I cannot but reflect on the Poiſoning of

of the *Chiaux Baſſa*, after he was made *Vizir Azem*, as a Stroke of divine Juſtice, for having embru'd his Hands in ſo much Noble Blood, when he enjoy'd that Dignity once before. God purſues the Cruel with inviſible Scourges.

But what was that *Achmet Baſſa*, who took Advantage of the *Sultan*'s Domeſtick Troubles, and Foreign Wars, to diſturb his Government in *Aſia*, and raiſe a Rebellion, which threaten'd even the Imperial City it ſelf? By the Courſe of his Fortune, it looks as if he were not contented with his *Command* in *Aſia*, and therefore took this new celebrated Method to obtain a higher Dignity, *viz.* by Rebelling againſt his *Maſter*: Elſe why was he made *Baſſa* of the Sea, in the room of *Ouroos Kienan*? The *Baſſa* of *Aleppo* firſt brought into Faſhion this daring Way of growing Great. And if it be thus countenanc'd by the *Grand Signior*, in all Probability, he will have Reaſon to make Peace with the Chriſtians, that he may have Reſpite, and Forces to employ againſt his own Subjects.

Amidſt all theſe Things, nothing afflicts me ſo much, as the horrible Loſs our *Fleet* has ſuſtain'd at *Sea*. We have various Reports of this Combat, but in general they agree, That the *Muſſulmans* have loſt ſeventy two Ships and Galleys, with an infinite Number of Men; That the *Venetians* have taken the Iſles of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, and that they are advancing to beſiege *Conſtantinople*. This News is a great while coming to us: So that if it be true, and the *Venetians* purſu'd their Victory; for ought I know, by this Time, the Imperial City, the Refuge of the World, may be laid in Aſhes.

I have often propos'd the Neceſſity of Platforms along the *Helleſpont*, to guard that Important Avenue of the Sacred Port. Had they put in practice *Mahomet*'s Advice, perhaps the *Nazarenes* would have had no Occaſion for their preſent Triumphs. But,

now

now they Banquet in the open Streets; *All Chriſtendom* rings with the News of our Diſgrace. The Drunkards of *Europe* inſult o'er the Profeſſors of Sobriety: Amidſt their Bowls of Wine, they blaſpheme our Prophet, and ſing in the Praiſe of *Bacchus* their God. They menace the Conqueſt of *Aſia*; and threaten to exterminate the *Muſſulmans* from the Earth.

Enrag'd at theſe prophane Boaſts, I ſtop my Ears, and turning round in a divine Phrenſie, I pray that God would baffle the *Infidels*.

Paris 6th *of the* 9th *Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER V.

To the moſt Renowned and moſt Illuſtrious Mahomet, Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

THAT incomprehenſible Majeſty, which has no Reſemblance, at whoſe Pleaſure all things are diſpos'd and order'd in *Heaven* and *Earth*, by whoſe particular Providence, for the good of the *Oſman* Empire, thou art exalted to this Glorious Truſt, to be *Vicar* of the *Vicar* of God; augment thy Graces and Virtues, and bleſs thee with ſuperlative Wiſdom, and perfect Tranquility.

I revere thy accompliſh'd Soul, conſummate in all Moral and Political Science. Thou art the moſt Experienc'd Man in the Empire. And I ceas'd to condole the late Tumults and Riots at *Conſtantinople*, though their Effects were fatal to ſome brave Men; ſince thou art choſen to this Dignity, from whom the whole Empire may expect, not only a ſerener State of Affairs, during thy Adminiſtration, but alſo

a more-

a rooting up of the Cauſes of theſe publi
pers, and of all other Evils which infe
narchy deſign'd for the Conqueſt and R
of the whole World

According to the Cuſtom of the *Eaſt*,
thee not without ſome Preſent: But
Slave *Mahmut*, who can ſend thee none
thy Grandeur. I have enclos'd in a Bo
Effigies of the preſent King of *France*, w
his Uncle the Duke of *Orleans*, his E
Duke of *Anjou*, and his Couſin the Prii
de; as alſo that of Cardinal *Mazarini*, a
Chriſtina of *Sueden*, who is now at the *Fre*
Accept alſo from an Exile, a little Cabine
ing Twelve Watches, of ſo many diffe
trivances, according to the Circular V
the *Moons* in the ſpace of thirty four Yea
are the Work of my own Hands; there
not commend 'em. Each is wrapt up in
Silk, wherein is wrought in *Arabick* Le
Method of uſing it. Perhaps thou wilt
Diverſion in trying the Experiments me
thoſe *Tables* However, deſpiſe not this
ſtimony of *Mahmut*'s Reſpect; but conſic
I come ſhort of the Curious Artiſts in I
my Labour is paſſable enough for a *Mul*
mong whom there is ſcarce another *Wa*
to be found in the World.

If thou wouldſt know the Occaſion
Chriſtina's being at the French Court:
thither from *Rome*, when the laſt Moon
Wane. Her Paſſage was by Sea to *Marſe*
ing touch'd at *Genoua*, and receiv'd m
Gifts from the Republick; but they woul
mit her to land, for fear of the *Plag*
then rag'd in *Rome*, and was the Cauſe of
ing that City.

However, the *French* ſhew'd no ſuch timorous ſqueamiſhneſs, but receiv'd Her and her Train with open Arms. She landed at *Marſeilles* on the 29th of the 7th *Moon*; and when ſhe made her Publick Entry, the *Conſuls* of that City, with all the Nobles, met her in Coaches, the Great Guns were diſcharg'd to welcome her, and ſhe was careſs'd with all the Demonſtrations of Honour that are ſhew'd to the *Queen* of *France* her ſelf in her Progreſſes.

The ſame Entertainment ſhe receiv'd at *Aix*, *Avignon*, *Lyons*, and in fine, all along the Road to *Paris*, the Keys of Towns being ſurrendered to her (for ſuch was the King's pleaſure) and a Canopy of State born over her Head, when ſhe enter'd any Town, and receiv'd the Addreſſes and Compliments of Governours, Prelates, and other Great Men in Authority. She was likewiſe magnificently treated by Princes and the Chief Dukes of the Realm: And on the 8th of the laſt Moon, made her Entry into this City on Horſe-back, apparel'd like a Man: Where having ſtaid ſome Time, ſhe departed for *Compiegne* to viſit the Court, which reſides there now.

It is not ſuppos'd ſhe will tarry long in *France*, but as ſoon as ſhe hears the Plague is abated in *Rome*, and the adjacent Parts, ſhe will return thither, to paſs away the Reſidue of her Life, in that Neſt of Princes and Prelates of the *Nazarene Belief*.

A little before ſhe left *Rome*, the *Spaniards* there had conſpir'd to ſeize on her Perſon, as alſo on the *Pope*; to have murther'd the *Portugal Ambaſſador*, and ſet the City on Fire. But the Plot was diſcover'd, and the Conſpirators put in Priſon: For the Sentence of Death is never paſs'd in Criminal Caſes among the *Nazarenes*, without a Formal Tryal.

Here

Here is a Rumour, as if a great Fire had lon
Months ago broke out in *Conſtantinople*, and conſum
much of that City. I wonder, none of my Frien
nor any other reſiding there, have ſent me an A
count of any ſuch Thing. Which fills me wi
Hopes, that this Report is falſe.

From all Hands we are aſſur'd that the *Swe*
and *Brandenbourgers* have obtain'd a great Victor
over the *Poles* and *Tartars* at *Warſaw*; the Vi
quiſh'd having loſt above ſix thouſand Men on t
Spot, with all their Ammunition and Baggag
And unfortunate King *Caſimir*, was forc'd to f
with a ſmall Retinue towards *Hungary*.

'Twas the general Expectation of *Europe*, th
the *Muſcovites* and *Germans*, would have done ſom
thing extraordinary for the *Poles*, and by ſome
prizing Action, put a check to the *Swediſh* Succe
es and Triumphs. For, when the *Muſcovite Am*
ſador was at *Konigsberg*, endeavouring to wit
draw the Duke of *Brandenbourgh* from the *Swed*
Intereſt, he vomited forth terrible Menaces, i
Caſe they comply'd not with his *Maſter*'s Propo
ſals. And one Day in a furious Zeal, he took
large Goblet of Wine, in the *Elector*'s Preſence, a
having drank it off to the *Czar*'s Health, the *Br*
barian ſaid aloud, *Thus ſhall the Great Emperor of t*
Muſcovites devour all that oppoſe him. But now
ſeems, theſe were only Empty Bravadoes, and t
Muſcovites were reſolv'd to ſtand by, and ſee wh
get the better on't. The ſame may be ſaid of t
Emperor, and Prince of *Tranſylvania*, ſo of t
Danes and *Hollanders*, who now all declare for t
ſtrongeſt Party.

Magnanimous *Vizir*, if the preſent Engagemen
and Wars in *Dalmatia* and *Candy*, beſides the D
meſtick Troubles of the *Ottoman Empire*, did n
wholly employ the Arms of the *Muſſulman*
doubtleſs 'twould be an Undertaking no leſs Pro
tab

than Glorious, to succour the distress'd *Casimir*, the Tide of the *Gothish* Conquests, and oblige *Poles* to an eternal Fidelity and Gratitude to *Grand Signior*.

ris, 14th *of the* 18th *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER VI.

Abrahann Eli Zeid, Hogia, Preacher *to the* Seraglio.

lave frequent Access to the *King*'s *Library*: Which Favour was first granted me by *Cardinal lieu*, who often employ'd me in Translating e curious *Treatises* out of *Arabick* into *French Latin*. The *French* seem very fond of *Eastern uscripts*, where ever they can meet with them: they have no less regard for Men who are skill'd ose *Languages*. That *Minister* especially, was Inquisitive into the *Wisdom* and *Learning* of , He Monopoliz'd *Persian*, *Syrian*, and *Ara-* Books, and was a profess'd *Patron* of *Linguists*, coveted the Acquaintance of *Strangers* and *Tra-rs*, that he might by their means inform self of the different *Laws*, *Customs* and *Religions* *oreign Countreys*; and of whatsoever was Rare worthy of Observation, in any *Part* of the *ld*.

lence it was, that I receiv'd evident Marks of Esteem, as soon as he knew that I understood *Greek*, *Arabick*, *Hebrew*, *Turkish*, and *Sclavonian* guages. He often made use of me, as I have , and gave me free Access to his own and *King*'s *Library*. And tho' his *Successor Car-*

dinal

dinal Mazarini, is not ſo much addicted to S of this Nature, as to the Affairs of *State*; has continu'd to me, the Privilege of viſitir *Treaſury* of *Learned Books*, where I paſs Hours.

One Day I caſt my Eyes on a *Manuſcript* w in *Arabick*, and endors'd with this *Title.*

[*The* Original Covenant *of* Mah *the* Prophet *of the* Arabians, *wit* Profeſſors *of the* Faith *of* Jeſus:]

and underneath was a *Latin Inſcription*, ſigni That this *Manuſcript* was found in the *Conv Chriſtian Friars* on *Mount Carmel.* I have ſcrib'd the *Contents* of this *Parchment*, an it encloſs'd to thee, that thou may'ſt judge w it be *Real* or only *Counterfeit.* For the *Na* aſſert it to be the *True Agreement of the M of God*; and therefore reproach all the *Muſ* with Diſobedience to our *Law-giver*, and ing the *League*, *Sign'd* and *Seal'd* by *Him* we call the *Seal* of the *Prophets*, and *Witne* the *Four Principal Doctors*, *Abu Becre*, *Oſman*, and *Hali.*

If thou wilt peruſe the Inclos'd Paper, it easy to diſcern, Whether *We* are guilty Violation of *Faith*, or *They* For, though (I ſing this to be the Real *Teſtament* of the P as is pretended) that *Favorite* of *Heaven* many *Articles* of Peace, Aſſiſtance and Frie to the *Followers* of *Jeſus*, with Immunity Taxes and Impoſition, Liberty of Conſc Freedom of Marriages, *&c.* Yet 'tis e that he promis'd not theſe Things, but c tain *Conditions* to be obſerv'd on the Part *Chriſtians*; as that none of them ſhou'd ha

or hold Correſpondence with the Enemies of the *True Believers*, or privately accommodate 'em with Arms, Horſes, Money, or any other Neceſſaries of War: But, on the contrary, ſhould Hoſpitably receive the *Muſſulmans* into their Houſes for Three days, and protect 'em from their Enemies. If therefore the Chriſtians ſhould fail in any of theſe *Points*, the *Prophet* declares his Covenant to be void, and that they ſhall not enjoy the Indulgences granted therein. All this, thou wilt ſee, is recommended ſolemnly to both Parties, to be religiouſly perform'd till the *Final Conſummation*.

Now all the Diſpute is, Whether *we* have firſt tranſgreſs'd theſe *Articles*; or the *Nazarenes*? For, if it can be prov'd, That they are the firſt Aggreſſors, then they have no Reaſon to complain of their Misfortunes, or accuſe the *True Faithful* of Oppreſſion and Tyranny, as they commonly do; Since it is manifeſt, that they have drawn theſe Evils on themſelves by their breach of Faith, and Infidelity, diſannulling the Covenant of God and his Prophet, and forfeiting the Benefits they might have claim'd by Virtue of it. Be it how it will, the Prophet is free from Blame: Let the Guilt reſt on the Perſons that were Criminal.

I know not how it comes to paſs, that the Chriſtians of this Age, think and ſpeak more Reproachfully of our holy *Law giver*, than did their Fathers, who liv'd in his Time, or immediately after it, and who by Conſequence could better inform themſelves of the Circumſtances of his Birth, Life, and Renowned Actions. Some Ancient Writers among the *Nazarenes*, make Honourable Mention of Him and his Family. They conceal not the early Signs of his Heroick Virtue, and the Grandeur to which he was deſtin'd. I have read in a certain Chriſtian Author, That when the Prophet was but Nine Years Old, under the

Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, wh
Glorious Charge along with him to *D*
that whilſt they were at *Boz'r*, a I
whoſe name was *Bohira*, came out of
to meet them; and taking *Mahomet*
in the Preſence of many *Chriſtians*, h
This Youth is born to accompliſh great Thing
ſhall be ſpread from East *to* Weſt: *For*
near to this Place, I ſaw a bright Cloud d
over him. Sultan David alſo propheſy'd
that which the *Chriſtians* reckon'd the
and the 2d *Verſicle*: Where that *divi*
ſings, *From* Sion *God hath proclaim'd th*
Mahomet. But the Chriſtians have
this in another Senſe, though the Orig
a ſtanding Witneſs againſt 'em. So
Penteteuch uttered a Myſtery, when
came from Sinai, *he roſe up from* Seir, *an*
feſted from Mount Paran. Intimating
Deſcent of the Written Law to *Moſes*,
pel to Jeſus the Son of *Mary*, and of th
Mahomet. The *Meſſias* alſoſaid to his Di
go not away, the Called of God will not
But the Chriſtian Interpreters wilfull
Things from the Vulgar, leſt their Ey
opened. There appears an Obſtinate Ma
norance in all their Actions.

Who will not laugh at the fooliſh ſp
Spaniards; who, in a certain Town, hac
as oft as they enter'd into the *Church*, c
to ſpit on a Black Image of a Man ſit
Aſs, near the Gate. But a *Muſſulman*
coming thither from the Emperor of
obſerving this Vain Ceremony of the F
the King, *What Perſon that Statue repr*
made Anſwer, *That it was the Image*
the *Arabian Prophet. That cannot be,*
Embaſſador, *ſince our Prophet never rod*

mels: It is rather the Figure of the Meſſias; *who indeed is recorded to have rode on an Aſs.* The King troubl'd at this Anſwer, conſulted the Prieſts and Learned Men, who all concluded, that the Embaſſador had ſpoke the Truth. And therefore, inſtead of offering any more Indignities to this Image, they fell into another extreme, and built a Chappel for it, burning Incenſe to the Senſeleſs Stock, and paying it Divine Honours. Thus they pray'd to that, which but a little before, they had Curs'd; and turn'd into a God, that which they had eſteem'd almoſt as bad as the Devil. God's Curſe be on the Devil, and all his Adorers: But on the Holy Prophet, and his Followers, may Bleſſings ſhower down, and reſt till the Knot of the Sphears be diſſolv'd.

Paris, 14th *of the* 10th *Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER VII.

To Murat Baſſa.

KNow for certain, that *Dom Juan de Braganza*, late King of *Portugal*, is dead. He left this World on the 6th of the laſt *Moon*, after he had been tormented Ten Days with the *Stone*: His Queen has the Supreme Power in her Hands during her Son's Miniority, whoſe Name is *Dom Alphonſo*. This young Prince was Crown'd within a few Days after his Father's Deceaſe, to prevent the Plots of the *Spaniards*, who ſupport a powerful Faction in that Kingdom of *Portugal*, and are not without Hopes, to reduce it again, to the King of *Spain*'s

Obedience. The World is always buſie, either in recovering old loſt Intereſt, or ſeeking of new.

The *Mareſchal de la Ferte*, who was taken Priſoner by the Prince of *Conde* in the Battel of *Valenciennes*, and having a Price ſet for his Ranſom, had Liberty to go whither he would on his *Parole*, either to bring the ſaid Sum, or ſurrender his Perſon, by a certain Day; finding himſelf ſlighted at the *French* Court, is reſolv'd to perform his Promiſe at the prefix'd Time, and go over to the *Prince of Conde*'s Intereſt, who will not fail to beſtow a very Honourable Command on a *General* of ſuch Merits.

In the mean time, the Count of *Harcourt* plays Tricks with his Maſter, and holds private Correſpondence with the *German* Emperor. He is a Serviceable or a Dangerous Man, according as he is pleaſed or diſguſted, and therefore they court him on both ſides. He is now at *Briſac* in *Alſace*. I cannot admire a Man, that is thus induſtriouſly troubleſome to his Prince, without any thing of Merit or Bravery to boaſt of, ſave his former Services in *Catalonia*, which have been ſufficiently repaid with Royal Condeſcenſions and Favours. And thoſe who make a Parallel between his Caſe, and that of the *Mareſchal de la Ferte Seneterre*, conſider not, that the laſt fell into his Enemies Hands, only by the Chance of War: Whereas, the other is a wilful Apoſtate, if he embraces the Emperor's Propoſals when no Neceſſity conſtrains him, and Honour flies in his Face.

From the *North* we are informed, That *Count Coningſmark*, *Generaliſſimo* of the *Swediſh* Forces in *Pruſſia*, as he was ſailing from *Wiſmar* was taken Captive by the *Poles*, and impriſon'd in the Caſtle of *Weyſſel munden*, near *Dantzick*. And the Inhabitants of that City, miſs'd very narrowly of taking the Queen of *Sweden* her ſelf. 'Tis certain, they have

ave got a vaſt Booty from the *Swedes*, conſiſting f eighteen Cheſts full of Gold, with Coffers of e King's Jewels, and other rich Things.

Theſe, *King Caſimir* demands for himſelf, with Million of *Rix Dollars* to be paid him by the *antzickers*; requiring alſo, that they ſhould furiſh his Army with all ſorts of Ammunition and roviſions: Which tho' it be a heavy burthen, yet oſe loyal Citizens think nothing too much for eir King.

The *Moſcovites* in the 9th *Moon*, beſieg'd *Riga*, a ity belonging to the Crown of *Sweden*, but have ewly rais'd the Siege, after they had loſt above n thouſand Men before the Place.

This is all the News I can ſend thee, ſave that e *French* have taken *Valentia*, a City in *Italy*.

I wiſh I may hear as proſperous Intelligence as is laſt from *Candia*, after ſuch Immenſe Charges d Slaughter. But, Victory is in the Diſpoſal of e Angel of Time.

Paris, 2d *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER VIII.

Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superior *of the* Covent *of* Derviſes, *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

T is difficult to define the particular Temper of my Soul, when I firſt receiv'd the News of thy edeceſſor's Death, that Renown'd and Venera- *Bedredin*, who, as thy Diſpatch informs me, is n to Paradiſe. I was neither in Paſſion nor t inſenſible, but wholly reſign'd to the Will of

Heaven. I conſider'd his immenſe Vertues, and the Courſe of Nature: His wonderful Age, and more admirable Actions, a Life equally meaſur'd by Hours, and Prodigies of Piety. For, he was not in the Number of thoſe who let whole Days paſs away, without the leaſt Good Work, or without leaving any Impreſs on the *Track* of *Time.* I expreſs my ſelf according to the vulgar Saying, [*Time paſſes away*;] Whereas, in my Opinion, *Time* ſtands ſtill, and only *We* paſs away, with all Things ſubject to Motion and Change. 'Tis like the Miſtake of thoſe who ſailing on the Water, think the Trees and Mountains move, whilſt only they themſelves are driven before the Wind: Or like the Philoſophy of thoſe, who truſting to their groſſer Senſe, maintain, the Sun whirls daily round our World, tho' according to Reaſon and better Philoſophy, that Globe of Light ſtands ſtill, whilſt ours turns round its *Axel-Tree*, and ſo deceives our Eyes. Thus, whilſt we Mortals, glide o'er the Uncertain Waves of human Life, and paſs by the viſible and fix'd Land-Marks of Time, Day, and Night, we imagine thoſe Land-Marks move, and not we our ſelves. Whereas, Day and Night remain for ever, ſtedfaſt and invariable in their ſucceſſive Intervals, and only the Elements and Bodies compounded of 'em are ſubject to Change.

Minutes, Hours, Days and Years, are not properly the Meaſures of *Time*, but of the Motion and Duration of all corruptible Beings: For *Time* is infinite and beyond all Dimenſions. In a Word, 'Tis no otherwiſe diſtinguiſh'd from Eternity, than barely by a Name.

All that I have ſaid on this Subject, is comprehended in the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *To Morrow is never.* Doubtleſs there's no *Paradox* or *Hereſy*, in ſaying, *'Tis always to day*; or that this Hour, this Minute is Eternal. And from this Truth ſprung the Contemplation of thoſe, who place *Eternity in a Point* or *Inſtant.*

But

But to return to *Bedredin*, that *Faithful* of the *Faithful*, may his Soul repoſe in the Mercies of God, and his Memory be bleſs'd. May *Gabriel*, the Friend of the Prophet, pray for him; then *Michael*, *Iſraphiel*, and the Meſſenger of Death, with all the Angels who made Oraiſons for the Divine Favourite, after his Tranſlation from this Earthly State. And, when thou, and the Religious Fraternity under thy Care, have perform'd the accuſtom'd Prayers and Expiations for the Illuſtrious Prelate deceas'd; there is no Queſtion but that he ſhall be in a Condition to intercede for you and for the whole *Muſſulman Empire*: for he was a perfect Saint, and the Beloved of God.

O Sage and Reverend *Succeſſor* of that *Holy Man*, ſuffer me to tell thee, Thy Name *Hebatolla* [*the Gift of God*,] fills me with Glorious Preſages of thy Life and Adminiſtration in that Renowned *College*, where the incomparable *Bedredin* ſhin'd ſo many Years. Now he is gon to God, and to the Gardens of Eternal Retirement, having left his Seat on Earth to thee, repleniſh'd with the Sacred Odour of Vertue.

He was a Religious Imitator of the Prophets, and of all Holy Men in General; a devout Admirer of the *Meſſias*, and a faithful Diſciple of the *Sent* of God. Now he is gone to ſit down with them in the *Chioſes* of *Eden*, on the Banks of Immortal Streams, and Rivers of Wine, Milk and Honey, which glide along the Allies of *Paradiſe*. This is the Recompence of Heroick Vertue, the Crown of Good Works, the Bliſs prepar'd for chaſte and purify'd Souls, who in their Tranſmigration from this Earth, carry no Stains of Vice along with 'em. For, nothing impure can find Admittance into that World of Glittering Eſſence.

O *Hebatolla*, what is there on this obſcure Globe, that deſerves to be compar'd with thoſe Serener

Joys above; thoſe unſullied Pleaſures; That unniſh'd Bliſs? and yet ſometimes we taſte ſtrong Felicities here on Earth. But 'tis only when the Gates and Caſements of *Paradiſe* are open, when a Celeſtial Wind tranſports hither the Leaves of the Trees of *Eden*, and perfumes the Air and Skies with the Tranſcendent Odours of that happy Region; wafting alſo imperfect Sounds, Muſick in loſt Fragments and *Eccho's*, from the *Quires* of the *Bleſs'd*. Then 'tis the Hearts of Mortals feel a ſecret and inexpreſſible Joy ſpringing up from the Root; This lower World (if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf) is all entrench'd with Pleaſure. This happens not every Day, but only at the *Seaſons* of Divine Indulgence, on the *Feſtivals* of ſome particular Saints, and in the Time of the immortal *Jubile*, when God exhilarates the Univerſe with Uncommon Favours, and an infinite Largeſs.

As for the reſt of our Enjoyments, they are Mitigations indeed of the Pains and inſeparable Miſeries of this Mortal Life; They prevail on us to wait the appointed Hour of *Fate*, and not hurry our ſelves out of the World before our Time: But they deſerve not to be plac'd in the Rank of true Felicities.

However, our Patience under this Fatigue of Life, our Indifference to Pleaſure and Pain, Poverty or Riches, Sickneſs or Health, Honour or Diſgrace, with all the other Objects of Humane Paſſion, will prove a ſingular Argument of Merit, a prevailing Recommendation to the Life to come, and an effectual Paſſport for *Paradiſe*. For he that is thus inſenſibly, yet willingly wean'd from the Fulſom Joys of Earth, by the very Courſe of Nature and Decree of Deſtiny, muſt unavoidably aſcend to a Purer *Region*, to a Place capable of ſatisfying his Aſpiring Soul. For, Nature created no Appetite, to baulk it.

This

This is the Life ſo recommended by Jeſus the Son of *Mary*, whoſe Character thou haſt in the Library of thy *Convent*. Here I ſend thee in a Box, that which by all the *Nazarenes* is eſteem'd his true Effigies. I remember, I once ſaw another of the ſame Lineaments, in the Treaſury of the *Grand Signior*. Theſe Pieces are very Rare, becauſe not copy'd by the Hands of Common Painters, but by the moſt celebrated Maſters in *Europe*. And the Original Draught, they ſay, was made by the *Meſſias* himſelf on a Handkerchief, which he clapt to his Face, and ſo left his lively Portraicture.

I cannot aſcertain the Truth of this Tradition: but in regard this is one of thoſe Copies which is Cloſeted by the greateſt Monarchs in *Chriſtendom*, I ſend it to thee, as a worthy Ornament of thy Cell, without either the Peril or Scandal of Idolatry.

The pious *Bedredin*, was covetous of any Memoirs of the *Meſſias*, whether written in *Hieroglyphicks*, or in the more uſual Characters of Speech. He wou'd have made no more Exception at a Picture, than at a Poem, in Praiſe of that Holy Prophet; and I queſtion not, but thou equalleſt him in the ſame Indifference.

I cou'd not ſo eaſily procure the true Picture of *John* Surnam'd the *Waſher*; but here I will give thee a ſhort Hiſtory of his Life. This was a Famous Prophet, who liv'd in the Days of the *Meſſias*, and was of the Race of the Prieſts. His Habitation was altogether in the Deſert; for, he was an *Eremite*, and liv'd in a *Cave* on one of the *Mountains* of *Judæa*; Some of the Jews took him for *Elias*, others for the *Meſſias*, and a third Sort ſaid he was *Mahomet*, whoſe coming was foretold in the Book of their Law, and in the Writings of their *Prophets*.

But *John* deny'd that he was any of theſe, calling himſelf in Modeſty, *A Voice* or *Eccho*. His Life was very Abſtemious. For he fed only on the Tops of Plants, and Wild Honey, drinking nothing but Water of the Fountain, which ran by the ſide of his Cave. And his Body was only cover'd with a Veſt of *Camel*'s Hair, uſing a Leathern Thong for a Girdle.

To that Solitary Reſidence of his, there was great Reſort of People from *Jeruſalem*, and the Cities round about. For the Fame of his Sanctity had ſpread through all *Paleſtine* and *Syria*.

He waſh'd his Diſciples with his own Hands in the Waters of *Jordan*, from whence he was call'd the *Baptiſt* or *Waſher*. He daily preach'd *Repentance* and *Good Works* to the Incredulous *Jews*; and openly declar'd, That *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*, was the *Meſſias*. That *Holy Prophet*, it ſeems, was one of *John*'s Diſciples, and had been waſh'd by him in the River *Jordan*.

In fine, after many Years of Heroick Virtue and Piety, *John* had his Head cut off by the Order of *Herod* the Governour of *Judæa*, becauſe he had reprov'd the Tyrant, for marrying his Brother's Wife.

Behold theſe Memoirs are the beſt Preſents the Poor exil'd *Mahmut* can ſend thee, when he Congratulates thy Acceſſion to that Holy Chair. Yet ſuch as theſe were more welcome to thy Predeceſſor, than Gifts of Silver, Gold, or precious Stones? For, he was a diligent Collector of choice Antiquities, and ſelect Fragments of Hiſtory. He was alſo a Liberal Patron and encourager of Philoſophy and all ſorts of Learning. Follow thou his Example, and the True Faithful will be Eternally oblig'd to thee. Thou haſt a fair Opportunity, there being, as I'm inform'd, the beſt Library in thy *Convent*, of any throughout the *Muſſulman*

ſulman Empire. And the *Dervifes* under thy Government, are Men addicted to the Study of the Sciences. 'Tis pity ſuch Inclinations ſhou'd want encouragement, whilſt the *Infidels* are every where buſie in Founding New *Academies*, and Augmenting the Old. There is one lately erected in the Dukedom of *Cleve* by the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, where the *Oriental Languages* and *Sciences* are profeſs'd. If the *Nazarenes* are thus Curious to pry into our Learning, why ſhould we be remiſs in attaining the Knowledge of their Languages and Hiſtories, ſince thereby we ſhall be in a Condition to know their Greateſt Secrets?

Sage *Hebatolla*, let not the *Infidels* have any longer Occaſion to term us Barbarous and Ignorant. But remember, that in promoting *Literature*, thou wilt perform a meritorious Service to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 17th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER IX.

To Selim Al' Moſel, *Venerable* Imaum *of the* Moſch *of* Sancta Sophia.

PRaiſe be to God, ſole Lord of the *Zenith* and the *Nadir*, *Poſſeſſor* of *Infinite Regions*, who hides the *Firſt Meridian* in the Palm of his Hand! The Names of *Peru*, and *Mexico*, are not now Foreign in the *Ottoman* Empire, eſpecially to *Travellers*, and Men of *Science*.

When our Fathers firſt heard of *America*, they had no other way to expreſs ſo Unknown a Part of the World, than by calling it the Land of the

Golden Mines, becauſe of the Abundance of that Metal, which was brought from thence by the *Spaniards*, ſince their *Conqueſts* in thoſe *Parts*. But now we are no Strangers to the *Geography* of that Remote *Continent*. Commerce and Trafick, have Render'd all the Known Nations of the Earth familiar one with another. And I remember, when I at was *Conſtantinople*, the Names of *Peru*, *Mexico*, *Florida*, &c. were as Common in the *Copha Hans*, as the Names of *Indoſtan*, *Turquiſtan*, *Gurgiſtan*, or any other Province of *Aſia*. So that a Man wou'd have been laugh'd at, who in ſpeaking of *America* ſhou'd have us'd any Circumlocutions, as to call it the *Empire* of the *Golden Mines*, the *World* beyond the *Great Sea*, or the like.

Yet we muſt confeſs, our Knowledge in this Kind is owing to the *Franks*, who ſail into thoſe far diſtant *Regions*, and at their Return communicate their Intelligence and Obſervations to us; for elſe we had been yet altogether Strangers to the Hiſtory of that *New World*.

It was firſt diſcover'd by *Chriſtopher Columbus*, a *Genoueſe*, in the Year 1492, of the *Chriſtians Hegira*. This Man had a happy *Genius* in Contemplating the Motion of the *Sun*, and the *Frame* of the *Univerſe*. He was no Stranger to the extent of our *Continent*; and the Situation of all its *Parts*: He had been often at Sea, and ſeen divers *Regions*; And particularly when he was in *Portugal*, the moſt *Weſterly* Part of *Europe*, he took great Delight to walk on the Shore in the Evenings, and obſerve the ſetting of the Sun. This Cuſtom of his produc'd various Thoughts in his Breaſt. But, what was of moſt Import, his Reaſon ſuggeſted to him, That it cou'd not conſiſt with the *Order* of *Nature*, that the *Sun*, after he left our *World*, ſerv'd only to give Light to the Fiſhs, or gild the Waves of the *Weſtern* Ocean: There-

Therefore on good Grounds he concluded, there must be some *Unknown Land*, beyond those mighty Tracts at Sea, which wash'd the *Western* Shores of *Europe* and *Africk*.

This thought made him uneasie, and put him upon a Resolution of attempting a Discovery. He made Proposals to the *Republick* of *Genoua*, but was rejected. Then he address'd himself to *Henry* VII. at the *English Court*; Where not finding Encouragement, he went to the *King* of *Spain*; who approving his Design, furnish'd him with two Ships. He sail'd on the Ocean for the Space of Two *Moons*, without seeing any *Land*, which made his Mariners mutiny, their Provisions falling short. They threatn'd to throw him overboard, if he would not return. But he with mild words and strong Reasons, appeass'd their Fury; promising to sail back again, if they saw not *Land* within Three Days. On the Third Day, the Boy on the Main Top-Mast saw a Fire, and within a few Hours afterwards they came within View of *Land*.

When he had made his Observations, and done what was requisite in his Circumstances, he return'd to give the *King* of *Spain* an Account of his *Expedition*.

After his Death, *Americus Vesputius* was sent to Conquer these *Unknown Regions*; from whom, that whole *Continent* is call'd *America*; But methinks not without some Ingratitude to the First Discoverer.

It wou'd be endless to recount all the particular Adventures of the *Spaniards* in these *Parts*, with their Cruelties and Massacres: Suffice it to say, to the Eternal Infamy of that *Nation*, that according to their own *Writers*, they Butcher'd in Cold Blood above Twenty Millions of the Natives, in the Space of Twenty Years: and all this for their Lucre of this Gold; tho' under the pretence, of propagating the *Christian Religion*.

I will

I will not liſt my ſelf in the Number of thoſe who pretend to be God's *Privy Counſellors*, neither will I preſume to deſcant on things out of my Reach. But the *Spaniards* have lately felt a terrible Blow in *Peru*; Which, if it be not a Mark of the Wrath of *Heaven*, is at leaſt a Sign, that the Earth is weary of them, eſpecially in thoſe Parts, where they have ſtain'd it with ſo much innocent Blood.

The City *Lima*, not many *Moons* ago, was all ſwallow'd up by an *Earthquake*; and *Callao*, another City not far from it, was conſum'd by a Shower of Fire out of the Clouds. Eleven thouſand *Spaniards* loſt their Lives in this Calamity; and the Earth devour'd a hundred Millions of Refin'd Silver, which the Lucre of the *Spaniards* had forc'd out of its *Bowels*. All the Mountains of *Potoſi*, from whence they dug their choiceſt Metal, were level'd with the Plain, and no more hopes of Gold was left to their inſatiable Avarice.

I leave the Judgment of theſe Events to thee, who art of the Holy Line, full of Reſplendent Thoughts, Prophetick *Iſcharif*, Conſecrated *Emir*, Glory of the Houſe of *Mahomet*. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that this *Calamity* of the *Spaniards* in part reſembles the Fate of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and the reſt of the *Nine Cities of the Lake*. The *Infidels* ſay there were but *Five*. Let them alone in their Errors; 'tis certain the *Muſſulmans* have the only true Hiſtory of Former Times. Doubtleſs, God is ſevere in his Chaſtiſements, when he is incens'd againſt a *Nation*. Witneſs the People of *Aad* and *Themod*, with the Men of the Vally of *Smoke*, and the City whoſe Inhabitants were in one Hour all turn'd into Statues of Stone, and are to be ſeen at this Day, as a ſtanding Monument of Heaven's Diſpleaſure. Yet no Nation is ruin'd till it ruin it ſelf, as God ſpeaks in the *Alcoran*.

O Emir,

O *Emir*, in whoſe Veins runs the moſt purify'd Blood in the World, pray for *Mahmut*, that he may never turn *Apoſtate* from God and his Prophet, nor do any Thing which may hurry him to an untimely Fate.

Paris, 17th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the year 1657.

LETTER X.

To Muſtapha, Baſſa.

THis following Summer, if all Reports be true, is like to afford ſome Campagnes of Blood. The General Diſcourſe here is, that the *Grand Signior* will ſpeedily have an Army of three hundred thouſand Men in the Field: Part to act in *Dalmatia* and *Candy* againſt the *Venetians*; the reſt to be employ'd againſt the *Perſians*, the more inveterate Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*.

That ſawcy Embaſſador *Iſhmael Bir Coult Can*, deſerv'd the Puniſhment was Inflicted on him for his Impertinent Huff, and drawing his *Sabre* in the Preſence of the Greateſt Monarch of the World. And let it be an Eternal Precedent to the Envoys of Foreign Princes, that they may learn a Leſſon of Modeſty, when they addreſs to the Lord of their Lords, and not by Preſumption Incenſe the King of the Earth.

But 'tis apparent, this Embaſſador took Advantage of our Troubles: He ſwell'd with a vain and falſe Idea of the *Perſian* Puiſſance. Beſides, they ſay, his Maſter has enter'd into a Solemn League with the *Czar* of *Moſcovy*, againſt the Shining Empire. And 'tis certainly known here, that

Tow.

Two *Embaſſadors* are arrived at *Venice* from that Potent *Emperor* of the *North*; and others are expected from *Perſia*, to Negotiate a *Tripartite League* between thoſe *Crowns* and that *Republick* againſt the *Victorious Oſmans*. Hence I ſuppoſe it was, that the Rude *Heretick* took the Boldneſs to commit an Action, which all the *Eaſt* puniſhes with Death. Neither is it any Thing to the Purpoſe, what the *Chriſtians* of theſe *Parts* ſay, *That the Perſons of Embaſſadors are Sacred*: For, much more ſo are the *Perſons* of *Sovereigns*. And ſo long as an Envoy obeys the *Law* of *Nations*, in only delivering his Meſſage with Reſpect and Civility, that *Law* will protect him from all Injuries. But, if he muſt needs leap over his own Fence, and inſtead of appearing like an *Embaſſador*, he will act the part of an *Aſſaſſin*, a *Furioſo*, a *Contemner* of Majeſty, he can expect no better Treatment, than what is due to his Audacious Inſolence: He throws off with Scorn, the Protection that his Character claims, and in a mad *Bravado* courts the Revenge of the State

This *Iſhmael* has all along been counted a bold Fool in the Court of *Perſia*. He has committed a thouſand wild Pranks at *Iſpahan*, more becoming a *Jeſter*, than a Wiſe Miniſter of State. Yet his Maſter ſtill wink'd at his Extravagances, for his Father's ſake, who did many notable Services to that *Crown*; Among which, his recovering *Candahar* from the *Mogul*, was none of the leaſt: it being the only Town, which commands the Frontiers of *Perſia* and the *Indies*.

For this and other Merits, *Sha Sophi* prefer'd both him and his Son to the moſt conſiderable *Governments* and *Offices* in the *Empire*: Wherein the old Man acquitted himſelf fairly to the laſt. But this young *Buffoon* grew unwieldy with too much Honour, affronted the *Grandees*, and play'd upon the

he *King* himſelf, for which he had once like to have been caſt to the *Dogs*. But at the Interceſſion of ſome of his few Friends, that Puniſhment was remitted and chang'd into *Exile*; whilſt his Enemies made uſe of his Abſence to ruine him.

They were ſome of the Greateſt *Lords* of the *Court*, who bore him a Grudge, and they had hourly the *King's* Ear. Which Advantage they made Uſe of to inſinuate ſuch an Ill *Character* of *Iſhmael*, that he knew no better Way to be handſomly rid of him, than by ſending him on this deſperate *Embaſſay* to the *Myſterious Port*: Chuſing rather that he ſhould fall by the *Grand Signior's* Command, than by his own, who had reap'd ſo much Benefit from the Services of his Father.

By this thou may'ſt diſcern, that the *King* of *Perſia*, is earneſtly reſolv'd upon *War*, without regarding how his *Herald* that proclaim'd it, is receiv'd: For that *Embaſſador* deſerves no other *Title*, who comes not with the accuſtom'd *Preſents* and *Supplications*; but with an Addreſs of a Harſher Style, denouncing Enmity at his very firſt Approach to the Feet of the Invincible *Sultan Mahomet*.

After all it rejoyces me to hear, that thou, and the other *Baſſa's* of the *Empire*, are ſo ready to aſſiſt our *Great Maſters*. For I am aſſur'd, that from your Perſonal and Voluntary *Contributions*, he has received a Supply of Thirty Millions of *Aſpers*, beſides the Conſtant *Revenues*, *Cuſtoms*, *Tributes*, and *Subſidies* of the *Empire*. This is noiſ'd all over *Chriſtendom*: Yet the *Venetians* ſeem not much to dread the Conſequences of theſe Vaſt Preparations; Judging that they will be employ'd elſewhere, than againſt any *Province* of their *Dominions* except in *Dalmatia*, where theſe *Infidels* truſt to the Strength of their Forts, and the Inacceſſible Height of Rocks.

But

But *He* that laid the Foundations of
and cauſes it to tremble when he pleaſes
God form'd the Lofty Mountains, and can
with Plains to ſerve the *Followers* of hi
Even as the *Stones* came Voluntarily to
Divine Meſſenger himſelf: The *Trees* row
ſeves, as out of a deep Sleep; and, the *E*
ing on all Sides to the Forcible Moti
Inſpired Roots, they walk'd out of t
and compos'd an *Umbrella* over the Hea
met, when he was ready to faint with t
Heat of the *Sun*.

Thus ſhall the *Elements* conſpire to a
Believers: And when they fight for t
againſt *Infidels*, *God* ſhall endue the *Inanim*
with *Faith* and *Devotion*.

Paris, 7th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, *an Exi'ld* Enuch *in*

PRepare thy ſelf with a Conſtancy o
coming a *Muſſulman*, when thou ſ
ſtand, that the beſt Friend thou hadſt in
is gon to *Paradice*. May *God* grant him
of a *True Believer*, an *Apartment* of Si
light. For 'tis the Brave *Solyman* I ſpea
not only deſerves thy moſt Grateful V
ving thy Life, but has done a Thouſan
ous Actions beſides, which now Crow
[redacted] *of Immortality*.

I wiſh I cou'd have been the Relater of better News to my baniſh'd Friend. But perhaps thou haſt heard of his Death already, by ſome Veſſels of *Conſtantinople*, and ſo 'twill be Needleſs to ſay any thing as to his Untimely Fate, or the *Tragedies* of the *Seraglio* and *Imperial* City.

It ſeems very ſtrange to me and a Thing Unaccountable, that there can be no Means found out to prevent theſe dangerous *Inſurrections* of the Soldiers, and that the moſt Formidable *Empire* on Earth, ſhould be thus frequently ſhock'd by her own *Subjects*! *Mehemet*, the Things of this Preſent World are a perfect *Riddle*, and our *Life* it ſelf is but the *Shadow* of a *Dream*. Thou haſt Experienc'd the Inconſtancy of *Fortune*, and that there is Nothing on Earth deſerves a Wiſe Man's Confidence. Therefore if I may adviſe thee, it ſhall be, to wean thy ſelf from the Trivial Affairs of Mortals. Let not the Natural Fondneſs which thou may'ſt poſſibly have for thy former *Courtly* Life in the *Seraglio*, return to diſquiet thy *Soul*. A Man may be happy any where, that knows how to be Contented. Nature is ſerv'd with a *Little*: And we ought to eſteem our Irregular Appetites as Foreigners. If our *Fortune* be not extended to the larger Meaſure of our Wiſhes, 'tis eaſy to contract and adequate our Minds to our *Fortune*.

Thou may'ſt carve to thy ſelf various Sorts of Felicities in *Egypt*, and render *Caire* as Pleaſant to thee now, as *Conſtantinople* was formerly. Virtue makes all Places Delightful. If thou art for an Active Life there Buſineſs enough in that Populous City; and Opportunities are never wanting to a Man that is ready to lay hold of them. Beſides 'tis the Popular Character of *Egypt*, that whoſoever dwells in it, finds an Employment ſuitable to his Inclination. But if thou art Melancholy and Contemplative, in my Opinion thou coud'ſt not have

choſen

chosen a *Country* more agreeable to such a Temper.

Were I in thy Station, I shou'd make frequent Visits to the *Pyramids*, and never be weary of searching out the *Antiquity* of those *Admirable Structures*. There is hardly any Thing made by Humane Art, which has put me upon more Important Studies and Disquisitions, than the *Original* of these *Stupendious Fabricks*. They far surpass in Grandeur and Magnificence the most Renown'd *Buildings* of the *Greek* and *Roman Empires*, even in the *Zienth* of their most Flourishing State. And I wou'd fain learn, *When* they were first Erected, by *Whom*, and for *What* Ends? For I cannot believe what *Josephus* the *Jewish Historian* reports of them, That they were built in the Time of *Moses* their *Law-giver*, and that all those of the *Hebrews Nation*, amounting to some Hundreds of Thousands, were employ'd as Slaves in the Work, by the *King* then Reigning in *Egypt*.

I have perus'd *Herodotus* the *Grecian*, *Diodorus* the *Sicillian*, with *Strabo*, *Pliny* and other *Writers*, who have all taken great Pains to search into the *Antiquity* of the *Pyramids*: Yet after all their Travel in *Egypt*, and their Converse with the *Priests* of that *Country*, they seem to have receiv'd but small Light in this affair; leaving Things in Uncertainty, and not agreeing in their Accounts. One will have 'em to be only design'd for *Sepulchers* of the *Kings*: Another says, they were built by *Joseph* the *Hebrew*, the *Vizir* of *Egypt*, and that they were the *Granaries* where he laid up Seven Years Provision of Corn, against the *Famine* which in his Days afflicted the Earth. Thus they differ in their Sentiments. And our Countryman *Ibn Abd' Alhokm* declares, That when he was in *Egypt*, he could not draw from any of the *Priests*, the least Certainty as to the *Age* of these *Pyramids*, or their

their *Founders*. Which makes him conclude, That ſince there was no Memory or Footſteps of their *Original* left among Men, it is Probable they were built before the *Flood*.

This agrees exactly with what others of our *Arabian Writers* have deliver'd concerning King *Saurid*, who Reign'd in *Egypt* Three Hundred Years before the *Deluge*. They relate ſtrange Things of this *Prince*; and among the Reſt, That he dreamt, *The fixed Stars came down from Heaven to the Earth, overturning all Things with the Violence of their Precipitate Fall.* Being much troubled at this *Viſion*, he ſent for the *Prieſts* and *Sages*; who when they were aſſembl'd together in the *Kings* Palace, *Aclimon* their *Cater*, or *Prince* of the *Aſtrologers* told the *King*, *That a Year before, he had ſeen a Viſion which made a deep Impreſſion on his Mind. For, the Celeſtial Orbs appeared to deſcend ſo low as to touch the Earth, ſo that the Stars were mingl'd among Men. Then he lift up his Hands above his Head in his Dream, to keep the Heaven from quite oppreſſing Mortals with its Weight. Whilſt I was in this poſture*, ſaid he, *methought I addreſs'd my Self to the Sun, beſeeching the Reſplendent God, to retire with all his Glittering Train of Lights to their Ancient Stations on High. Whereupon, the Sun made Anſwer, When I ſhall have accompliſh'd Three Hundred Circuits, the Heavens will return to their proper Places.*

When *Aclimon* had related this *Viſion*, the *King*, commanded the *Aſtrologers* to erect a *Scheme* of the the preſent *Configurations* Above, and tell him what they Preſag'd. They did ſo, and all agreed, That a *Deluge*, ſhou'd *Firſt* overflow the whole *Earth*, and that *Afterwards* it ſhould be totally deſtroy'd by Fire.

Upon the hearing of this, they ſay *King Saurid* commaned the *Pyramids* to be built, carrying all his Riches into them, with the *Tables* of the *Myſte-*

ries

ſterious Sciences, and *Laws*, and whatſoever was
ſteem'd Precious and Worthy to be preſerv'd fro
the *General Deſtruction*. And the *Annals* of Eg
ſay, that he commanded theſe Words to be I
graven on them:

I Saudrid, *laid the Foundation of the* Pyr
mids, *and finiſh'd them in Six Years: Th*
I Challenge any Future King, *to demoli*
them in Six Hundred Years; Tho' it b
much eaſier to Ruine, than to Build.
cover'd 'em with Silks; *let any Ma*
after me, cover 'em with Mats, *if h*
can.

In thus aſſerting *Saudrid* to be the *Founder* of th
Pyramids, it ought to be underſtood only of ſom
of the Greateſt; and that other Succeeding *Prince*
(perhaps after the *Flood*) ſpur'd on with Emulation
and Deſire of Glory, built the Reſt; which is the
only Way to reconcile our *Arabian Writers* to *He*
rodotus, *Diodorus* and other *Hiſtorians* of the *Weſt*,
who aſſign *Cheops* or *Chemmis*, with *Chephren*, *Cha*
bryis, and *Mycerinus* the Son of *Chemmis*, as *Founders*
of ſome Particular *Pyramids*. Whilſt *Strabo* and
Pliny, aſcribe the Building of one to *Rhodope*, a
Famous *Strumpet*, or at leag to ſome of her *Para*
mours.

Doubtleſs, there is great Obſcurity and Con-
fuſion in the Records of the *Ancients* about the
exact Time when theſe Illuſtrious *Monuments* were
built, which yet is an impregnable Argument of
their *Antiquity*; ſince, when one *Author* aſſerts
this or that *King* to have built a *Pyramid*, another
demonſtrates the Contrary, by proving that that
Pyramid was in being, long before the Days of

the

the ſuppos'd *Founder*. Neither can I find any Concurrence of *Authorities*, ſo Rational and exactly agreeing, as that of the *Arabians*; who all Unanimouſly deliver as a certain Truth, that theſe Unparallel'd *Structures*, were built long before the *Flood*. All which is confirm'd by the *Egyptian Annals* themſelves, pen'd by thoſe of the *Coptite Race*, who deſcended from *Coptim*, the Son of *Maſar*, the Son of *Banſar*, the Son of *Cham*, the Son of *Noah*; With whom and his *Family Philemon* the Good *Prieſt* made an *Alliance* by Marriage, and in their Cuſtody were the *Records* and *Traditions* of the *Old World*.

But if it be granted, Dear *Eunuch*, that thoſe *Hiſtories* are true which relate the Tranſactions of the *Kings* of *Egypt* before the *Flood*; what Reaſon have we to call in Queſtion the *Fragments* of *Manethos*, a *Prieſt* of *Egypt*; or the *Genealogy* and *Succeſſion* of *Egyptian Monarchs* delivered by *Herodotus*; or the *Chronological Regiſters* of *Egypt* unfolded by *Diodorus*, which carry up the *Reign* of their *Kings* to above a Thouſand Years beyond any other the moſt Early *Epochs* of the *Creation*, except that of the *Aſſyrians*, or the Interminable Aſcent of paſt Ages in the *Records* of the *Chineſe* and *Indians*.

I know not what to call it, whether the *Cowardiſe* of the *Intellect*, which dare not venture to launch into ſo vaſt a Speculation; or its *Sloth*, which will not take the Pains to unfold and ſtretch its drowzy *Faculties* on the moſt Natural *Ideas* in the World. 'Tis true indeed, we cannot without ſome Fatigue, contemplate ſtedfaſtly the *Eternal* Exiſtence and duration of Things. 'Tis an Immortal Thought, that can tranſport the *Soul* back through ſuch an *Infinity* of *Ages*. Yet the Pleaſure is agreeable to the Undertaking: becauſe Truth, ſerene as the Mornings in *Egypt*, enlightens the

Proſpect,

Proſpect, and tempts the *Mind*, if 'twere p
to look even beyond *Eternity* it ſelf: Whe
that only Confines his View to the narrow
of Particular *Hiſtories*, is like a Man in a *Wi*
or a low and ſhady *Vale*, where his Eye is curb
the Interpoſition of Thickets, Uneven G
and Envious Encloſures. For, ſuch are th
Controverſies, Inextricable Difficulties, a
fected Umbrages of moſt *Writers*, who neve
peep o'er the Mountains of receiv'd Opini
if they did, they fearfully or maliciouſly hi
Diſcoveries from the Reſt of Mortals. I tel
As *God* is *Eternal*, there cannot be aſſign'd
ſtant of *Time*, wherein the *World* did not
For, the *Firſt Matter* flows as Naturally fr
Eſſence, as *Light* from the *Sun*.

If thou Adoreſt any other *God* but this
wilt be found in the Number of *Idolaters* ar
dels, who pay *Divine Honours* to certain M
Angels, *Architects*, as they believe, of th
verſe.

They behold Houſes, Caſtles, and great
built by Mortals, and at a certain Period rui
Fire, Water, Earthquakes, or other Acciden
deſtroyed by the Effects of War: from henc
form a Notion, of the Worlds *Original* and
ſtrophe. They conſider the Animals, Plant
Minerals, That every *Individual* periſhes ir
and that even in the *Heavens* there are ſtrong
toms of *Corruption* and *Alteration*. Hence the
leſt Arguments to prove the weakneſs an
cay of *Univerſal Nature*, which they vainly
pare to the Life of a Man, a Beaſt, or a Tree
as theſe have their appointed *Seaſons* of
Growth, Maturity, Decay and Death; ſo is it
the *Univerſe*.

But all this is *Sophiſtry*; or to ſpeak more fa
bly, we ought to charge it to the Accou

ſhort *Meditation*. For, tho' the *Individuals* of all kinds are chang'd, ceaſe and diſappear at their appointed Periods; Yet the *Species* or *Kinds* themſelves remain for ever before our Eyes. As faſt as one Man dies, another is born; and ſo 'tis with the *Brutes*: And the *Seaſons* of the *Year* in their proper Courſe renew all the *Vegetables*. We find the Elements, the Sun, Moon, Stars and Earth remain unchangeable. And why then ſhould we think, they were not always ſo, and will not continue ſo for ever? Or, if this be too bold a *Stretch*, let us conceive them at leaſt, much more Ancient and Durable, than they are generally thought to be. And if theſe *Greater Beings* ſhall undergo a *Change* in their *Outward Forms*; we may yet believe their *Subſtances* will remain for ever.

But, whether *Corporeal Bodies* are thus laſting or no, we have ſomething in us that can never periſh. Our Souls are *Immortal*, and need not the *Embalming* of *Egypt* to preſerve 'em from *Corruption*.

Therefore, dear *Mehemet*, ſince we are deſtin'd to live for ever in one State or other, let us not fear *Death* which is but a Minutes Slumber, a ſhort Trance out of which we ſhall immediately awake, to increaſe our Knowledge and Experience of thoſe *Myſteries* and *Secrets* in *Nature*, which at preſent are hid from us. In a word, let us live like Philoſophers, and then we may hope to die with the ſame Equanimity of Spirit as he did, who in his laſt Agonies being ask'd by his Friend, *Where was all his Philoſophy now?* Anſwer'd, *I am juſt entring on a new Diſcovery concerning the Nature of Salt.* And with that word he expir'd.

Paris 7th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XII.

To the moſt Venerable Mufti.

IF the publick Seditions ſhou'd always continue, or be as frequently renew'd as they have lately been at *Conſtantinople*: and if their Effects ſhall be equally fatal to the *Grandees* as has been this laſt horrid Mutiny of the Soldiers; To Congratulate any Man's Riſe to an Eminent Dignity, will be but to flatter him, and Addreſſes of this Nature muſt be eſteem'd no better than Mock-Compliments, Civil Inſults, and faſhionable *Sarcaſms*: Since at this Rate, Great Honours ought to be look'd on no otherwiſe, but as direct Advances and nearer Approaches to Infamy, and Death; when a Man is exalted from an obſcure Faſtneſs and Humble Security, to the Glorious Hazard of a Precipitate Fall.

'Tis therefore, when I come to kiſs the Duſt of thy Feet, among the Crow'd of true Believers, and to welcome thee to the moſt Sacred and Sublime *Vicarſhip* on Earth; I draw near with an Indifference, ſuitable to a *Muſſulman*, wiſhing thee not more Joy than Safety, in that *Myſterious Station*, but ſuch a Temperament of both, as is due to thy Sanctity and Incorrupt Actions. In a Word, I wiſh thee a perpetual Immunity from thy *Predeceſſor*'s Temptations, and from his Crimes; and then thou need'ſt not fear his Misfortune and Diſgrace.

Let not what I have ſaid, paſs for an Argument of Diſreſpect and Undutifulneſs to the Heir of *Prophetick* and *Apoſtolick Revelations*, the *Great Patriarch* of the *Faithful*. I reverence both thy *Office* and *Perſon*: Yet am commanded to avoid Flattery and Partial Addreſſes, when I write to the greateſt

Sages

Sages in the Empire. And had not this Injunction been laid on me, my own Natural Temper wou'd prompt me to ſhun that Vice, which renders a Man ſo much leſs than himſelf, by how much he exalts another above his due.

I have often propos'd to thy Predeceſſor, the mighty Benefit that wou'd redound to the whole *Ottoman Empire*, if *Learning* were more encourag'd, and the *Hiſtories* of *Foreign Nations* were Tranſlated into the Familiar *Language* of the *Muſſulmans*.

It is that thoſe who are deſtin'd to ſubdue all Things, and have already ſpread their Glorious Conqueſt through the greateſt part of the Earth, ſhou'd be acquainted with the *Tranſactions* of *Former Times*, the *Wars* of illuſtrious and brave *Hero's*, the *Riſe* and *Fall* of *Ancient Kingdoms*, and in General, the moſt noted *Revolutions* in the *World*. From ſuch *Records*, our *Generals* and *Military* Men, may draw Examples of Fortitude and Patience, Conduct and Prudence, in all the Fatigues and Difficulties of *War*. Our *Stateſmen* may improve their Knowledge in all the *Maxims* of *Policy* and Wiſdom requiſite in Time of *Peace*. In fine, Men of all Conditions may learn the *Precepts* of *Morality* and *Virtue*.

Methinks 'tis pity, that we who poſſeſs the *Territories* of the Ancient *Grecians*, the *Kingdoms* of *Corinth*, and the *Argives*; the *Common wealth* of *Athens*, and *Lacedemon*; the *Empire* of *Macedon*, and the State of the *Jews*; ſhou'd be ignorant of the Laws, by which theſe divers Countries were of old Govern'd, and the Characters, Lives and Actions of their Firſt Law-givers, and Succeeding Governors.

But if thou ſhalt determine, that the Knowledge of theſe Remote Affairs is Superfluous and Unneceſſary for True Believers; let 'em at leaſt not be ignorant in their own Hiſtory, and the Original of their *Progenitors*.

'Tis true, we *Arabians* have all along taken Care of our *Genealogies*, every Family and Tribe being diligent to preserve the Memory of their *Ancestors*; and all concur with an unanimous Zeal to Register the *holy Lineage* of *Mahomet*, the *Messenger of God*: So that we can from his *Father Abdalla*, run up in a direct Paternal Line to *Cayder*, the second Son of *Ismael* (on whom be the *Benedictions* of God.) We are not ignorant how this *Cayder* (from whom the noble Cori's derive their *Pedigree*) first settled at *Mecca*, in pure Devotion to the *Square Temple*, which was built by *Adgels*: When he might as well have chosen the more fertile Plains of *Media*, *Persepolis*, *Assyria*, as did his Brethren *Duma*, *Naphis* and *Kedma*. But he therein by his skill in *Astrology*, that the Inhabitants of those Regions would be *Idolaters*. And so it came to pass: For they were of the number of those who ador'd the *Fire*. For the same Reason he chose not for his Seat, *Armenia*, though that Country be Renowned for the resting of *Noah's Ark* on *Mount Gendis*, and the famous City *Themanine*, or the Work of Eighty, being the first City built after the *Deluge*, by the *Eighty*, who escaped in the *Ark*. But *Cayder* knew that the People of that Province shou'd worship the Sun: And it was verify'd in the Posterity of his Brethren, *Nabseus*, and *Massa*. Therefore he chose *Mecca*, though a Barren Country, because he knew it was the Seat predestin'd to the Elect *Lineage*, the Generation of Just Men and Prophets, from whom was to spring the Light of the World, *Mahomet*, who in *Paradise* is called *Al Batrasim*, and in Heaven, *Achmet*.

Cayder was the only Son of *Ismael*, who took part with his Father, and follow'd his Example. Worshipping *one God*, *Creator* of the *Worlds*, as he had learn'd by Tradition from *Abrahim* the *Beloved* of the *Eternal*: Whereas *Nabayeth*, *Abdeel*, *Thema*, and

and the reſt of the Twelve, either ador'd the Sun, Moon and Stars, or the Elements; except *Jackour*, who paid divine Honours to the Tree *Betlemer*; and *Hadal* and *Maſſa*, who ſacrific'd Beaſts to the *Idols Bohinum* and *Allexa*.

And as our *Hiſtorians* have been thus particularly exact in Recording the Affairs of the Twelve Sons of *Iſmael*? ſo have they ſhew'd themſelves no leſs preciſe, in relating the Tranſactions of the Twelve Tribes which deſcended from them; even down to the preſent Age.

I do not inſiſt on this, to teach thee ſomething whereof thou art ignorant: but to put thee in Mind of the Benefit and Advantage, beſides the vaſt Delight which accrues to a Nation by thus preſerving the Memoirs of their Anceſtors. In which, my *Countrymen* have exceeded the Fidelity and Care of all other People.

Had it not been for the Induſtry of *Arabian Writers*, the Hiſtory of the whole *Saracen Empire*, the Succeſſion of the *Caliphs*, with their Wars and Conqueſts, would have been either quite loſt to this Age, or at leaſt much deprav'd and falſify'd by the Malice of *Chriſtian* and *Perſian Authors*, both equally Enemies to the Truth. By which it is Evident, that every Nation ought to Regiſter their own *Tranſactions*.

What therefore I chiefly aim at, is, That the Glorious *Oſmans*, who have by their Valour enter'd into the Poſſeſſions and Territories of many ancient Nations, might alſo be acquainted with the Hiſtories of thoſe People whoſe Lands they enjoy: But above all, I wiſh, that after they have found a way to ſo much Wealth and Honour, they would not loſe themſelves, and their own Original.

I ſpeak of the Turks properly ſo call'd; the *Deſcendants* of the *Scythians*, who by ſome were eſteem'd the moſt *Ancient Nation* on Earth; a Peo-

Subjects, though they aim'd at it.

These were the P.. ple, O *Oracle* of ... from whom the present *Turks* descend. ... not a Shame, that they can give no other ... of their *Ancestors*, but what they borrow ... Christians, who in the mean time rep... *Mussulmans* with Ignorance and Barbarism ...

'Tis for this Reason, I renew the same ... to thee, which I often made to thy *Predec...* *Learning* may be encourag'd. Let all the ... Records and Histories of the *Greeks* and *R...* sought out and Translated, by Men sk... *Languages*, into the Familiar *Speech* of the ... Some, I know, are already common am... *Grandees*, as *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, and othe... let not any *Credible Writer* be wanting.

In doing this, thou wilt put a check ... Scoffs of *Infidels*, augment the Honour and ... of the *Mussulmans*, and leave an immort... behind thee on Earth: Which will make ...

LETTER XIII.

To the Caimacham.

ALL *Europe*, except the *French*, and *Swedes* hang down the Head for the Death of the *German Emperor*. He went to the Immortals, on the 2d day of this *Moon*, after a long Fit of Sickneſs, and forty nine Years Life on Earth.

Nathan Ben Saddi, the *Agent* of the *Port* at *Vienna*, informs me, that on the ſame Day whereon the *Emperor* died, the *Imperial Palace* took Fire on a ſudden, and with ſuch Impetuoſity, that a great part of it was preſently conſum'd; and the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, the *Emperor*'s Son, narrowly eſcap'd with his Life. This is eſteem'd a bad *Omen* to the *Empire*. And without being *Superſtitious*, I can aſſure thee, That *Germany* is in a very bad condition at this Juncture. The *Electors* are ſo divided on the Score of *Religion*, and their Secular Intereſts and Alliances, That in all Probability, they will not with eaſe decide the Succeſſion.

The Duke of *Brandenburgh* having united himſelf to the *Swedes*, will not conſent to the inſtalling *Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus*, the *Emperor*'s Son, becauſe that *Prince* ſupports the Cauſe of the *Poles* and *Danes*. The *Palatine* of *Heydelberg* and *Duke* of *Bavaria*, are at odds about their private Pretenſions. The Duke of *Saxony* wou'd fain be Emperor himſelf, or have one at leaſt of the *Lutheran Religion*: And the reſt are ſo incens'd againſt the *Houſe of Auſtria*, that it is thought, none but the *Eccleſiaſtick Princes* will vote for the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. So that there being no King of the *Romans* to claim the *Succeſſion* by the *Laws* of the *Empire*, the Throne is like to be Vacant yet a while.

Cardinal Mazarini, who watches all Opportunities to Aggrandize his Maſter, has diſpatch'd away ſeveral Couriers into *Germany*, to negociate privately with the *Electors*, and concert thoſe Meaſures, which will be moſt for the Intereſt of *France*. And I tell thee, this Miniſter has no ſmall Influence on the *Elector* of *Colen*, and Prince *Palatine* of the *Rhine*. Beſides, thou wilt ſay, he goes the right way to Work, when thou ſhalt know that he makes uſe of the *French* Gold to compaſs his Deſigns.

No ſooner did the News of the *Emperor*'s Death arrive at this Court, but it was obſerv'd the *Cardinal* took up a hundred thouſand *Piſtoles*, of the publick *Bankers* in this City. And every body gueſs'd how 'twou'd be diſpos'd.

The *Portugueze* Ambaſſador at this Court, has caus'd Extraordinary *Fire works* to be play'd on the River *Sym* before the Palace of the *King*, in Honour of his Maſter's Coronation, the young King of *Portugal*. But the Spaniards are preparing more deſtructive *Fire-works* on the Frontiers of that Kingdom, being ready to enter it with an Army of ſixteen thouſand Men to recover the *Portugueze Crown*.

In ſending thee theſe Intelligences, Sage Miniſter, I am not concern'd for the *Infidels*. Who dies or who lives, who riſes or who falls, is all one to *Mahomet*, provided the *Grand Signior*'s Health, Life and Happineſs be augmented. And this I ſpeak as an *Arabian* and true Believer.

Paris, 30th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Laba Mahomet, General *of the* Ottoman Forces, *at his* Camp *near* Adrianople.

HE Sacred Empire of true Believers, is beſet at this Time with Infidels, Rebels, and He-
. Here are many Rumours ſpread abroad ning the *Perſians*, and the Intereſt they have *Baſſa* and Citizens of *Babylon*. They talk alſo, ome Male-contents deſign Things which not to be nam'd.

has given me two Ears, and I hear theſe rſes with both, but I entertain them with nchangeable Judgment, That they are only hiſpers of Fame, which has a thouſand dou-ngues. If it be true, that the four *Chiauſes* ere diſpatch'd to *Babylon* from the *Grand* to confirm the Inhabitants of that City in llegiance, and aſſure them of ſpeedy Suc-were murther'd by the diſloyal Citizens; t not but 'tis as true, that the *Plague* has ied the greateſt part of the *Red heads* in their *Aranſacat*. What tho' theſe *Babylonian* Mun-y, *Long live the King of Perſia!* The reſt of pire with true Zeal and Devotion, pray for lth and Proſperity of the *Grand Signior*. tho' the *Sultan* has ſworn by God and his , by the Heavens and the Earth, That he againſt the *Venetians* in Perſon! The *Muft* ly abſolve him in Caſe of Supreme Neceſ-hence his Preſence is requiſite againſt the curſed *Kyſilhaſchi*.

probable the *Oſman Monarchy* may be much 's'd by Domeſtick Troubles, and Foreign

Wars: Yet he that founded it, and is the *Conſervator* of *Ages*, will out of theſe very Diſtempers and Evils, produce a good Conſtitution of Health in the *State*, and a firmer Eſtabliſhment againſt all Enemies.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* are very buſie in their Levies at Home, and in making Intereſts abroad. *Couriers* are perpetually poſting up and down *Chriſtendom*, to and from that City. They would willingly have all the buſineſs of *Europe* ſuperſeded for their ſakes. Every where 'tis whiſper'd there's ſome Grand deſign on foot againſt the *Turks*, but no body knows what. And I tell thee, *France*, *Spain*, *Germany*, *Poland*, *Sueden*, and the reſt of the *Nazarene Kingdoms*, are too much entangled among themſelves to have any Thoughts of medling with Remote Affairs.

The *Poles* would have had the *German Emperor* taken that Crown in Vaſſalage, on Condition of Protecting it from the *Suedes*. But whilſt the *Emperor* was alive, he weigh'd the Difficulties, and refus'd ſo Chargeable an Offer. Now, he is lately dead, and the Empire is hardly capable to defend it ſelf.

Differences are newly riſen between the Duke of *Bavaria*, and the *Elector Palatine* of *Heydelburgh*; each claiming the Right to be *Vicar* of the *Empire* during the *Vacancy*. And they are preparing on both ſides, to diſpute the Matter with the Sword: Whilſt the King of *Sueden* ſmiles ſecretly at their *Inteſtine* Quarrels, reſolving to be reveng'd on *Germany*, for the Aſſiſtance they have given to *Caſimir* King of *Poland*.

At the ſame time, the *Danes* are Arming and Equipping by Sea and Land, to Demand Juſtice of the *Suedes*. Whilſt the cunning *Moſcovite* ſtands aloft, amuſing all Parties with ſpecious Pretexts, but deſigning only to play his own Game, and eſpouſe that

that Quarrel, which will bring him moſt Booty; *Prince Ragotski*, promiſes fair to the *Swedes*, but 'tis thought, will prove falſe in the End. The Counſels of theſe *Uncircumciſed*, are full of Treachery; They are infatuated, blinded, and know not what they do.

The Caſe is as bad in *Spain*, where the King is making vaſt Preparations to enter *Portugal*, and claim that Crown, hoping to make Advantage of their *Domeſtick* Factions ſince the Death of *Don Juan de Braganza*, the late *Portugueſe* King: Not conſidering that the *French* are like to find him Work enough in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia*; beſides the continual Damages he receives by Sea from the *Engliſh*, and the Loſſes he ſuſtains in *America*. I tell thee in a Word, all *Europe* is at this time in ſuch a Hurly-burly, that they have no Leiſure to attend our Motions in the *Eaſt*; every *Kingdom* and *State* being wholly buſy'd in their own Affairs, and *Venice* can rely on nothing but her own Strength. Go on then, brave *General* of the Army, deſtin'd to Chaſtiſe theſe *Infidels*; and let nothing Diſcourage thee, from purſuing the Aims of *Honour* and *Religion*. Let the proud *Franks* know, That there is a Sword drawn in the *Eaſt*, which will never be put up, till it has not only cut off the Exterior Members, but even ript up the Bowels of the *Weſtern Empire*.

The Inhabitants of *Sicily* are in great Conſternation, by Reaſon of a freſh Eruption of Fire from *Mount Ætna*, or *Mount Gibel*, whereby the City *Catanea*, and adjacent Parts, are much in Danger, and the Aſhes are ſcatter'd all over the Iſland. This Mountain has at Times flam'd forth in an Extraordinary manner from Immemorable Ages; and in all Probability, will continue to do ſo till the Day of *Judgment*.

There is like to be a new Quarrel between Frante

and *Holland*; the latter complaining, that they have had above three hundred Merchant-Ships taken from them by the *French* within theſe ſeven Years. Upon which they have ſhopt two Veſſels belonging to this Kingdom, and Miſunderſtandings encreaſe apace between them.

In the mean time, the *German Court* is preparing to chuſe a new *Emperor*. His Son is the Perſon deſign'd for this *Dignity*, if the Elector does not oppoſe it. His Name is *Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. He lies ſick of a dangerous Diſeaſe, not leſs loathſome than the *Plague*.

And now I have mention'd this Scourge of *God*, it will not be amiſs to inform thee, that in *Rome* and *Naples*, where it has rag'd theſe eleven *Moons*, and has deſtroy'd a hundred and eighty Thouſand People; 'tis not now to be heard of: Commerce is reſtor'd: *Publick Courts* ſit; *Ambaſſadors* have Audience; and all Things run in their *wonted* Channel. Yet in *Genoua*, they feel it ſtill.

The Souls of theſe *Infidels* are infected with an Infernal Peſtilence, and therefore God rains *Curſes* on them; whilſt the Elect in all *Nations*, are preſerv'd from all *Evil*, being mark'd in the Forehead by the Angel of *Health*.

Paris, 15th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XV.

To Cari Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

I Have encounter'd a Paſſage in the Hiſtory of the Firſt *Caliphs*, which a little entangles me. My Faith is diſjoynted. Thou know'ſt we *Muſſulmans* believe, that *Abu Becre* was the true *Succeſſor* of

of the Prophet. Yet when I conſider, that he attain'd the *Sovereignty* by Surprize, without the Conſent of the *Muſſulmans*, I know not what to think of it.

After the Death of the Meſſenger of God, the Inhabitants of *Mecca* and *Medina* rais'd a Sedition, and took up Arms, each Challenging the Right of Election to themſelves. When, to prevent the ill Conſequences of this Tumult, *Abu Becre* and *Omar* immediately came to them; and to end the Controverſie, *Omar* ſtretching forth his Hand to *Abu Becre*, ſaluted him *Caliph*, and lifting up his Hand to *Heaven*, ſwore Allegiance to him. Which Example ſuddenly prevail'd on others, and ſo the Tumult was appeas'd. Yet *Omar* himſelf ſeem'd to repent of what he had done: For a while after he was heard to ſay, *Aſſuredly, the Inauguration of* Abu Becre *was a Raſh, Unadvis'd Thing; God avert the Evil which may reſult from it. But, let it be a Law, That if any one hereafter ſhall preſume to do as I have done, and ſwear Fealty to another without the Aſſent of the* Muſſulmans, *he ſhall be put to Death.*

But, that which is of greateſt Moment with me, is, that *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* the *Son in-Law* of the Prophet, was not preſent at this Election, who had as much Right to the *Caliphate*, as any of them, if not more: At leaſt he had a Right to Vote. And when he firſt heard the News, he proteſted againſt what they had done as Null and Invalid, in Regard they had not conſulted him. Certainly, *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* was a matchleſs Hero, performing *Miracles* of Valour in defence of the *Prophet*. When he beſieg'd *Chaibar*, a City of the *Jews*, he took the Gates of the City from off their Hinges, and us'd them as his Shield. When he brandiſh'd his Glittering Sword; he made his Enemies tremble. I will not ſay more in his Praiſe, leſt thou ſhould'ſt conclude, I have liſted my ſelf in the Number of

the

" rived to [illegible]
" first of the World [illegible]
Trance, [illegible] *Othman* [illegible]
Name of [illegible] *Eb'no'l Shatt*[illegible]
awak'd, and [illegible] *Othman*. [illegible]
his Successor; He [illegible]ply'd, *Omar*: [illegible]
said he, *and according to my Mind* [illegible]
named thy self, assured[illegible] thou art worthy of
Thus *Omar* succeeded [illegible] the *Caliph*[illegible]te,
vate Order of *Abu Becre*, without askin[illegible]
sent of the *Mussulmans*. It looks like a [illegible]
or Bargain between these two at first
mar swore *Fealty* to *Abu Becre*, one wo[illegible]
he made him promise to bequeath the [illegible]
him. Be it how it will, thou seest *Om*[illegible]
the Government, on Conditions which
had made Unlawful, when he proh[illegible]
Succession that should be made without t[illegible]
of the *Mussulmans*. He was the fir[illegible]
call'd *Amiro'lmumenin*, or Comman[illegible]
Faithful.

and the Laws of his Prophet, and the Conſtitutions of the Two Seniors? Ali anſwered, *I will ever act according to the Book of God and the Law of his Prophet; but as to the Conſtitutions of the Two Seniors, I will follow my own Counſel.* Then *Abu Obeid* going to *Othman*, ſaid the ſame Words: And *Othman* promiſed to perform all that they requir'd. So they choſe *Othman* to ſucceed *Omar* in the *Caliphate*. He was accus'd of too great Partiality to thoſe of his *Blood*; for he recall'd *Hacem Ebn'l As Eb'n Omaih*, whom the *Prophet* had baniſh'd. He gave him alſo a Hundred Thouſand *Aſpers*, and to *Abdella Eb'n Chaled*, he gave Forty Thouſand. They tax'd him alſo with Pride, in that he ſate in the Higheſt *Seat* of the *Prophetick Throne*, where none but the *Holy Prophet* himſelf had ever ſate: For, *Abu Becre*, in Reverence to the *Meſſenger* of *God*, ſate one Step below it, and *Omar*, *Two*. So that the *Arabians* being Incens'd at *Othman*'s Arrogance and other Vices, took up Arms, and kill'd him. Then ſucceeded *Ali*.

I rehearſe this *Hiſtory* to thee, that thou may'ſt know the particular Grounds of my Diſſatisfaction, and give me thy Opinion in this Matter. For, if *Abu Becre*, *Omar*, and *Othman*, were Unlawfully lifted to the *Caliphate*, it follows, that they were *Uſurpers*, and *Hali* the only *True Succeſſor* of the *Prophet*. And, if this be granted, then we have no Reaſon to Curſe the *Perſians*, who are the *Followers* of *Hali*. *God* knows which is in the Right, We or they. We all are *Diſciples* of the *Prophet*, and believe in the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*. *God* bleſs *Mahomet* our *Law giver*, with all thoſe of his *Houſe*. *God* bleſs *Mahomet* our Glorious *Sultan*; In fine, *God* bleſs thee and me.

Paris, 15 *of the* 5 *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

LETTER XVI

To Cara Muſtapha, Baſſa.

BY the Notices which I receive from *nople*, it appears that the Ground publick Diſcontents in that City, is the Conqueſts and Poſſeſſion of *Tenedos*: People thought that *Iſland* would prove now to the *Muſſulmans*, as it was formerl *Troy*, when the *Grecians* under the Conduć *memnon*, pitch'd their firſt Camp there, t *Helena* the Faireſt Woman of *Greece*, wh the *Prince* of *Troy* had Raviſh'd from her H Embraces.

That *Rape* was Fatal to the *Trojans*: Fo ten Years War, their *City* was taken by St and burnt to Aſhes: Their Princes and N ther all ſlain, or carry'd away *Captives* by glorious *Greeks*. Only *Æneas* ſav'd his F live, carrying him on his Back out of the and with ſome other *Commanders* eſcap'd t ſuch Veſſels as they found ready. The Hi all his Adventures, is too tedious for a Let fice it to ſay, that after many Voyages fr Region to another, at laſt he landed in *Ital* he and his *Company* ſettled. And from them *netians*, with other People of *Europe*, deri Original.

'Tis this makes their preſent Poſſeſſion *dos*, appear as an ill *Omen*, in the Eyes of perſtitious. As if thoſe Reliques of Ancien were now come to recover the Habitations Fathers, and drive both *Greeks* and *Muſſulm* of the Empire.

But, theſe are only *Chimæra*'s and Dreams when a Nation is once diſplanted from their

they ſeldom or never take Root there again. s, who knows whether the *Venetians* deſcend *Troy*, or no? 'Tis true indeed, if *Hiſtorians* Truth, that *Æneas* ſail'd into *Italy*, two after the Burning of *Troy*: 'Tis probable alſo, built *Lavinium*; as *Padua* is aſcrib'd to *An*ne of his *Captains*. But, where's the Conſe, that the *Venetians* ſhould therefore be the *ing* of theſe *Heroick Fugitives*? They may as y, the *French* are the *Poſterity* of the *Moors*, e thoſe *Africans* once ſeated themſelves in

For, juſt ſo Independent are the *States* of one of another, and their Inhabitants of as nt *Genealogies*, as are theſe two Potent *Kings* with the People that dwell in them.

now the *Trojan* War is in my Mind, I can't ſmile at the Egregious Folly of *Ajax*, the *Telamon*. This was a great Commander in *cian* Army, a huge brawny, Giant-like Fellat had perform'd Prodigies of Strength and in combating the *Trojans*, and yet at laſt, on his own Sword and kill'd himſelf, becauſe ld not have his Will of *Ulyſſes*; and all about Rufty *Buckler*, taken from the Enemy which laim'd as his Right, in Reward of his Meus Services, and the many Scars he had re-

But *Ulyſſes* over-rul'd the Council of War, ll'd on purpoſe to decide this Quarrel, and e Shield himſelf. For, being a cunning le Fellow, he pleaded, That tho' the Coud brave Actions of *Ajax* deſerv'd all due r and Acknowledgment; yet the Surf *Troy*, and ending the War, was only owhis Wit and Contrivance, who deluded *ans* with a Wooden Horſe, in the Belly of lay a Detachment of Armed Men; and theſe e-*Horſe* was admitted into that City, came their Neſt in the Dead of the Night, and

ſet

Seditious Rabble. But I would counsel, attempted in Time, before the *Venetia* into the *Helleſpont* with their *Navy*: F no Succeſs againſt theſe *Infidels* by S *Element*, it ſeems, is the *Wife* of th *Venice*; being Eſpous'd with a *Ring* Solemn *Ceremonies*, on a certain *Feſti* *Nazarenes*.

One would think alſo, that the *Engliſh* ſucceſsful Love to the Sea; For, their always proſperous. We have freſh New of an Encounter between them and the *S* *India* Fleet, near the *Iſland* of *Tenariff*, wh were Seventeen of the *Spaniſh* Ships ſunk and among them were five great Galle took from them an Immenſe Treaſure o Silver, with other coſtly Merchandiſe.

The *French Court* rejoyces mightily ploit; not in any Real Love to the *Engl* Hatred of the *Spaniards*. For, between *Nations*, there ſeems to be an Irreconc

Marine Affairs, having had the Command of the Invincible *Ottoman Armado*.

There is a *Poſt* newly come in from *Germany*, who informs us, that the *King* of *Sueden* and *Prince Rogotski*, have taken the ſtrong Fort of *Brzeski Litenski* from the *King* of *Poland*.

The *Portugueſe Embaſſador* at this *Court* preſſes the *King* with much Earneſtneſs, to ſend Aids to his *Maſter*; in Regard the *Spaniards* are actually enter'd into *Portugal*, and have taken *Olivenza*, a City of that *Kingdom*.

I formerly acquainted the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, that the *King* of *Spain* had caus'd all the *People* of his *Kingdom* to be Number'd: Now I tell thee farther That in Order to carry on the War effectually againſt *Portugal*; this *Monarch* has commanded the 5th Man in every *Family* to take up Arms, and follow the *Campagne*. At which Rate, they ſay he will an have Hundred Thouſand Men in the Field.

In the mean time, all the Diſcourſe here at preſent is, concerning the *Siege* of *Montmelt*, a very ſtrong Place in *Flanders*. It was Inveſted by the *French* Army on the 11th of this *Moon*, under the Command of *Mareſchal de la Ferte Senneterre*.

France has ſent a great many Brave *Generals* into the Field this *Summer*; and I perceive, the *Baſſa*'s of the *Ottoman Empire* are not like to tarry at home. *God* inſpire thee, and thy Equals, with a Reſolution which knows no *Medium* between Victory and a Glorious Death.

Paris, 26th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

Grand Signior, the *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns*. Three *Empires*, and Five and Twenty
ſhould have the Diſhonour, not to find A
within the Walls, of *Vienna*; and that i
when the *Germans* have no Reaſon to
Foreign War, being ſufficiently embaraſs'd
muſick Troubles. But when I read fa
perceiv'd That no *Embaſſador*, not eve
Chriſtians Princes. has any more Privileg
Juncture; and that it is an Eſtabliſh'd *L*
Empire, thus to reverence the *Majeſty* of
ceas'd *Sovereign*, and conſult the Safet
next *Election*; I ceas'd to reſent this any
an Indignity to our *Great Maſter*, and o
cluded it to be ſome *Myſtery* of the *Auſtri*

It is an Argument of profound Reſpe
Imperial Ghoſt, that the *Churches* are all h
Mourning, throughout the *Hereditary Domi*
that no *Muſick* is permitted either in th
or elſewhere; no Joility or Mirth, till th
Obſequies are perform'd, and the Body of

It appears then, that by the *Golden Ball* of *Charles* IV. this Dignity was declar'd inherent in the *Palatinate Family*, in Right of their Poſſeſſion of that *Principality*; and that it had been ſo for many Ages, even before there were any Electors Eſtabliſh'd in the Empire. 'Tis upon this Ground the preſent *Elector Palatine* claims it. But on the other ſide, it is as manifeſt, that when *Maximilian* the Father of the preſent Duke of *Bavaria* was inveſted with the Electoral Dignity, it was inſerted in the *Imperial Bull*, that the *Vicegerency* of the Empire during an *Interregnum*, ſhould henceforth belong to that Family. Yet, this Grant was again diſannull'd by the late Pacification at *Munſter*. And ſo the Buſineſs is left in Diſpute between theſe two Families. He of *Bavaria* truſts to his Strength and Riches, being alſo back'd by the Eccleſiaſtick Princes; whilſt the other only confides in the Juſtice of his Cauſe, the Right of Unqueſtionable Inheritance.

Leaving therefore theſe *Grandees* to proſecute their ſeveral *Claims*, I'll tell thee what makes the freſheſt Noiſe in this City, is an Attempt which the Prince of *Conde* made lately on the Town of *Calais*, a *Sea-Port* of this Kingdom. He had receiv'd certain Intelligence, that the Governor had ſent out the beſt part of the Garriſon to fortify *Ardres*, a Place not far from *Calais*, and ſuppoſed to be in greater Danger; Upon this News, the Prince march'd with great Expedition, deſigning to ſurpriſe *Calais* by Night. But he was diſcover'd before he came near them; and the Inhabitants taking up Arms, appeared on the Walls and Ramparts to welcome him, ſo that he was forc'd to retire again with the loſs of near a thouſand Men.

Here are two Men come out of *England*, that pretend to be Prophets, foretelling the Downfal of the *Pope*, whom they call *Antichriſt*, a *Beaſt*, a *Dra-*

gon,

gon, and I know not how many other Titl
of them is gon to *Rome*, to tell the *Holy F*
his Face what is like to befal him. The
Court looks upon them as Mad Men; and n
can eſteem them better if they go to *Rome*,
they will Infallibly fall into the Hands of the
ſition; which thou know'ſt is a *Hell* upon
Thy Brother *Adonia* felt the Smart of it, o
two or three Words utter'd in Contempt o
Religion; And tho' he was not Condemn'd to
yet he ſuffer'd a tedious Impriſonment;
Length, the *Plague* releaſed him both froc
and the *Chains* of this Mortal Life.

Nathan, if he had dy'd by the Stroke of t
cutioner, or by *Fire*, the Common Death o
who rail at the *Roman Faith*, I could not pro
him a *Martyr*, unleſs it were to his own Fo
Raſhneſs; ſince he was not plac'd there to ma
ſelytes, either to the *Law* of *Moſes* or *Mahom*
to penetrate into the Secret Tranſactions
Followers of *Jeſus*.

Thy Buſineſs is the ſame at *Vienna*; purſu
with Alacrity, and *God* ſhall protect thee fi
Adverſity.

Paris, 9th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XVIII.

To Melec Amet.

I Welcome thy Return to the Earth again.
appears by thy *Letter*, that thou haſt been
Other World. 'Twere to be wiſhed thou wo
favour the *Living* with a *Journal* of thy *Trave*
Obſervations among the *Dead*. Thoſe *Regions*

would afford Matter of Noiſe enough to Mor-
tal are always greedy of Foreign News. Per-
f thou would'ſt communicate the Remarks
haſt made during that Ramble of thy *Soul*, we
find out ſome Method of Coreſpondence be-
Our World, and that *Inviſible State*. We
contrive a Way to ſend *Diſpatches* to our
ls, and to Receive their Anſwers again. Or,
t we might make ſome Uſeful Diſcoveries, in
mpire of Shadows.

: tell me ſeriouſly, doſt thou think that it was
ore than a *Trance* or *Dream* that has happen'd
e? Such as frequently fall out in *Melancholy*
utions? I once inform'd *Cara Haly* the *Phy-*
of ſuch an Accident as this not far from
It was of a Man that had lain Five and
y Hours as Dead, in all Human Appearance,
given over by the *Phyſicians*: Yet after that
d, he recover'd his *Senſes* again, and told
e Things to thoſe that were about him. Sure-
ſe are but the *Slumbers* of the *Soul*; and *Death*
is but a *deeper Sleep*, when it cauſes the *Diſſo-*
of the *Body*. Doubtleſs, Men awake again in
other *Active State*. For, as a Flame of Fire
ually diſpoſed to embody it ſelf in the Fat
ſh or Fiſh, in Oyl, Wax, Sulphur, or any
er Vehicle; and as ſoon as it is extinguiſh'd in
will readily tranſlate it ſelf ſucceſſively to
he Reſt, if they be within the *Sphere* of its
ſity (as the *Weſtern Philoſopher* ſpeaks:) So
e *Spirit* or *Flame* of *Life*, always in a Poſture
anſmigration. For ought we know, he that is
g This Hour, may be a *Peacock* the *Next*, and
in a *Few Days* be ſerv'd up at his *Succeſſor*'s
le, as a *Royal* Diſh.

at not to inſiſt too much on theſe Secrets, I will
e to thee a Paſſage, not unlike that thou haſt
rienced.

It

Dead. The Emperor extremely troubled this, burſt forth into Tears, and cauſed t to be taken away. Then *Jaafer Ep'n Yahya* his Confidents, immediately deſired that *Indian Phyſician*, might viſit the Corps of Relation. Who went accordingly, and ha his Pulſe, and conſider'd him well, he re the Emperor, and ſaid, *Ceaſe to mourn, Commander of the Faithful: For if this Man and I do not reſtore him to Life again, may I b from all my Wives for ever.*

He had ſcarce made an end of ſaying th a ſecond Diſpatch came to the Emperor fr who were about his Kinſman, aſſuring hi he was really departed this Life.

Then *Al' Raſhid* began to curſe the *Indi* their Ignorance. But *Saleh* perſiſted in h tion, crying out with ſome Vehemency, *I credulous, O Emperor of the Faithful, nor ſuffer man to be buried, till I have been with him For aſſuredly he is not dead I will ſhew you*

ſelf; *for dead Men uſe not to be ſenſible of Pain*. After this, he blew up a *Powder* into his Noſe Upon which, in a few Minutes the *Patient* ſneez'd; and ſitting upright in his Bed, ſpoke to *Al' Raſhid*, kiſſing alſo his Hand. The *Emperor* asking him, *How he found himſelf*; He reply'd, *Benefactor of Mankind, I have been in the ſweeteſt Sleep that ever I remember fell on me in my Life. Only I dream'd that a Dog came and bit me by my Left Thumb, the Pain of which wak'd me.* With that, he ſhew'd him the Mark of the Needle, and the Blood. Adding, *Surely it was no Dream, but a Truth*; *for I feel it yet.* The *Emperor* was extremely pleaſed with his *Indian Phyſician*, and did him great Honour. His *Kinſman* alſo, whoſe Name was *Ibrahim*, lived many Years after this, and was made *Governor* of *Egypt*, were he dy'd and was bury'd.

The *Eaſtern Phyſicians* have been Famous in all Ages, and are now much in Eſteem among the *Franks*, who addict themſelves to ſtudy the *Sciences*. Here are ſome very Learned *Phyſicians* in theſe *Parts*, and not a few Ignorant ones, who ſerve as Foils, to ſet off the Luſtre and Fame of the others. Every *Province* and *City* in *France* ſwarms with 'em: And they all find Employment either to Kill or Cure. The *Nazarenes* live very Intemperately, and fall into abundance of Diſeaſes, whereof the *Eaſt* is wholly Ignorant: Therefore it is Neceſſary for 'em to be well ſtock'd with *Phyſicians*. Yet 'twas *Satyrically* obſerved by a certain *French Lord*, That in a Town not far from his *Palace*, the Inhabitants were all healthy long-liv'd Men, till a certain *Empirick* came and took up his Reſidence there: For then they began to ſicken and die apace. But this may be an Invidious Remark. The *Arabian Proverb* ſays, *No Man is a good Phyſician, but he that is born ſuch*: Meaning, that ſome are *Naturally* diſpoſed and fitted to this *Science*. Indeed, I have known Ad-

mirable Cures perform'd by Men, who neve
ed in the *Academies*, or could anſwer three
ons in *Anatomy*. Nay, ſome Women have a
this Nature, and are very Fortunate in their Pr
But, when all's done, the *Beaſts* are moſt
who are all their own Phyſicians by Inſtin
Melec, I wiſh thee ſuch a State of Health
no Medicines. But if it be thy Misfortun
into *Parmenides* his Indiſpoſition, I counſel
make uſe of the Advice given him by a *Phil*
who, when *Parmenides* complain'd of a Pai
Stomach, and ask'd his Advice, he bid him u
and ſuch *Confections* and *Electuaries*. The o
ply'd, *He had made Tryal of them all, and ma*
yet found no Eaſe. Then ſaid the *Philoſopher*,
et, for they generally have good Stomachs.

Paris, 9th *of the* 7th *Moon,*
of the year 1657.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

Couriers upon *Couriers*, are come to thi
with the Joyful News that *Montmeli*
render'd to the *French*. For which the whol
of the *Parliament* and the City of *Paris*, the Ch
of the Kingdom, with *Cardinal Antonio Ba*
and all the *Eccleſiaſticks*, went to the *Gran*
or *Temple*, where *Te Deum* was ſung this Afte
with a pompous Solemnity. And now whil
writing, there is ſuch a confuſed Noiſe of
Guns, Ringing of Bells, and Shouts of Peop
one would think it were enough to wake th
Dead, and make them ſtart from their Grav
enquire what's the Matter.

The Truth of it is, this Place is counted

the ſtrongeſt in *Europe*; and the Inhabitants were not inſenſible of it, when they made their *Conditions* of Honour with the King. And therefore we need not wonder at the exceſſive Joy of the *French*.

When the Keys were deliver'd to the King by the Deputies of the Town, one of them in the Name of the reſt, made this following Addreſs.

" Sire, We ſhould have had juſt Reaſon to com-
" plain of Fortune, and accuſe our ſelves of Cowar-
" diſe, if we had ſurrender'd this impregnable For-
" treſs, to the Arms of a *Prince* leſs Glorious and
" Puiſſant than your Majeſty: Since our very
" Walls are of ſufficient Strength to defend us,
" without taking up Arms againſt a Power infe-
" rior to yours. But, in regard it is the Will of
" *Heaven*, that we muſt change our Maſter, we re-
" joice to fall into the Hands of ſo invincible and
" generous a Monarch. And we hope, Sire, that
" your Majeſty will ſhew us the more Favour, for
" having pay'd our utmoſt Efforts to conſerve an
" inviolate Fidelity to the *Catholick King*, who but
" Yeſterday was our Maſter.

This was ſpoken with ſo graceful an Action, and ſuch a becoming Frankneſs, that the King being mightily pleaſed with them, made them this Anſwer.

" Yes, I ſhall always remember, that your Con-
" ſtancy deſerves my Eſteem. And now conſider-
" ing you as my *Subjects*, I will beſtow ſuch Pri-
" vileges on this City, as ſhall oblige you to ma-
" niſeſt no leſs Courage and Zeal for my Service,
" than you have done for the *Catholick King*.

And to evidence, that he has equal Sentiments of Gratitude and Eſteem for his *Officers*, by whoſe Courage and Conduct this important *Place* is come under his Obedience; the King has beſtow'd the Government of it on the *Lieutenant General* of his Armies, who was preſent at the Siege, and was

ſhot in Seven Places of his Body. They call him the *Marquis of Vandi*. He has ſignaliz'd his Valour in Sixteen Sieges and Battels, being mark'd all over with Scars, the Glorious *Characteriſticks* of an Indefatigable and Fortunate *Hero*.

It is fit the *Divan* ſhould be inform'd of all ſuch Paſſages: Not to inſtruct them what to do in the like Caſes (for they are Perfectly Wiſe) but that theſe Examples may be Regiſter'd as ſpurs to Virtue and Magnanimity of Spirit. For, it cannot be ſuppoſed, that the *Emperor* of *True Believers* will come ſhort of theſe *Infidel Kings*, in Rewarding his Faithful and Undaunted *Slaves*.

Mareſchal de Ferte Seneterre has alſo had his Share in the Careſſes and Acknowledgments of the *King* and the whole *Court*.

This Succeſs has given a great Damp to the *Spaniards*, who begin to retire as faſt as they can from the Neighbourhood of the *French* Armies. On the other ſide, theſe are full of Vigour and brisk Reſolutions, reſolving not to end the Campaign, without ſome farther Attempts in *Flanders*.

They creep by Degrees into the very *Heart* of that *Province*, which is ever like to be the Stage of War, ſo long as the *King* of *Spain* has one Town left in it. 'Tis a very Rich *Country*, abounding in all the deſirable *Productions* of Nature. And the People are very Induſtrious, to learn and improve whatſoever is Profitable in *Art*. All their Unhappineſs lies in this, That they are not able to protect themſelves and ſubſiſt Independent of one or other of the Neighbouring *Crowns*. So that whenever thoſe *Sovereigns* fall out, theſe Poor People are miſerably oppreſs'd with Armies; and in this Caſe, their Friends many Times give 'em as much Trouble as their Enemies. Nay, 'tis difficult to determine, which are their Enemies, and which their Friends. For, to whatſoever *Maſter* they

are

are ſubject, he dreins their Coffers of Money by Taxes and Contributions; beſides the Intolerable Vexation of Quartering unruly Soldiers, who commit a Thouſand Inſolences unpuniſh'd.

Poland is at this Time in as bad a Condition, between the Armies of *Sueden*, *Auſtria*, *Brandenburgh*, *Moſcovy*, *Tranſylvania*, and the Forces of K. *Caſimir*. The Son of the deceas'd *Emperor* has ſent a great Army to the Aid of that Unfortunate *Monarch*; and 'tis confirm'd on all Hands, that they have laid Siege to *Cracow*. Whilſt his *Embaſſador* is Negotiating with the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, to draw him off from the *Swediſh* Intereſt. This is like to prove a War of long Continuance, if the *Plague* do not make *Peace*, which rages in thoſe *Parts*, and deſtroys many Thouſands more than the Sword or Gun. The *Moſcovites* have Combated with this Diſtemper above theſe two years, the *Grand Duke* being forc'd to fly with his Army, like Vagabonds, before this Inexorable *Conqueror*, which gives no Quarter.

In the mean time, I hear Ill News from *Candia*, where they ſay, the *Muſſulmans* have in a late Attempt on that City, loſt above four Thouſand Men, with Thirty Four Enſigns, and a Conſiderable Treaſure. Theſe *Infidels* have alſo taken and deſtroy'd this *Summer* above Thirty Ships of *Barbary*, and as many more of *Conſtantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, *Scanderoon*, &c. On Board of one of which, they ſeiz'd the yearly Revenue which comes to the *Grand Signior* from *Scanderoon*: And out of another they have taken the Revenue of *Rhodes*, kill'd a Thouſand *True Believers*, took Half that Number Captives, and releaſed Abundance of *Chriſtian Slaves*: In a Word, they have taken out of the ſeveral Veſſels which fell into their Hands, an Immenſe Treaſure of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones.

Theſe continual Succeſſes of the *Nazarenes*, would tempt one to think, That this *War* was

They have a Proverb here in the West
Voice of the People, is the Voice of God. And
approve not the Practice of those, who
of this Popular *Aphorism* to foment *Sec*
State; yet I cannot but own, there's a
of Reason in it, and it may be verify'd i
sent Circumstances of *Constantinople.*

Thou observest, that the Soldiers are
and unwilling to serve any longer in thi
nate War. Thou findest the *Merchants*,
neral, all sorts of People discontented an
The Avenues to that *Sanctuary* of the W
block'd up by the *Venetians*; so that nei
nor other necessary Provisions can be b
to supply the Wants of so many hundred
of People. In a word, thou seest the pul
mities have made them almost desper
care not what they do. Peace with th
ans is the Word every where; or else ea
tinent Mechanick, will presage Ruine t
man Empire.

LETTER XX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

NOW thou giveſt me ſome ſolid Hopes of a *Convert*. Thy Letter has rais'd my Expectation, ſince 'tis not pen'd in a Style full of Scruples and Inſignificant Doubts, which would be Endleſs: Nor yet does it ſavour of Hypocriſie and Diſſimulation, as if thou intendeſt only to mock me and my *Faith*, and ſtill continue thy ſelf an *Infidel*. But it abounds with very fair Conceſſions, Articles of Reaſon and Honour on thy ſide; only expecting from me, a true and authentick Account of our holy Prophet's Life, and of the Miracles which can be produced in Confirmation of his *Prophetick Office*. Thou would'ſt fain ſee, if any Thing happen'd of this kind, to the Meſſenger of God, parallel to the ſtupendous Wonders which recommended *Moſes* your *Lawgiver* to the World, as the undoubted *Oracle* of *Heaven*.

I proteſt, there is no Fault to be found in this Demand: For it is but Reaſon, that he who aſſumes the Character of a Prophet, ſhould be diſtinguiſh'd from *Impoſtors* by ſome evident Signs and Wonders. Yet, 'tis needleſs to make an exact Parallel, becauſe the Occaſions of *Moſes*'s *Miracles* were different from thoſe of *Mahommed*, the Seal of the Prophets. Your *Lawgiver* had a Commiſſion and Power given him to work Miracles when he pleaſed: Whereas *Ours* declar'd, That he was not ſent to work Miracles, but to preach the Unity of the divine Eſſence, the Reſurrection of the Dead, the *Joys* of *Paradiſe*, and the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*.

Yet, leſt the unbelieving World ſhould doubt

the Truth of his *Miſſion*; From his very Birth, his Life was graced with many *Supernatural* Favours. His Mother bore him without the leaſt Pain of Body or Mind: And as ſoon as he breath'd the Vital Air, he ſpoke with an Audible Voice, ſaluting his Mother, and adding, *I profeſs That there is only One God, and that I am his Apoſtle.* He was alſo *Circumciz'd* by *Nature*, coming into the World without his *Prepuce*. At the ſame Hour, the *Devils* were forbid to aſcend above the *Orb* of the *Moon*: And *Four Voices* were heard from the *Four Corners* of the *Square Temple*: The *Firſt* ſaying, *Proclaim, the Truth is riſen, and all Lies ſhall return into Hell.* The *Second* uttering, *Now is born an Apoſtle of your own Nation, and the Omnipotent is with him.* The Words of the *Third* were, *A Book full of Illuſtrious Light is ſent to you from God.* And the *Fourth Voice* was heard to ſay, O Mahomet, *we have ſent thee to be a Prophet, Apoſtle, and Guide to the World.*

When he was about four Years Old, accompanying the Sons of his Nurſe into the Field, the bleſſed Child retir'd into a *Cave* at the Foot of the Mountain *Uriel* to pray: When the *Archangel Gabriel* appeared to him, and ſaid, *Biſmillahi rrahmani rrahimi* &c. *In the Name of God, Compaſſionate and Merciful, O Child greatly beloved I am ſent to diſplant from thy Heart, the Root of Evil; for thy Ejaculations made the Gates of Paradiſe fly open.* The Young *Reſigned one* ſaid, *The Will of thy Lord and Mine be done.* Then the *Angel* open'd his *Breaſt* with a *Razor* of *Adamant*, and taking out his Heart, ſqueez'd from it the *Black Contagion*, which was derived from *Adam*: And having put the Child's Heart in his Place again, he bleſs'd him, and retired to the *Inviſibles*.

From that Time the Young *Favourite* of *Heaven* grew up and proſper'd in all Things, having the

Smiles

Smiles of *God* and Man. He was under the Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, who diſcerning the Mark of an Immenſe *Soul* in his Young Nephew, was more Solicitous for his Welfare than if he had been his Son. His Fortune being Low in the world, he had no other Way to provide for his *Illuſtrious Charge*, than by placing him as a *Factor* to *Chadijah*, a Widow of the ſame *Tribe* with *Mahomet*, which was the *Nobleſt* among the *Arabians*. Beſides, ſhe was very Beautiful and Rich: And there wanted not Hopes, that in Time ſhe might become *Mahomet's* Wife.

That which chiefly encourag'd 'em to this, was a *Viſion* of *Chadijah*, every where talk'd of in thoſe *Parts*. For, ſhe had divulg'd it her ſelf, long before *Mahomet* became her Servant, or his Uncle had any Thoughts of thus diſpoſing of him. "The *Sun* "ſeem'd to leave his *Heaven* and come down to "her Houſe, from whence he diſpers'd his Beams "through *Arabia*, *Egypt*, *Perſia*, and in fine, "through the whole Earth. This *Viſion* had made a deep Impreſſion on the Mind of *Chadijah*, and ſhe could not reſt, till ſhe had told it to a certain Famous *Sage* in thoſe *Parts*, who had great Skill in *Aſtrology* and other *Myſterious Sciences*, and was *Celebrated* for the Integrity of his Manners. As ſoon as he heard the Contents of her *Viſion*, he ſaid, "In the Name of *God* O Widow, enter into thy "*Bath*, and prepare thy ſelf with the Neceſſary "*Purifications*: For, thou ſhalt ſhortly be married "to the Greateſt *Prophet* in the World. And when ſhe ask'd the *Aſtrologer*, *What was the Country Tribe, and Name of her next Husband*; He told her, *He was an* Arabian *of* Mecca, *of the Tribe of the* Corei', *and that his Name was* Mahomet.

As yet, the *Prophetick* Widow knew Nothing of the Nephew of *Abu Taleb*. But, thou may'ſt imagine we felt ſtrange Paſſions, when his Uncle after-

for the Partner of her Bed! With what
and becoming Modeſty did he receive the
ſtructions and Farewel of his parting Uncle
ever, ſhe concealed her Tranſports, and ſ
beloved *Slave* with a *Caravan* into *Syria*, a
him a Noble *Penſion*.

In that Journey, there happen'd ſomethi
Remarkable in Honour of the Admirable
Man. For at a certain Place on the Road
waited on the Captain of the *Caravan* to a *S*
of the *Jews*, no ſooner had *Mahomet* ſet h
o'er the Threſhold of the *Synagogue*, but all th
therein were loos'en'd from their Chains,
down on the Floor. All thoſe of thy Nati
were preſent, being aſtoniſhed at the Por
Accident, fell at the Feet of the *Rabbies*,
their Advice in this amazing Circumſtance
having performed the accuſtomed *Ceremonie*
piations, anſwer'd, *It is revealed in the Trad*
the Seniors That at what Time ſoever an Arabi

It were eaſie to recount many more Miracles in the Life of the Prophet; ſuch as that of the Cloud overſhadowing him, the Eagle perching on his Head when he was aſleep, the Trees and Stones proclaiming him the Apoſtle of God. And, if we were to make Parallels, I think, the ſtupendous Deſcent which the *Moon* made, at the Prayer of the Divine Meſſenger; comes not far ſhort of the celebrated Diſorder on *Mont Sinai*, when your Law was delivered by *Moſes*.

If thou requireſt undoubted *Teſtimonies* for Truth of this Miracle on our ſide, offer ſomething that is unqueſtionable on thy own. We both equally confide in the different Records of our Nations, which were penn'd by Men as liable to Temptations and Errors of all ſorts, as thou and I, and all that believe what they write. Therefore, unleſs thou canſt ſtart ſome more infallible Authority, to prove the Eternal and Univerſal Obligation of your Law, than I can to the contrary, thou lieſt under a manifeſt Diſadvantage: Since I profeſs with our holy Prophet and all the *Muſſulmans*, that the *Alcoran* contains nothing repugnant to the Law of *Moſes*; but is only a more perfect and compleat *Idea* of the divine Will: And that as *Moſes* was the Lawgiver of the *Sons* of *Iſaac*; ſo *Mahomet* was the Apoſtle of the Sons of *Iſmael*, and the Seal of all the Prophets.

Uſe thy own Reaſon; and rather be of no Religion, than in the Number of thoſe to whom it ſhall be ſaid at the *Laſt Day*, *Drink ye Worſhippers of Ozair, and be damn'd for ever.*

Paris, 10th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XXI.

To Dicheu Huſſein, Baſſa.

THere has been a mighty Quarrel of late between the *French* and *Spaniſh Embaſſadors* at the *Hague*, about *Precedency*. The Occaſion was this. One Evening the *French Embaſſador* was riding in a Coach, in a Place where the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* met him in another Coach, and both ſtriving for the upper Hand, they met with their Horſes Heads one againſt another, and ſo ſtood ſtill. There was preſently a Tumult of People gathered about them: And the *French* being moſt reſpected, many Gentlemen came in to his ſide with Swords and Piſtols; and all Things ſeemed to portend a Combat. But, the *Magiſtrates* having Notice of this Diſturbance, ſent ſome of the *Guards* to keep the *Peace*, and to defend the *Embaſſadors* from any Attempts of the Rabble. In the mean while, ſeveral *Great Lords* walked to and fro between the *Embaſſadors*, propoſing Expedients of Accommodation: But it being at the very Juncture when the *French* Embaſſador had receiv'd the News of the Surrender of *Montmeli*, he would not in the leaſt yield to any Terms. So that at laſt the *Spaniard* was forced to drive out of the way, thinking it a Matter of ſufficient Triumph, That he had ſtop'd the *French Embaſſador* ſo long.

There is a Poſt come in from *Denmark*, who brings News of the Total Deſtruction of *Itzchow* by Fire. This was a Town belonging to the *Danes*, and was fir'd by the *King of Sueden*'s Order. The *Danes* are very Unfortunate of late Years; they make no Figure in *Europe*. There is a Period ſet to the Grandeur of every *Kingdom* and *State*, and the *Danes* were once very Victorious and formidable; but now their *Monarchy* declines apace, to make way for the riſing Luſtre of the *Suedes*.

By

By Sea the *Dunkerkers* make a great Noiſe: They have lately taken from the *French*, twenty Merchant Veſſels, and from the *Engliſh* near half that number. But, if they have not better Fortune than their Neighbours, the *French* will take their City from them e're long. Every Campaigne makes a fair Advance toward it. I ſent an Account already to the *Kaimacham* of the Surrender of *Montmeli*, one of the moſt important Places in *Chriſtendom*. Now I acquaint thee, that Sr. *Venant*, which has not ſo great a Character, yet conſiderable enough, has yielded upon *Articles*. This was done on the 28*th* of the laſt *Moon*. At this rate the *French Prieſts* will have little elſe to do, but to ſing *Te Deum*, for their repeated Succeſſes and Victories.

From *Portugal* we hear, that that *Court* to ſecure themſelves the better againſt the *Spaniards*, have ſent to implore the Aſſiſtance of *Morocco* and *Fez*: Which is much cenſur'd among the *Nazarenes*. Others ſay, they are only Meſſengers, gon to buy up all the Horſes they can get in that *Country*.

In the mean while the *King* of *France* is taking all the *Politick* Meaſures he can, for the *Empire* of the *Weſt*. His *Embaſſadors* in *Germany* appear with a Magnificent Train of three hundred Men, and they ſtyle their Maſter, *His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, King of* France *and* Navarre, *Sovereign Prince in* Germany *and* Italy; Which laſt is look'd upon as a fair Step to the *Title* of *Emperor*.

The *Counſels* of the *German Court* are not a little diſturb'd, to hear that our Invincible Forces are approaching towards the *Confines* of *Hungary*. It will put ſome ſtop to the deſign'd Election. Beſides, they cannot agree among themſelves about a *Succeſſor*.

The *Queen Chriſtina* of *Sueden*, is come back again into this *Kingdom*, being frighted out of *Italy* a ſecond Time, by the Return of the *Plague*.

There is a War commenc'd between the City

of

out of the *Archipelago*, and then the Imp would have no longer Reaſon to complain of Bread.

Paris, 10th *of the* 9th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1657.

LETTER XXII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not what's the Matter, but m Friends are of late grown ſtrange to n write but ſeldom, and then their *Letters* Reſerves, as if they ſuſpected my Integr becauſe that I am commanded to inform *van* of all Criminal Practices, therefor afraid to communicate their Sentiments ſame Freedom as formerly; tho' on *Theme* belonging to the *State*, but purely *Specul* the common Diſcourſe of all ſenſible M

then eſteem'd a point of Gallantry, to fa-
Chriſtians of all Sects, and let 'em talk
s they pleas'd, provided they blaſphem'd
, or his Prophets. And they themſelves
ave condemn'd any of their own Party,
n'd have been guilty of ſuch an Immorali-
affront to the Eſtabliſh'd Religion of the
rs, and the general Senſe of Mankind.
hy then is the ſame Liberty retrench'd now,
among *Muſſulmans* who are intimate Friends?
now as lawful for us to converſe with one
by *Letter* or any other way, as it was then
into Dialogues with Infidels? I would not
ge or imitate the Bold and Prophane Eſ-
their Wit, who deny the Being of a God,
Blaſphemies againſt his Meſſenger: The
niverſe is an irrefragable Teſtimony of an
nd *Omnipotent Nature*: And the *Alcoran* is
nt Proof, of the Sanctity and Indiſpenſible
on of our *holy Law-giver*. But I hope 'tis no
o enter into Speculations of Things lyable
roverſie. At leaſt, I will venture to diſcloſe
my Thoughts, who art the moſt agreeable
y Friends. I tell thee, my dear *Gnes*, it ap-
me ridiculous, and like the Quarrels of
n, for *Muſſulmans* to wrangle about mere
in Religion, and that the Reſign'd to God
be zealous for the Whimſies of Men. One
elieves the *Alcoran* is Eternal, another ſays
ated. In my Opinion, they are both abſurd
ons: The firſt, becauſe then it will follow,
here are more Eternals than One, which is
tep to *Polytheiſm* and *Idolatry*: The ſecond
an Impropriety of Speech; For we do not
ſay of any Writing, That it is Created
n'd.
I eaſily believe the manifold Deſcents of *Ga-*
om Heaven, when he brought down the

Hundred

of the *Law* was ſent to *Moſes*, the *Pſalms* t
the *Goſpel* to *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*, and th
ty *Alcoran* to *Mahomet* the Seal of the Pr p

It is as eaſy for me to believe the *Cele*
with which all theſe Manuſcripts were w
be of ſome *Admirable Subſtance*. But, why i
be made of Pearls, rather than of Diamon
ny other Jewels, I ſee no Reaſon; Or that i
be a Journey of *fifty Years*, for the ſwifteſ
in *Arabia* to run from one End of it to th
Yet if I have not Faith enough for theſe t
will not be angry with thoſe that have. L
Man enjoy his Fancy.

But I cannot be ſo indifferent, when I h
tell me, that God has a Body like Ours, wit
Ears, Noſe, Hands, Tongue, and all othe
bers and Organs of Life, Senſe, Speech and M
That he is ſubject to Paſſions of Love, Hatred
Grief, and all the Affections that are com
Mortals. Yet thou knoweſt there is a Sect o
mans, who believe all this, and preach it t

any Import, that the *Weſtern Philoſophers* aſſert, It is of the *Eſſence* of all *Bodies* to be Circumſcrib'd and Finite: Since, though this may be readily granted true of Particular Bodies, yet muſt it ever be deny'd of the *Immenſe* and *Univerſal Body* out of which the *World* is *form'd*: Unleſs they will allow an Unlimited and Interminate Unbody'd *Space*, which is more Unintelligible and Abſurd. Doubtleſs, if the *Eternal Mind* has a *Body*, 'tis expanded wide as the endleſs *Æther*, and equally preſent in all Places: Neither can this *Body* be any more Circumſcrib'd, Confin'd, or ſhut up in any Place, than the Light of the Sun can be reſtrain'd within a Room, or ſeparated from its *Source* by drawing of a Curtain. For all the World is pervious to this *Infinite Body*, which is altogether *Indiviſible* into *Parts*, even as that which we call a *Spirit*. In a Word, we muſt conceive it to be *ſimple* and *uncompounded*, the *fineſt* and *ſubtleſt Matter* of the *Univerſe*.

But if thou wilt have my Opinion, all this is infinitely too low and narrow an *Idea*, of that *Eternal* and moſt *Exalted Eſſence*, that *Intellectual Beauty*, which no Mortal Eye has ſeen, no Tongue or Pen can deſcribe; the ſmalleſt Glimpſe of whoſe *ineffable Majeſty*, falling on the Thoughts of *holy Men* and *Prophets*, ſnatches away their Souls in ſacred Paſſions and divine Ecſtaſies, whilſt their *Bodies* are in the Cuſtody of the Angel of *Death*. At ſuch Times they are carry'd up through the *Seven Heavens*, beholding all their *Wonders*, and the *Purple Sea* which divides the *firſt Heaven* from the *ſecond*. They paſs by the *Orbs*, where Fire, Hail, Snow, and Thunder are prepar'd, and kept as in Reſervatories againſt the Day of *Calamity*; being guarded by *Spirits* of *Vengeance*, who are created to puniſh Infidels. Then they aſcend to the *Fourth Heaven*, where dwell innumerable Armies of *Holy Ones*. Next to the *Fifth*, where are the Angels of *Interceſſion*

O *Dgnet*, when I have ſaid all I can, t
to the purpoſe. For no Words nor Tho
reach that *Infinite above all Infinity*. Not
pure unbodied Minds, can have Acceſs to
and *Borders* of that endleſs Region of Lig

Therefore let us not ſtretch our vain I
ons, nor greedily pry into thoſe Secret
for ever fly from Human Thought: Bu
our ſelves within the Bounds of Reaſon a
ety, let us adore God and believe his *Prop*
the Law of Cleaneſs and Purity, without
Man or Beaſt; And that's the way, if th
to aſcend to the Viſion and Enjoymen
Happineſs, which at preſent is hid from u

Paris, 5th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XXI

are very proper and lively. Yet in ſome Things 'tis poſſible thou haſt been miſinform'd. The Affairs of *Italy* are inconſiderable, when compar'd with the more important *Wars* of the North. That *Quarter* is at preſent the *Theatre* of the moſt remarkable Actions. Yet the Campaignes in *Flanders* this Year have made ſome Noiſe in the world.

But, all the Diſcourſe at preſent is, of the Famous Siege, and taking of *Fredericks Ode* by the *Suedes*: This is a *Fortreſs* belonging to the King of *Denmark*, and eſteem'd one of the ſtrongeſt in *Europe*. Yet it was taken by Storm: Wherein the *Danes* loſt Ninety three Principal *Officers*, and about three thouſand Common Soldiers; thirty three Colours; ſeventy ſeven great Guns of Iron and Braſs; three hundred and eighty two Barrels of Powder; forty thouſand Muſquet Bullets; ſix hundred Granado's; three thouſand Pikes, and two thouſand two hundred Suits of Armour.

This Victory makes the *Suedes* appear terrible to their Enemies; and they are look'd upon as the only Flouriſhing Nation in the *North*, as *France* is in the *Weſt*. Yet, to ſhew that there's no unmix'd Happineſs here below, their Intereſt has been much leſſen'd, by the Deſertion of the *Brandenburghers*, who now ſeem to favour the Cauſe of King *Caſimir*.

That Monarch had an Interview lately with the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, at a Place call'd *Broombergh*; where they embrac'd one another, banqueted together, and buried all the *Memoirs* of Enmity in Generous *Compotations*: For, this is the Way of the *Northern Princes* of *Europe*; who live in ſo Cold a Climate, that nothing leſs than a Debauch of Wine, can thaw their frozen Souls, and melt 'em into an obliging Humour.

As for the *State* of *England*, I perceive thou knoweſt the *Character* of *Oliver*, the new Sovereign of that Common-wealth. Yet I can inform thee,

that

Treaſons againſt his Life; which makes
his Bed five or ſix times a Night. Th
Metamorphos'd from a Hero to a perf
And this is not the Report of the Mu
take things upon Truſt; but 'tis the S
French Grandees, who wiſh well to the
late murther'd *Engliſh* King.

I muſt be irregular in my Method
that I may oblige thee with Military I
more particular Account of the Storm
Ode, is juſt come to my Hands, wherei
ſur'd, that it was taken at the firſt Aſſ
much redounds to the Honour of *Gene*
and that the *Crown Marſhal of Denmark*,
Senators and Grandees, fell by the E
Sword; and that two thouſand Ca
driven yok'd in Couples like Beaſts, as a
tion of the Conqueror's Triumph.

Thou wilt not be diſpleaſed at the
rence and Order of theſe Memoirs, conf
it ſuits well enough with the Subject:

Whilſt *Don John* of *Auſtria*, labours under a Malady of another Nature, being much diſtreſs'd for want of Money to pay his Soldiers. This is look'd upon as a very bad Symptom in a *General* of an Army.

The great City *Cracow* in *Poland*, is ſurrendred by the *Swedes* to King *Caſimir* That Monarch begins to find a turn of his *Affairs*; and 'tis thought he will draw half the Princes of *Europe* into a League againſt the King of *Sweden*.

It will be of no great Importance for thee to know, that the Siege of *Munſter* is rais'd, and a Peace concluded between that City and their *Biſhop*: Yet 'tis convenient, that this ſhould be related to the Miniſters of the *Divan*, who are the Judges of Human Events. Beſides, in one of my *Letters*, I mention'd this Quarrel and Siege.

Illuſtrious *Aga*, I have obey'd thy Commands, in ſending thee an Abſtract of all the moſt remarkable Tranſactions in *Europe*, during the laſt three or four *Months*. I wiſh, 'twere as agreeable to any of my Friends, to ſend me the News of our *Armies* and *Navy*.

But I am more oblig'd to Strangers and Infidels, for the Intelligence I have of the *Ottoman* Affairs, than to any of the *True Believers*.

Brave *Commander*, may God preſerve thee from the Common Vices of a Soldier's Life, and make thee as Renowned as *Caſſim Hali*, who was preſent in 25 pitch'd Battels, receiv'd 48 Wounds, and yet lived to the 63d Year of his Age.

Paris, 27th *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

The End of the Third Book.

Actions of our Lives, we Generally form
gular Deſign, as their Scope and Center
do many Things without Reflection, as
are ſaid ſometimes to play Excellent *Tune*
ſo much as regarding or thinking what t
bout. By all which it is Evident, that ou
little to do in the Conduct of our Lives.
all other Creatures, act according to cer
Impulſes of *Nature*. The very ſame *Faculty*
call *Inſtinct* in the *Beaſt*, is no other than
term *Reaſon*, *Wiſdom*, *Knowledge*, *Diſcretion* a
in *our ſelves*. And I think 'tis no *Soleciſm* to
that was a Prudent *Dog*, who perceiving
making ready a Rope to hang him, ſlily ſl
and never came near him more.

Suffer me to make yet a farther Digreſ
aſcribe it to *Fate*. For I'm on a ſudden
Interrupted in my Thoughts, by a moſt
Tempeſt; A Medly of Hail, Rain, Lighte
Thunder: And this laſt, tho' not over-n
loud, yet it was the moſt ſingularly terrify
ever I heard in my Life. There is a ſort
der which they call the *Drum*, becauſe it ap
near the Sound of that Warlike Inſtrument
a lively, fierce Rumbling in the Air, like
of an *Alarm*. There is another more fu
like the Roaring of *Cannons*. But this had
in it, of the moſt Harſh, Affrighting and
Noiſes that ever ſhook the *Welkin*.

I was poſſeſſed with a deep Melancholy
as I heard the Horrid Clatter begin, and ſaw
darken apace, with a more than ordinary
neſs. Then I felt ſome *Religious* Paſſions ſ
with my Reaſon. I was full of Fears, leſt
angry with me, for my Counterfeited Life
the *Chriſtians*: And imagined no leſs, t
this *Tempeſt* was raiſed on purpoſe to deſt
and make me an Example to all *Muſſulman*

dare deny the holy Prophet, to ſerve the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior*, as much a Mortal as themſelves. Or, at leaſt, I concluded I ſhould taſt my ſhare of the Wrath of Heaven, at this cholerick Juncture. Nay, and all the *Philoſophy* I could muſter together, ſerved but to raiſe my diſmal Expectations of the *Fatal Bleſt*. For I could not avoid thinking, That a wicked Man is a *Magnet* which naturally attracts the *Vengeance* of *Heaven*: And that I being ſuch in the higheſt Degree, could not fail of having my Soul ſcorched up at once to nothing, or *Metamorphoſed* to a *Fury* (which is worſe) by ſome ſurprizing and inevitable *Flaſh*. For, to paſs from this Life by Lightning, Poiſon, or an Earthquake, are the only Deaths I fear.

I fell on my Knees and Face, addreſſing my ſelf to God, with the moſt humble and fervent Devotion I was capable of. I made my Application alſo to his Prophets. I ſaid and did, all that I thought would procure a Reſpite of the Puniſhment I fear'd. At length, being tir'd and ſick of too much *Prayer*, I roſe and ſate down chearfully; remembring I was a *Muſſulman*, and reſigned to the Will of Deſtiny. Conſidering alſo that I was an *Arabian*, of a Noble Stock; I reſolv'd, if I muſt die, to prepare my ſelf with a Moderation worthy of my Blood; that ſo I might go to the *Inviſibles*, like the *Grand-Son* of an *Emir*.

Perhaps thou wilt impute this to Vanity: But I eſteem it a point of Juſtice, for a Man to take care, that he may live and die like himſelf, without degenerating from the *Virtue* of his *Anceſtors*, or bringing a Diſgrace on the *Tribe* to which he belongs. For, tho' God has created all Men of the ſame *Mould*, yet he has diſtinguiſh'd one Family from another, by more than *Specifique Characters* imprinted on them in their *Nativity*. And has ennobled ſome Mortals with peculiar Qualities and innate Per-

fections, which others are wholly Stra
So, there others Remarkable for *Heredi*
ces.

Whether theſe things depend on the Bl
on the different Circumſtances of Soul
they came into theſe Bodies, is a Queſtion
reſolv'd. But, this I'm ſure of, That I fin
ſelf both ſome Virtues and Vices, which
never yet diſcover ſo odly blended togethe
other Mortal. I'm always Campagnin
Frontiers of Good and Evil. Yet my Paſ
not Mercenary: No Price can tempt me
ſon or Perfidy. I am Maſter of a certain
of Spirit, which no Human Charm is abl
mantle. My Integrity cannot be warp'd b
And 'tis for this Reaſon, I a little value
Which makes me ſometimes inclin'd rathe
ly to ſally forth into the unknown World
tarry in this, where I meet with nothing b
tempt and Diſeſteem from the Slaves of H
whoſe Sake I bear the Fatigue of Life. Surel
I, wherever it be my Lot to go, after my
from this Mortal State; the Spirits of that
will be kind to me, for the ſake of my incc
ble Truſtineſs: For, they have Intrigues as
wa; and conſequently, will be glad of F
Agents.

In a Word, ſince all my Zeal and Loy
thought not to merit any Reward in this l
would fain try, whether at leaſt I may not
to be a Ghoſt of Honour; If there be an
Diſtinctions in that World of Spirits.

Paris, 27th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LET

LETTER II.

To Muſtapha Baſſa.

I Shall acquaint thee with a late Tranſaction in this *Kingdom*, which I believe has but few Examples. The *Kaimacham* has already received a Diſpatch from me, wherein I ſignify'd the Return of *Chriſtina Queen* of *Sueden*, into *France*: This *Princeſs* ſince her Arrival at *Fontainbleau*, having diſcover'd ſome ſecret Treachery in one of her Retinue who was an *Italian Marquis*, pronounc'd a formal Sentence of Death on him: Which was accordingly executed on the *10th* Day of the *11th Moon*, by her own Officers, in a *Gallery* of her Palace, after he had been warn'd of it by her Expreſs Order, and had a *Confeſſor* ſent to him, to prepare him for another World.

When this was done, ſhe immediately ſent a Meſſenger to acquaint the *French King* with this Action, and the Reaſons which induc'd her to it. Some of the *Courtiers* at firſt perſuaded him, That the *Queen's* Proceeding entrench'd on his *Royal Prerogative*, he being the ſole *Arbiter* of Life and Death within his own *Dominions*: Whereupon *Monſieur de Chaumt* was ſent to expoſtulate with her. I have formerly mention'd this Perſon in ſome of my Letters, when he was *Ambaſſador* from this Crown to Queen *Chriſtina*, then reigning in *Sueden*. He is a Gentleman of Great Abilities: And for that Reaſon, has been employ'd in the moſt difficult Negotiations, with the States of *Holland* and other Countries.

Yet People cenſure variouſly; And the Caſe has been refer'd to the Doctors of the Civil Law, who pronounc'd this *Sentence* in her Favour, *That being an Independent Sovereign, and having the King of* France's *Permiſſion to reſide in this Realm, the Rights of Sove-*

reignty cou'd not be deny'd her over her own Subjects: Such are to be esteem'd all that are in her Service and take her Pay, except the Subjects of the State where she resides.

The swift Execution of this Queen's Sentence on her Servant, in part resembles the Rigour of our *Eastern Justice*, which admits of no Delays in punishing of Criminal Persons, and removing *Traitors* out of the way; neither is it to be diverted, by any Fears of After-claps. And though these *Western Monarchs* generally put no Man to Death without a formal Process at Law; yet sometimes they have leap'd over this Rule, and only given the Word of Command to some of their Officers, and the Business was done: As in the Case of the *Marshal d' Ancre*, and the *Duke of Guize*; the one falling by a Pistol Bullet, the other by the Stab of a Dagger; and both in the King's own Palace, surrounded with their Servants and Friends. And there was no other way for the Crown of *France* to secure it self from the Attempts of these dangerous Men, who were grown to such a height, as to Monarch it almost as much as their Masters.

Mighty *Bassa*, the Charms of Sovereignty are very strong, creating Envy and Ambition in *Subjects*, and Jealousie in *Princes*. It is not safe for an Eminent *Grandee*, to appear too Popular. For he that is invested with a Diadem, can never brook a *Rival*, or one whom he has Reason to suspect for such.

Paris, 15th *of the* 1st *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THE *Spaniards* are all diſſolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a young Prince and Heir of that declining *Monarchy*. 'Tis ſaid, that the King his Father, appointed a ſolemn *Feſtival* throughout all his Dominions, commanding his Subjects to celebrate it with the moſt exalted Demonſtrations of Joy: And on that Day, he himſelf wore the Ranſom of *Kings* in his Apparel; the very *Diamonds* and *Pearls* in his Hat, being valu'd at three Millions of *Gold*. By which thou may'ſt gueſs at the reſt.

He has alſo communicated this joyful News to all Chriſtian Princes and States, his Friends and Allies. And indeed, he has ſome Reaſon to make a noiſe of this good Fortune, being an old Man, and in all Men's Opinion not likely to have any more Children.

His *Ambaſſadors* in *Foreign Countries*, endeavour to imitate their Prince in all manner of Magnificent Triumphs. And particularly from *Holland* we have the following Account: That on a certain Day of this *Moon* of *January*, *Don Stephano de Gamara*, the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* at the *Hague*, caus'd *Te Deum* to be ſung with Excellent *Voices* and *Muſick*, whilſt fifty Pieces of *Ordnance* plaid continually. At Night a hundred and fifty *Pitch-Barrels* were lighted on ſeveral Scaffolds in the Streets, and all the Windows in the *Hague* were illuminated with *Wax-Tapers*. And theſe Words were ſeen flaming in an Artificial *Fire Work* for two hours together;

ParVe, at Magne PhILIppe,
Proſpere proCeDe, & regna.

I need not explain this *Inſcription* to thee who art vers'd in the *Roman Language*; and wilt find, that all

the Salt of theſe words lies in the Capital Letters pointing at the Year wherein this young Prince was born, *viz.* MDCLVII. except a little Pun upon his Name, which is *Philip Proſper*. On each Side appear'd the Arms of the *Spaniſh King*; and underneath, the *Golden Fleece*, ſo artificially contriv'd, that from it ſprung Fountains of divers kinds of Wine, at which the Multitude drank liberally for ſome Hours: Whilſt many new Coin'd Pieces of Gold and Silver, were ſcatter'd among them out of the *Ambaſſador*'s Windows. They were ſtamp'd with an *Olive Tree*, having this *Motto* on one Side;

Creſcente hac, Pax aurea creſcet,

And on the other ſide a Hand with this Inſcription in a Label,

Dabit Populis Pacem.

The *French* ridicule this latter *Motto*, and ſay, The King of *Spain* will e're long deſerve the Title of *Peace-maker*: when he ſhall be forc'd to ſue for it, not being in a Condition to carry on a War.

Illuſtrious Officer, I know thou art well verſed in the *Roman* Hiſtories, having been educated under *Achmet Lala*, who was a Learned Man. And 'tis probable, thou art no Stranger to the more Modern Relations of *Europe*, and the diverſe Characters of the People that inhabit it. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that *Rome* in all its Victorious Bravery, never ſaw firmer Soldiers in a Battel, than the *Spaniards* are at this Day; But the *French* have finer Wits, more Money, and better Fortune: And 'tis this makes 'em inſult. Beſides, Deſtiny over-rules all Things. Every Kingdom and Empire has its Climacters, wherein it droops, declines, and at the Grand Critical Period falls to Ruin.

The *Greeks* had Money enough when the Great *Sultan Mahomet* beſieged *Conſtantinople*: But they had

had not Wit to uſe it for their own Preſervation; and ſo that City, the laſt conſiderable Stake of the Empire, was loſt to the *Ottomans*, who ſoon after became Maſters of all the reſt.

Thou haſt Wealth in abundance, and Diſcretion to manage it: Slip no Opportunities, but remember the old *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *God has given whole Days to the Fortunate, but to the Unhappy he affords only ſome Hours.*

Paris, 17th *of the* 1ſt *Moon,*
of the Year 1658.

LETTER IV.

To Peſteli Haly, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Grand Signior's Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

I Remember my promiſe, though it be late. Thou know'ſt I have many Hindrances, and therefore wilt not tax me with feigning an Excuſe. However, thy Letter came to me in a good Hour, to put me in Mind of theſe Things, and to enquire of our Mother's Health who ſtill reſides in this City.

I have ſaid nothing of her, ſince my firſt Letter after her Arrival at *Paris*. And to tell thee the Truth, ſhe has ſaid little her ſelf; being ignorant of the *French Tongue*, and too old to learn it. Therefore her chief Converſation has been with *Eliachim* and me, above theſe three Years: For that *Jew* ſpeaks indifferent good *Turkiſh* and *Arabick*.

If thou woud'ſt know how ſhe has ſpent her Time. 'Tis divided between her Devotions and her Needle. She lives more Recluſe than a Chriſtian *Nun*: ſeldom or never ſtirring abroad, unleſs to take the

infringing the Precepts of the *Alcoran*, and
ing the Meſſenger of God: For ſhe eſteems
et of the *Jews* pure, and free from Pollutio
Pious and Motherly Zeal, ſhe rebukes me fo
and drinking with *Infidels*: And I've nothi
in my Defence, but the Neceſſity I lie unde
venting Suſpicion, that ſo I may ſerve th
with greater Succeſs, and that I have the
Diſpenſation for this and many more Irregu
When ſhe hears this, ſhe lifts up her Eyes
ven. lays her Hand upon her Breaſt, and ap
ſign'd: Yet ſhakes her Head, and ſeems to
Caſe; not without ſome Reflections on the
tion of the Times, the Impiety of the *Sera*
want of Zeal for the *Holy Prophet*.

She has her Health to a Miracle: And e
the firſt two *Moons* after ſhe came to *Paris*,
heard her complain of the leaſt Indiſpoſiti
poſſible, the Change of Air, with the Inc
ences of Travelling ſo far by Sea and Land

threaten a Stranger: And takes a particular Delight to hear thy Adventures with the *Indian* Lady, at the Court of *Raja Hulacu*. Thou may'ſt be aſſur'd, our Mother bears a ſingular Affection to thee: For we never meet, without wiſhing thee in our Company. She rejoyces mightily, to hear of thy Proſperity and Advancement in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*, and his *Principal Miniſters*; wiſhing thee every day a new Step of Honour and Intereſt. Thou may'ſt alſo reſt ſatisfy'd that *Mahmut* comes not ſhort of the Affection he owes to ſuch a Brother.

At other Times we talk of our Couſin *Iſouf*, who is now in the *frozen Regions* of the *North*. His *Itinerary Memoirs*, are alſo very pleaſant; and we paſs ſome Hours in reading and comparing 'em with the *Diſpatches* which I frequently receive from *Mehemet* an Exil'd *Eunuch* in *Egypt*: For *Iſouf* is more large in his *Deſcription* of that *Country*, and his *Remarks* on its *Antiquities*, than on any other Part of *Africa*. Yet he ſays enough of all that *Southern* Quarter.

As to what I promis'd to inform thee concerning the *Pyramids*, *Mummies*, and other Singularities of *Egypt*; know, that our Kinſman *Iſouf* is a great *Critick*, and gives the Lye to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other Writers of *Greece* and *Rome*. Neither will he conſent in all things to our *Arabian Hiſtories*.

He ſays, the *Pyramids* are neither ſo high, nor does their *Baſis* take up ſo much Ground, as is reported by the *Ancients*. He laughs at thoſe who affirm, They caſt no *Shadows* at *Noon*, having experienc'd the contrary when the *Sun* was in *Capricorn*. And we may believe him in this, on good Ground: For it is Recorded of *Thales Mileſius*, who liv'd above two thouſand Years ago, that he took the Height of theſe *Pyramids* by their Shadows.

There are three of theſe *Admirable Structures* not

far from *Caire*, and about eighteen more in the *Deſerts* of *Lybia*. It is generally ſuppos'd, That they were built for *Sepulchres* of the *Egyptian Kings*; ſome of them before the *Flood*, the reſt after. There are not wanting *Hiſtorians* who aſſert the greateſt of the *Pyramids* to be the *Tomb* of *Seth*, the Son of *Adam*.

Iſouf was within this *Mighty Fabrick*, and atteſts, that after he and his Company had deſcended and aſcended through certain *Galleries*, they came at laſt to a *Square Chamber*, wall'd about with pure *Thebaick Marble*; in the middle of which was a Cheſt of the ſame Stone, which when ſtruck with the Foot, ſounded like a Muſical Inſtrument. It is believ'd that in this Cheſt was laid the *Body* of the King who built that *Pyramid*.

The Ancient *Egyptians* were of Opinion, That even after that which we call Death, or the Separation of the Soul and Body, there were certain Arts to retain 'em together; If not in ſo ſtrict and intimate an Union as before, yet in a very familiar Correſpondence for many Ages. So that the Soul ſhould always take delight to hover about the Body, and to exerciſe its *Faculties* in the Place where that was repoſed.

For this Reaſon, in the firſt Place, they took out the Bowels, and whatſoever was moſt liable to *Corruption*: And having waſh'd the empty Belly with *Wine* of *Palms*, mix'd with *Aromatick* Powders, they ſtuff'd it with *Myrrh*, *Caſſia*, and many coſtly *Confections*; and then ſewed it up. After this, they purify'd the whole Body with *Nitre*; And having drawn out the Brains by the Noſtrils with a Hook, they fill'd up the Skull with melted Gums. And laſt of all, they ſwathed up the whole Body in Silk, ſmearing it over with rich Mixtures of *Bitumen*, *Spices* and *Gums*, and ſo delivered it to the Kindred to be laid up in the *Sepulchre*.

Theſe were the Preparations they made to Court

the

the Preſence of the Soul, by rendring the Body for ever ſweet and incorruptible. And, that the Majeſty of *Royal Ghoſts* might never be interrupted or violated by the Neighbourhood of *Vulgar Spirits*, or the Ruder Approach of Mortals; *Kings* built theſe *Magnificent Piles*, as the *Palaces* of their *laſt Repoſe*. 'Tis therefore they were Erected in Deſert and Unfrequented Places, and in ſuch a Form as was eſteemed the moſt durable, and ſecure from the Injuries of *Time*, the Aſſaults of the *Elements*, and from the common Fate of all humane Enterpriſes. Each Stone of a prodigious bulk, and rivetted to the next with a Bar of Iron: Which with the ſtrength and invincible Faſtneſs of the Cement, renders it a Thing impoſſible for any one of theſe *Pyramids* to be demoliſhed, tho' all Mankind were ſet to work for many ſucceſſive Generations.

Al Mamun the *Caliph* of *Babylon*, attempted to do it, but in vain. For after he had ſet his Men to work, and been at vaſt Expences, they made but one ſmall Breach, ſo inconſiderable, that being made ſenſible it would exhauſt his *Treaſures* to remove but the hundredth Part of the *Pyramid*, he deſiſted, full of Wonder at the Wiſdom of the *Founders*.

If it be true, that the Soul may by ſuch Allurements as theſe be prevail'd on to remain with the *Body* in its *Sepulchre*, and that a Man's future Happineſs conſiſts in this, I ſhould my ſelf admire and imitate thoſe *Egyptian Sages*. I would in my Life-time build me a ſmall *Manſoleum*, according to my Ability, and order in my *laſt Will* and *Teſtament*, that my *Body* be embalmed and condited for a perpetual Duration. But if none of theſe Arts can alter the Decrees of Deſtiny, or force an *immortal Spirit* from Ranging where it pleaſes; I muſt conclude with *Pliny*, That this Celebrated Wiſdom of the *Egyptians*, was no other than Glorious Folly, and all

magin a *dead Carcaſe*, however perfumed
againſt *Corruption*, was more inviting t
Irio formed to live? or that it was m
for the Soul to be impriſoned in a *Dark E*
no better are the Inſides of the *Pyramid*
enjoy the Light of the *Sun*, *Moon* and *St*
various Sweets of the *Elements*? Broth
Opinion, 'twere better to be a Bird, a W
or any living Thing, than to be thus i
many Ages, and have no other Compa
an old ſalted *Mummie*.

Joſef has made ſome Remarks on thi
to which he ſays *Egypt* owes not only i
Fruits, but alſo the very Soil which bring
For every Year, at the Time of the Inund
River brings along with it from *Æthio*
other *Regions* through which it paſſes, *A*
of Slime and Mud, with which it cov
Land of *Egypt*, leaving it behind at the
the Waters; ſo that the Soil of *Egypt* i
from other *Countries*. And if this be true

the Mountainous *Regions* of *Africa*, might in the ſpace of two *Miriads* of Years, have filled up all that part of the Sea which is now *firm Land*, and call'd *Egypt*.

If this be true, it ſeems to be very ſtrange, That the *Egyptians* ſhould boaſt of greater *Antiquity* than any other Nation in the World, tho' their Country it ſelf be the youngeſt of all the Regions on *Earth*, an Abortive *Spot* of Ground, hatched by a River in the depths of the *Sea*, and ever ſince cheriſh'd by that River as by a Parent or Nurſe, which ceaſes not to convey to it yearly a convenient Proportion of Aliment, whereby the Country it ſelf grows in Bulk, and the Inhabitants are maintain'd. O admirable Providence of Nature, who can penetrate into thy Myſterious Conduct! O *Egypt* abounding in Prodigies and Wonders! Where the Land and Water, with the other Elements, conſpire to render thee all over Miraculous.

Dear *Peſtoli*, I am tranſported when I think of that *Region*, and could relate a thouſand more Paſſages, both out of *Joſeph's Memoirs*, and from the Mouths of others, who have travelled thither to obſerve ſo many Miracles. But I believe, thy Patience will be ſufficiently tir'd with the length of this Letter. Beſides, my Mother is juſt come to viſit me, and deſires me to recommend her unfeigned Affections to thee.

Be aſſured alſo, that *Mahmut* loves thee with the Integrity of a Man, and the Tenderneſs of a Brother: And he ſerves thee in all Things without repining.

Paris 17th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Venetians* are very angry for the Loſs of *Tenedos*; and not without Reaſon; For that *Iſland* is a delicate Spot of Ground, abounding in rich Wines, and other Products of *Nature*. Beſides, it commands the Avenue of the *Shining City*, the *Refuge* of *Mortals*.

They variouſly relate the Manner of its being taken from 'em by the *Arms* which no *Earthly Power* is able to reſiſt. Endeavouring in all their Rumors, to diſguiſe the truth as much as they can, and miſrepreſent the Bravery of the *Ottomans*; that ſo the Actions of their own *Generals*, may make the Greater Figure.

Theſe *Nazarens* have a bad Cauſe, and therefore are Compelled to make Uſe of Shifts and Equivocations to ſupport it. They are quite degenerated from the Integrity of the *Primitive Followers* of *Jeſus*. In a Word, they make good the Character of the Ancient *Candiots*; Of whom a certain *Poet* ſays, *They are thorow pac'd Lyars, Ravenous Beaſts, and Gluttonous Drones*.

It is believ'd in theſe *Parts*, that when the *Venetians* quitted the *Iſland*, they departed not without Revenge, ſetting Fire to a Mine, and blowing up ſeveral Hundreds of *Mahometans*, into the Air.

However, they have for ever Proſcribed and Excommunicated *Girolamo Loredan* and *Giovanni Contarini* in whoſe Cuſtody the Chief Fortreſſes of the *Iſland* were; accuſing them of Cowardiſe and Treachery: Offering alſo Two Thouſand *Cequins* to any that ſeizes on 'em within the Dominions of *Venice*, and Three thouſand to him that kills 'em in another *Country*.

I know, 'tis in the Power of the All Commanding *Port* to protect theſe *Exiles*, if they are within the *Territories* of our *Sovereign*; much more, if they ſhelter

nelter themſelves in that *Sanctuary* of the *Diſtreſſ-id*. But thou, and the other *Supreme Miniſters*, are eſt able to judge whether theſe *Infidels* merit ſo reat a *Favour*.

Perhaps, their Caſe may be like that of *Nadaſt* overnour of *Buda*, when *Solyman* the *Magnificent* oe-eged that City. For *Nadaſt* was a Man of Invin-ible Courage and Fidelity, but was betrayed by he Soldiers, who bound him in Chains, and de-ver'd up the City and Caſtle to the *Victorious Sul-an*. That brave *Hero* underſtanding their Trea-hery, and the Reſolution of *Nadaſt* ſet him at Li-erty, and preſented him with Noble Gifts; but ommanded the perfidious Garriſon to be cut in ieces: A due Reward of their Treaſon. For tho' *rinces* often make Uſe of *Traytors* to ſerve their wn Deſigns; yet, when the Work is done, they ommonly purſue the Hated Inſtruments, with he Effects of a Juſt Contempt and Indignation.

Plutarch the *Greek Hiſtorian* abounds with Inſtan-es of this Nature; ſo does *Herodian*, and other *Roman* uthors. But, no example of Puniſhment in this ind, ſeems ſo Proportionate, Regular and Ingeni-us, as that which *Brennus*, *King* of the *Gauls*, cauſed o be inflicted on a *Virgin* of *Epheſus*; who, when e beſieged that City, promiſed to deliver it into is Hands, on Condition that his Soldiers would eſtow on her, all their *Ornaments* of *Gold*, which hey had Plundred in the *Wars* of *Aſia*, and wore a-out them as *Trophies*: For, when ſhe had perform-d her Contract, the Wife *General* to do his Part, auſed this *Virgin* to ſit down on the Ground; and hen every Soldier in his Army caſting his Plate in-o her Lap, ſhe was oppreſſed with the Inſupporta-le Weight, and buried alive in a Heap of Gold.

I do not mention this, as if the like were due to he *Venetian* Captains. I refer the Judgment of uch Things to my *Superiors*, *Miniſters* of the *Bleſſed anctuary* of *Mankind*.

'Tis

'Tis poſſible the *Vizir* of the *Bench* thought me dead or turned *Renegado*, becauſe they have not received any News from me theſe five *Moons*. But I tell thee, neither Men nor Devils can corrupt the Faith of *Mahmut*. But by the God of my *Vows*, there is not a more truſty Man in the *Univerſe*.

All the Reaſon of my Silence, was the Height of the Waters, which ſeemed to threaten the Earth with a *Second Deluge*. *Germany* was a *Sea*, and *Flanders* a *Lake*, for above three *Moons* together; ſo that 'twas impoſſible for the *Poſt* to travel. There were ſeen alſo ſtrange Spectres of Fire in the *Air*; And the People of *Brabant*, were alarmed with uncouth Noiſes in the *Elements*.

Perhaps, illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, theſe are the laſt Preparations, to the *Grand Cholick* of *Nature*; when *Wind*, *Water* and *Fire*, ſhall ſtrive to turn this *World* into its *old Chaos*.

Paris, 3^d *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VI.

To Solyman, *his* Couſin, *at* Conſtantinople.

MORE Melancholy ſtill? Wilt thou have no compaſſion on thy Exil'd *Uncle*, but harangue him to Death with thy *Religious Jargon*? Believe me, thy Letters of this Kind are as Irkſom to me, as the continual Din and Babling of *Boys* is to a poor weary *Pedagogue*. I forbid thee not to write to me, and that as often as thou wilt: 'Tis a Comfort in my Baniſhment, to hear from thoſe of my *Blood*. But let me beg of thee, to alter both thy *Theme* and *Stile*. Leave *ſpiritual* things to the *Mollahs* and *Imaums*; And let thy Thoughts be taken up in Thing

s belonging to thy *Trade*. In that be as Inqui-
is thou canſt. Bend thy Mind wholly, to
new Diſcoveries and Improvements in that;
will turn to thy Advantage. At thy hours of
I counſel thee to read *Hiſtories*, and ſome-
go into Company: There is much to be gain'd
nverſing with Men of Senſe. Such will ſerve
ours, wherein thou maiſt behold *Humanity* in
er Figure, and the *Deformity* of that *Vizard*,
hich *Error* and *Superſtition* diſguiſe our *Na-*
hey will correct thy Miſtakes, without put-
iee to a Bluſh. Wit and Reaſon ſhall flow
heir Tongues, as ſoft Harmonies breath from
es of an *Organ*, which chear the Spirits, and
the Heart that was clouded with Sadneſs.

Imperial City is full of ſuch, both Natives
rangers Cull them out from the mix'd Mul-
and make 'em thy Companions, without re-
the difference of *Religion*, whether they be
ans, *Franks*, *Armenians*, *Jews*, or others. A-
l Things, ſhun the Society of *Bigots*; and
r not thy ſelf among thoſe who are Opini-
, becauſe they profeſs the *True Faith*: For,
gnifies that, if their Lives be Vitious? I
e, they are worſe than the *Infidels*. Give no
Fortune-Tellers, and ſuch as pretend to *Aſtro-*
r whilſt they boaſt of knowing other Mens
ey are Ignorant of their own. And if there
Truth in that *Science*, one may ſay, their Ig-
in it affronts the *Stars*, and often provokes
haſten their own Ruin. Aſſure thy ſelf, they
uſe the World with Portentous Stories, to
ne and Money.

iate thy ſelf with none but Prudent and Mo-
Men, whoſe *Morals* are not leaven'd with a
rious Zeal; who look not Superciliouſly,
th Diſdain on a *Frank* as he walks along the
much leſs offer him an Indignity, when he

goes

goes about his honeſt Buſineſs, under the Protection of the *Grand Signior*. It becomes none but *Janizaries* and *Ruffians*, to be guilty of theſe Incivilities to *Strangers*. The *Law* of *Nations*, and the particular Commands of our *Holy Prophet*, oblige us to treat ſuch with all Humanity and Tenderneſs. Beſides, 'tis Reflecting on the *Juſtice* and *Hoſpitality* of the *Magnificent Port*, which is the *Refuge* and *Sanctuary* of all the *Earth*, that a *Stranger* cannot walk the Streets in Peace. Deſpiſe no Man on the Score of his *Religion*; for there are no Factions in *Paradiſe*: But conſider, that whilſt Thouſands of *Muſſulmans* ſhall go to *Hell* for their wicked *Lives*, ſo an Equal Number of thoſe we call *Infidels*, may be receiv'd into the *Manſions* of the *Bleſſed* for their *Virtues*.

Thou ſeem'ſt to be much concern'd for thy *Soul*: Thy *Letter* abounds with *overmuch* care in this *point*. In being too ſolicitous, it is Evident thy *Faith* is ſmall. Every Line is tinctured with Sad Expreſſions about the Perils, Snares, Ambuſhes, Hooks, Gins, and I know not what other Devices the *Devil* has to ruin thy *Poor Soul*, (as thou call'ſt it.) *Couſin*, doſt thou know what the *Soul* is, about which thou keep'ſt ſuch a Pudder; If thou doſt, 'tis more than I do, and yet I have been ſearching and prying into it above theſe Thirty Years; I mean, from the time that I firſt began to *think* and *conſider* of *Things*; but am as far to ſeek as ever I was. Neither cou'd all the *Wiſe Men* of *Old*, the *Philoſophers* and *Sages*, for ought I perceive, agree in their Verdict about this *Myſterious* thing which we call the *Soul*.

One will have it to be, *Only the Fineſt Part of Matter in the Body*; Another ſays, *'Tis the Air which the Lungs ſuck in, and diffuſe through all our Members*. A Third ſort affirm it to be. *A mixture of Air and Fire*; A Fourth, *Of Earth and Water*; A Fifth call it, *A Compleſtion made up of the Four Elements, a Kind of Quinteſſence*, and I know not what. The *Egyptians* call'd

t, *A certain Moving Number*; And the *Chal-d Power without Form it ſelf, yet Inabbing all Ariſtotle* call'd it, *The Perfection of a Natural* All theſe agreed, That it vvas *Corporeal*, and ere Extracted from *Matter*. The beſt *Defini-*ong them is not vvorth an *Aſpre*.

there vvere Men of Sublime Speculations, ffirm'd the *Soul* to be, *A Divine Subſtance, In-nt of the Body* Of this Opinion vvere *Zoroa-mes Triſmegiſtus, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plutarch*, y, and *Plato*. This laſt defin'd the *Soul* to be *loving Eſſence, endu'd with Underſtanding*. But they have ſaid all, I prefer the Modeſty of *Seneca*, and others vvho acknovvledged they ltogether Ignorant vvhat the *Soul* is.

:re was no leſs Diſagreement among the *Phi-s*, about the *Seat of the Soul*. *Hypocrates* and *ilus* plac'd it in the *Ventricles* of the *Brain*. *itus* aſſign'd it the *Whole Body*. *Strabo* was of on, it reſides between the *Brows*; *Epicurus* in *aſt* The *Stoicks* lodg'd it in the *Heart*; and *cles* in the *Blood*. Which laſt ſeems to be the Current Opinion of the *Eaſt* to this Day: ard both *Moſes* the *Law-giver* of the *Jews*, *ahomet* our *Holy Prophet*. aſſerted the ſame, r that Reaſon forbid *Fleſh* to be eaten with *od*.

be it what it will, either *Corporeal* or *Incor-a Subſtance* or an *Accident*, whether it dwell *Head* or in the *Feet*, *Within* or *Without* the ere is no Certainty of theſe Things, neither be aſſured what will become of it after Therefore 'tis in vain to diſquiet thy ſelf rch of a *Myſtery* that is hid from *Mortals*. qually fooliſh it will be, to frighten thy ſelf n Imagination of Hooks, Gins, and ſuch like e's, which thou ſuppoſeſt the *Devil* is buſie o entrap thy *Soul*. 'Tis a wonder thou art

not

not afraid to ſleep, leſt he ſhould catch th
ping, and ſteal thy Soul from thee. I w
know, what Sort of Tools he muſt uſe,
hold of a *Subſtance* more thin and Impe
than a *Shadow*, or how he will be able
and run away with a *Being* Active and
Thought?

Couſin, ſerve *God* after the Manner of
fathers: love thy Friends, pardon thy En
Juſt to all Men, and do no Injury to any
thou obſerveſt this Rule, thou may'ſt defi
vil, for thy Soul is in Safe Cuſtody. *God*
to thee, than thou art to thy ſelf. He
Center of *Every Thing*, and is *Himſelf the*
All Things. In a word, *He is All* in *All*.

Paris, 3th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VII.

To Aſis, Baſſa.

NOW the *Scenes* are changed in *Eur*
mies are become Friends, and th
profeſſed a Mutual Friendſhip, are at open I
Conſtancy is a Vice in the *Politicks*, and a I
Way of ſhifting from one Engagement to
for Intereſt, is eſteemed the only *State-Vi*

I have already intimated to the *Divan*,
which broke out laſt Year between the *Sa*
Danes. The latter begun it by Solemn *Pr*
on, ſending a *Herald at Arms* to the *Sued*
and diſpatching *Embaſſadors* to all his *Allies*
ſtendom, to give them an Account of his Proc
Now I ſhall entertain thee with a ſhort *Ide*

War, By which thou wilt comprehend, That the *Danes* are either much degenerated from the Vaour of their *Anceſtors*, who formerly made the noſt terrible Figure of all the *Nations* in the *North*: Or elſe, they are leſs obliged to *Fortune*, who has not favoured them with ſo many Succeſſes and Triumphs of late, but rather expoſed em to the Inſults of their Enemies, and the Conempt of all Men.

When the King of *Denmark* firſt proclaimed this *War*, he had a fair Advantage of the *Suedes*, who at hat time were ſorely intangled between the *Polanders*, *Germans*, and *Moſcovites*, and had more need of helps than Hindrances. Yet *King Guſtavus* urning Part of his Forces into *Holſtein*, *Schoneland* and *Juitland*, he took one Part after another, ill he had over-run thoſe *Provinces* in the ſpace of ix *Moons*; And reduced the *Danes* to a Neceſſity f Compoſition, and that on ſuch diſhonourable Terms, as renders them the Scorn of their Neighbouring *Nations*.

On the 13th of the 3d *Moon*, the Two *Kings* had n Interview near *Copenhagen*, the *Capital* City of *Denmark*: For, ſo far had the Fortune of the *Swediſh* Arms carried their Victories. They eat and Drank together ſeveral Times, and Converſed priately ſome Hours. At laſt, a Firm *Peace* was Concluded between them, and they concerted the Meaſure of a Perfect Friendſhip.

But, before this, the *Dane* had been forced to yield up *Schoneland*, with *Elſinberg*, which commands Half the *Baltick Sea*. He Surrendred alſo he *Provinces* of *Blakin* and *Halland*, with a very trong Caſtle; the *Iſland* of *Bartholme*, Ten *Ships f War*; and obliged himſelf to pay a Million of *Dollars*; and to maintain Four Thouſand Horſe and Foot in the King of *Swedeland*'s Service, and give Free Quarter to all the *Swediſh* Forces till the 5th

Moon.

Moon. These are ſuch diſhonourable *Articles* that the King of *Denmark* has quite loſt himſelf in the eſteem of all his *Allies*. They call him a poor ſpirited Prince, not worthy of Support or Aſſiſtance.

In a word, Serene *Baſſa*, it is like to fare with him, as with other unfortunate Men, who when they are once falling, every Body will help to throw them down. Therefore conſerve thy Honour, as the only Bulwark of thy Intereſt and Life.

Paris, 3d *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VIII.

To the Mufti.

BY the Faith of a True Believer, I ſwear the *Chriſtians* are Enemies to themſelves, if they do not embrace the Project of a certain *Jeſuite*. They are no Friends to their *Meſſias*, if they reject ſo Regular an *Idea*, ſo Reformed a Model of the *Nazarene Empire*, as this *Sage* has lately propoſed to the *Pope* and the *Cardinals*.

He lays his Foundation very deep, and draws his *Examples* from the *Practice* of *Peter*, the Prince of the firſt twelve *Chriſtian Caliphs*, whom the *Franks* call the Apoſtles of *Jeſus*, the Son of *Mary*. For, according to their *Traditions*, the *Meſſias* before he aſcended to *Heaven*, left an exact *Pattern* of the *Empire* he deſigned to eſtabliſh on Earth. He divided this *Empire* into *twelve diſtinct Provinces*, according to the Number of his *Apoſtles* or *Vicars*, aſſigning to each that Quarter of the World where he was to preſide, as *Moſes* had formerly cantonized the *Holy Region* of *Paleſtine* among the *Twelve Tribes*, that deſcended from *Jacob*.

But

But the happy Son of *Mary*, being a far greater Prophet than *Moſes*, or any that had gon before him; they ſay, he would not be content with diminutive *Territories* or *Dominions* diſproportionate to his ineffable Deſcent and Original. Therefore he reſolved on the Conqueſt of the whole Earth; commanding his *Vicegerents* to diſperſe themſelves thro' all Nations, according to a certain Method, and proclaim his Laws to every Creature on the *Globe*.

Venerable Preſident of the Faithful, I relate theſe things, as I receive them from the Mouths and Pens of Learned *Chriſtians*, who may be preſumed to know their own Hiſtory. Thou wilt perhaps expect to hear of Armies immediately raiſed; of Camps, Battels and Sieges; of Devaſtations by Fire and Sword; Storming of Cities, and Famiſhing of the more impregnable Fortreſſes: In a word, I believe thou look'ſt for a Relation of Campagnes and Victories, more Glorious than the Atchievements of the *Roman Cæſars*, more fortunate than the Succeſſes of *Alexander* the *Great*: but, I tell thee, all the Regiſters and Archieves of the Primitive Chriſtians, cannot furniſh us with any Memoirs of this Nature.

Their Goſpel mentions no Warlike Undertakings, nor ſo much as the drawing of the Sword by the Son of *Mary*, or any of his Followers, unleſs in a private Rencounter, when *Peter* the Lieutenant of the *Meſſias*, enflamed with a Paſſion to ſee his Maſter betrayed by *Judas*, his *Kahyah*, or *Teſterdar*, and rudely aſſaulted by *Malchus*, a Slave of the *Jewiſh Muſti*, the Valiant Apoſtle drew his *Cymetar*, and cut off the Fellow's Ear.

Believe me, O Myſterious Doctor of the *Muſſulmans*, I have peruſ'd the four Hiſtories of the Life of Jeſus, written by thoſe who were Eye-witneſſes of his Actions; and I find indeed, that he once ſaid to them of his Retinue, *I came not to ſend Peace*

on

Earth but a Sword. Yet, by the Sequel it is evident, That when he examin'd what Weapons his Followers had, and they told him, *but two Swords*; he ſeem'd to be well ſatisfied, ſaying, *It is enough*; Though a Moment before, he bid him among 'em that had no *Sword*, ſell his *Robe* and buy one.

And I have ſeen a *Diſpatch* ſent by *Paul* one of the *Primitive Chriſtian Caliphs*, to the *Nazarenes* at *Epheſus*; wherein he counſels them to put on compleat Armour, as *Helmet*, *Breaſt plate*, *Shield*, *Buſkins*, *Sword*, and the reſt.

Beſides theſe Paſſages; or ſuch like, there is no *Military* Diſcourſe throughout the Book of the *Goſpel*; much leſs any Relation of Battels, Sieges, or any martial Exploits. And the *Chriſtian Mollahs* or *Doctors*, interpret that Letter of *Paul*'s in a *Myſtical Senſe*.

Wilt thou know then, how the *Meſſias* and his *Apoſtles* ſubdu'd the World; I tell thee, it was by Exemplary Virtue and good Works, by Miracl and evident Demonſtrations of a *Supernatural Pow* aſſiſting them. For, they ſpake all *Languages*, were moſt of them *illiterate* Perſons; They cu the Deaf, the Blind, the Lame and the Paralyt without the Methods of *Surgery* or *Phyſick*. T caſt out *Devils*; rais'd the Dead. And finally, form'd ſuch and ſo many ſtupendous *Actions*, tha *World* became captivated to their *Doctrines* and and willingly ſubmitted to a Yoke, which ſ to come from Heaven. With Divine Eloqu and the *Dint* of irreſiſtible Reaſon, *Peter* the of the *Chriſtian Caliphs*, ſubdu'd the Minds aſtoniſh'd Auditory, one day in *Jeruſalem*; before the Sun went down, he gain'd five ſand *Proſelytes*. The Fame of theſe Thir ſoon ſpread through the Adjacent Countri divers remote *Provinces*; and the Numbe *Converts* was proportionably encreaſed. In

all that embraced the Faith of *Jeſus*, ſurrendered both themſelves and their Eſtates to be entirely diſpos'd of, at the Pleaſure of the *Apoſtles*. So great and unreſerv'd an Attach had they for the *Vicars* of their God.

Now the forenamed *Jeſuite* conſidering theſe Things, and comparing the State of thoſe *Devout Times*, with the Libertiniſm, Diviſions, Wars and general Contempt of the *Prieſthood* among the *Chriſtians* of ſucceeding Times, and eſpecially in this *preſent Age*; attributes the *Source* of all theſe *Evils* to the ill *Conduct* of the *Apoſtles* themſelves, and their *Succeſſors* in the *Primitive Times*, who did not ſufficiently improve the Advantages they were poſſeſs'd of, when the *Pious Multitude* wou'd willingly have made them Lords of *All Things*. For, ſays he, by the ſame Methods and Reaſons might they have claimed the *Dominion* o'er the Eſtates of Kings and Emperors themſelves, as o'er the Goods and Lands of the meaneſt *Proſelyte*: Since they were all equally Sons of the *Church*, and Subjects to the *Diſcipline* and *Laws* of *Jeſus*.

This *Eccleſiaſtick Politician* therefore mightily blames *Pope Sylveſter*, who ſate in the *Chair* of *Peter*, when *Conſtantine* the *Great* became a *Chriſtian*, being the *firſt* of the *Roman Emperors* who embraced that Faith. He accuſes him, I ſay, of Weakneſs and a Mean Spirit, for accepting of that *Donation*, which to day is called the *Patrimony* of the *Church*, and comprehends all the *Temporal Eſtate* the *Roman Pontifs* can boaſt of. Whereas, he ought to have claimed an entire Reſignation of the whole *Roman Empire* into his Hands, as *Supreme Vicar* of God on *Earth*. This would have been a *Pattern*, ſays he, to all the Kings and Princes of the Earth, who thought fit to turn Chriſtians. And ſo the Dominions of the World, had all fallen to the ſhare of the Prieſts.

Neither could it appear difficult, in his Opinion, to have reduced the *Greateſt Monarchs*, to ſuch a Forgetfulneſs and Contempt of their *Royal* Birth, and all the Potent Charms of a *Crown:* Since the ſame *Rhetorick* which perſuaded 'em to be Followers of the *Meſſias*, would have alſo convinced 'em of the Vanity of all Earthly Enjoyments; and of the Obligation they had to be mortified, and to purſue their Claims to *Diadems* of a more exalted Degree, the ineffable *Regalia* of *Paradiſe*.

But ſince Things are thus in their preſent State and the Chriſtian Princes retain their *Sovereignty*, without any other Dependance on the *Pope*, ſaving in Matters purely *Religious*; this *Jeſuite* propoſes, That the *Roman Pontifs* would either firſt Reform their own *Lives* and *Court*, to the height of that *Primitive* and *Apoſtolical* Purity, which ſhined ſo eminently in the earlieſt *Governors* of the Church; and by that means perſuade all the *Monarchs* in *Chriſtendom* to become their *Subjects*: Or elſe compel them by force to take the *Order* of *Prieſthood*, and ſo turn their *Crowns* into *Mitres*, their *Kingdoms* into *Eccleſiaſtick Commonwealths*, where all the *Publick Offices* of *State*, *Seats* of *Judicature*; and in fine, the whole *Syſtem* of the Civil and Politick Adminiſtration ſhould be managed by the Prieſts, in a Subordinate Dependance one of another, according as their ſeveral Characters required. By which means all *Chriſtendom* would be ſoon united into one *Eccleſiaſtick* Empire, whereof the *Pope* ſhould be the *Supream Head*, in *Temporals* as well as *Spirituals*.

What I have related is not only this Man's private Project, but the Univerſal Aim of his *Whole Order*. And thouſands of other Prieſts and Derviſes are Caballing, in all the Courts and Countries of *Europe*, to bring it to paſs.

Venerable

Venerable Eſad, if God ſhould ſuffer their Contrivance to take Effect; it is to be feared, our *Wars* with the Chriſtians would be as Expenſive and Troubleſome, if not more Fatal to the *Muſſulman* Intereſt, than when theſe Infidels, formerly, laying aſide their private *Feuds*, banded together to Conquer the *Holy Land*.

Paris, 25th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER IX.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Preſident *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

I Received the *Paquet* of Venerable Import, containing Sacred Counſels and acceptable Intelligence; repleniſhed with Noble Memoirs, and Illuſtrious Remarks, Sage Precepts, and Refined Improvements in *Philoſophy* and the *Myſterious Sciences* of *Nature*.

With abundance of Affection and Joy I read the Character of *Muſa Abu'l Tahyan*, and the *Encomium* of his Wiſdom and Virtues. May a *Conſtellation* of ſuch *Lights* always adorn that Renowned *College*, and from thence diſperſe their Learned *Influence* and *Rays*, not only through *Africa*, but over all the *Earth*: That *Fez* may be numbred among the Cities whoſe Fame is ſweet; That it may be ranked with *Jeruſalem* the *Holy*, *Maſre* the Ancient, *Medina Talnabi* the *Chaſt*, and the *Salutiferous Babylon*, acquiring a peculiar *Title* of *Honour*, an *Attribute* worthy of *Reſpect*, when Men ſhall every where call it, *Fez*, the Mother of *Sciences*.

My *Soul* has been very inquisitive and restless for many Years, and I think this is owing to my *Captivity* in *Palermo*. For, before that, whilst I lived at Ease in the *Seraglio*, basking under the Warmer *Influence* of *Royal Majesty*, the sacred Presence of the *Grand Signior*, who like the *Sun* gives Motion, Heat, and Life to all things; I ne're regarded *Books*, or once applied my Mind to study any thing, but how to acquit my self in my *Station*, and strengthen my Interest at the Court: Esteeming all other *Learning* as *Barbarous*, which conduced not to this End.

Foreign *Histories* and *Languages*, were equally Contemptible to me: I thought it beneath a *Mussulman Courtier*, to give his Tongue and Mind the *Fatigue* of any other *Dialect*, save the *Persian*, *Arabick*, and *Turkish*: Or to load his Memory with the *Records* of other *Nations*, designed to be the Slaves of *True Believers*.

As to the *Speculative Sciences*, I was naturally desirous enough of *Knowledge*. But I either had not Leisure, or wanted *Books* and other Advantages of *Study*. So that all the *Knowledge* I could then boast of, consisted only in some loose *Notions* of *Logick* and *Metaphysicks*, which I had got by reading an old *Arabick Manuscript*. And I thought my self *Historian* enough, after I had perused the *Annals* of the *Ottoman Empire*, and now and then cast an Eye on the *Turkish* Translation of *Herodotus* and *Plutarch*.

'Tis true indeed, by conversing frequently with the *Greeks*; I soon learned their *Vulgar Dialect*: But this is far from the Polite *Language* of the *Ancient Grecians*: And a *Page* of the *Treasury*, taught me the Rudiments of *Sclavonian*; which afterwards I learn'd more perfectly, hoping it would be of some Service to me one Time or other.

All these were very superficial Accomplishments; yet

yet I thought my ſelf Happy enough, without ſearching any farther. The Pleaſures and Gayeties of a Courtly Life, took from me the Edge and Guſt, with which I have ſince purſued more Solid *Studies*, and looked into the Wiſdom of the *Antients*.

But when once *Misfortune* had changed the *Scene* of my *Life*, and inſtead of the Honorable *Poſt* I had in the *Grand Signior*'s Service, *Fate* had render'd me a Miſerable abject *Slave* in *Sicily*; I began to grow very Thoughtful and Penſive. The Continual Drudgery and Labour I underwent, ſoon mortified my former Paſſions, and weaned me from all Hopes of Worldly Honour. And the Cruel Stripes I daily receiv'd from that *Barbarous Infidel*, my *Maſter*, ſo broke my Spirits, that *Servitude* became Familiar to me; and deſpairing to be Happy in this World, I was only Ambitious to be Wiſe.

I grew very Contemplative: And having acquainted my ſelf with an honeſt *Carpenter* in the *Town* where we lived, who had a great many *Books* in's Cuſtody, he lent me ſeveral Choice *Treatiſes*; and I borrowed all the Hours I could from Sleep, to peruſe them with Attention and Profit. That *Carpenter* pity'd my Condition, and did me many good Offices of Friendſhip, without other Hopes of Reward, ſave what he expected from *God*. By his Means, I contracted a Familiarity with Two or Three *Learned* Men, who ſpared no Pains to Inſtruct me in the *Roman* and *Ancient Greek Languages*, as alſo in the *Principles* of *Philoſophy*. My *Maſter* often beat me for this, attributing the Neglect of his Buſineſs, to my *Bookiſhneſs* (as he call'd it) and keeping the *Prieſts* Company. But all his Severity could not abate my *Ardent Thirſt* after *Knowledge*. I ſtill continued Studying at certain Seaſons, till the Happy Hour of my *Redemption*; and then I frequented the *Academies*. Ever ſince which Time, I have neglected no opportunities of improving my

Reaſon; Yet find my ſelf at this Day much in the Dark. There appears no Certainty, in any *Science* but the *Mathematicks*. All the Reſt are intangled with a thouſand Controverſies and Riddles. Which has made me turn *Sceptick* in moſt Things. Only I retain an Inviolable *Faith* for the *Alcoran*, and the *Book* of *Prophetick Doctrines* and *Traditions*. Next to theſe, I pay a Profound Reſpect to the *Writings* of *Porphyry* the *Philoſopher*, who ſeems to approach neareſt to *Reaſon* of all the *Ancient Sages*. His true Name was the ſame as thine [*Meleth*] which thou knoweſt in the *Syriack* ſignifies [*King*.] Whence his *Tutor Longinus*, taking Occaſion from the Uſual Colour of *Royal Robes*, called him *Porphyrius*, which in the *Greek* ſignifies, *One clad in Purple*. He was born at *Tyre*, the *Metropolis* of the Ancient *Phœnicians*. He *Pedigree* was *Noble*, and his *Education Generous*. *Nature* alſo had formed him for a *Sage*, and *Fortune* favour'd him with Advantages enough. For, beſides his Firſt *Tutor*, whom I have already mentioned (who was the Greateſt *Grammarian* and *Orator* of his Time;) *Porphyry* went to *Rome*, where he gained the Friendſhip of *Plotinus*: And that *Philoſopher* accompliſhed him in the Perfection of all *Science*. So that he had Power over the *Dæmons*, and expelled the *Genius Atan*, which infeſted certain *Baths* in *Rome*. In a Word, his *Doctrines* appeared *Divine*, and his *Actions* more than *Humane*. Yet he himſelf before his Death, publiſhed a Reverſe of his Former *Writings*: Which is a ſufficient Argument, That there is no *Stability* in the *Thoughts* of *Mortals*.

Therefore, ſince the Wiſeſt of Men contradict themſelves and turn *Scepticks*, tell me, *O Oracle* of the Age, Why may not I?

Paris, 13th *of the* 8th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1658.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Murat Baſſa.

THere has been ſomething lately tranſacted between the *French* and the *Engliſh*, which ſeems a *Myſtery*. No body here underſtands the Meaning of it, but the very *Privado*'s of the *Cabinet*: Yet every one gueſſes, 'tis a Fetch of *Mazarini*'s Wit. That *Miniſter* has more *Meanders* in his Brains, than an Old *Turkiſh* Gameſter at *Cheſs*; who foreſees no leſs than *Nine* Unavoidable Conſequences, before he makes *One* bold Motion: And, to be ſure, the laſt ſhall be to his own Advantage. In a Word, *Dunkirk* the ſtrongeſt and moſt Important *Sea Town* of all the *Weſt*, is ſurrender'd by the *Spaniards* to the *French*; and by theſe, as an Earneſt of Friendſhip is put into the Hands of the *Engliſh*.

The little *Politicians* of the *City*, are amaz'd at it; and the Greateſt *Machiavil*'s of the *Court*, either cannot, or will not inform 'em of the True Secret.

You ſhall ſee Two or Three Grave *Citizens* brooding Thoughts together over a *Box* of *Polvita*, and ſneezing out their Sentiments, without Reſerve. Yet after all their Wiſe Conſult, they part as great Fools as they met, and only ſatisfie themſelves, with Nodding Wiſdom to each other, at the laſt *Conge*; wherein is comprehended, the whole *Syſtem* of the *Politicks*.

It was generally thought to be ſome Extraordinary Overture this *Court* would make to the *Engliſh*, when a little before the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, the *Duke* of *Crequi*, *Firſt Gentleman* of the *Bed-Chamber*, and *Monſieur Mancini*, the *Cardinal*'s Nephew, were ſent with a Splendid *Retinue* of *French Nobles* to

England Every Body gueſs'd ſome Surprizing Af
on would follow; and that it muſt needs be a M
ſtery of Grand Importance, which could not b
truſted to Perſons of leſs Note than the Two Chie
Favourites of the *Cardinal Miniſter*. And now 'ti
come out, they know not what to make on't. Nei-
ther can I poſſibly learn as yet, the true Reaſon of
putting the *Engliſh* in poſſeſſion of ſuch a *Town* as
this, which commands all the *Northern* Seas, and
has coſt ſo much Sweat and Blood to take from
the *Spaniards* I have ſet *Oſmin* the *Dwarf* to Work,
and laid Traps to get the Secret from ſeveral
other *Courtiers*. But I might as well have attempted
to find out the *Body* of *Moſes*, which cauſed a Quar-
rel between *Michael* and the *Devil*. Time perhaps
will diſcover the Secret. And I dare at preſent
conclude that the *Engliſh* are the only *Nation* in
Europe, whoſe Friendſhip the *French* think worth
Courting.

The *King* has been very Ill of a *Fever*, and in great Danger of his Life: But is now recovered again; which occaſions Abundance of Real Joy among his Friends and Loyal *Subjects*. As for the Reſt, they know how to counterfeit.

I had almoſt forgot to tell thee, that the *Spaniards* endeavouring to relieve *Dunkirk*, were encoun-ter'd by the *French*, and Routed: About Two Thouſand of their Men being kill'd, and as many taken Priſoners.

Sage Baſſa, the Succeſſes of this *Monarch* are ſo Conſtant, that they have given Birth to a *Proverb*: For when they would encourage any Man's Hopes, or make a ſtrong Aſſeveration, they uſu-ally ſay, *As ſure as the* Great Lewis *will get a Town or Two in* Flanders *this Campagne*.

Mareſchal Turenne is a Brave *General*, and the *French* Victories are in a great Meaſure owing to his *Conduct*. He is very Expeditious in his Undertak-

ings.

ngs. There were but a few Days between the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, and his taking of *Bergen*; *Furnes*, and *Dixmude*. Three ſtrong *Fortreſſes* in *Flanders*. And, 'tis thought, 'twill not be long before he takes others.

The *French King* is in a Fair Way to the *Empire* of the *Weſt*. But this will not be for the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior*. For, then he will have a new Enemy, of an Old Friend, and one more Potent than he had before. Yet, *Deſtiny* over-rules All Things.

Paris, 13th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the year 1658.

LETTER XI.

To Mahammed, *the* Eremit *of* Mount Uriel *in* Arabia.

I Have often troubled thee with Important Addreſſes, O Matchleſs Mortal; Permit me once more to unboſom my Thoughts, as to my *Confeſſor*, or rather as to an *Oracle*.

Surely, this Hour the *Stars* of my *Nativity* ſuffer a Mighty Change. I ſeem to my ſelf, like one newly awak'd out of a deep Sleep, or from the Deluſions of a long *Dream*: For, ſo methinks have my Paſt Years gone away like a *Night*, wherein my Labouring Spirit has encounter'd with Nothing but *Phantaſms*, *Viſions*, and *Darkneſs*.

My *Infant* Days I eſteem the moſt Happy, when my Ignorance of Vice had greater Influence on my Actions, and preſerv'd me more free from Blemiſh, than could afterwards all my Acquir'd Knowledg of the *Precepts* and *Maxims* of *Virtue*. For no ſooner

was I enjoin'd the Study of *Morality*, and taught to diſtinguiſh between *Good* and *Evil*, but my Curioſity prompted me to examine the Nature of the *Latter*, more cloſely than by bare Speculation. I found my ſelf more Forcibly carry'd away by a Secret Pleaſure, to make Experiment of what was *Forbidden*, than to practiſe what was *Commanded*: So prone is Man to be jealous of his *Tutors*, and to ſuſpect thoſe *Laws* as *Impoſitions*, which put a *Reſtraint* on his *Native Liberty*.

Beſides this, there are certain Genial Inclinations in every Mortal, which the *Youngeſt*, and he that is in his *Nonage*, thinks he has as much right to gratifie, as the *Wiſeſt Senior*. Nor can any Reaſon eaſily perſuade him to part with this Privilege, but under the Notion of being highly wrong'd; ſince every Man naturally places his Intereſt and Happineſs in purſuing the Motions of his own Will.

'Tis true, I never was prone to any Enormous *Vices*, or ſuch as for their Singularity, would make the moſt harden'd *Libertine* bluſh, did he practiſe them to the Knowledge of Men.

I ever had an Unconquerable Abhorrence for thoſe Specifick acts of Laſciviouſneſs, which ought not to be nam'd, and whoſe very *Idea*, makes the Thought recoil. Yet am Naturally Amorous, and cannot but pay to Beauty, the Sentiments and Paſſions which are due from *Platonick* Love. I admire Symmetry and Elegance whereever I diſcern them; and can ſtand gazing whole Hours together on a *Flower*, a *Tree*, or a *Peacock*. I am Enamour'd with the Brightneſs of the *Sun*; and like another *Endymion*, I languiſh for a more Intimate Acquaintance with the *Moon*. The leſſer Beauties of the Night, the *Stars*, enflame me with a thouſand Paſſions. I make my Court to the whole *Hoaſt* of *Heaven*, yet I hope commit no *Idolatry*. In fine, I am in Love with the *Univerſe*; and die hourly, when I contemplate

template the Glory of that *Tranſcendent Eſſence*, which is the *Root* and *Source* of *All Things*.

Theſe are Paſſions not unbecoming a *Muſſulman*. But I have alſo ſome Emotions for Beautiful Women, more Violent than all the Reſt, more Dangerous and Fatal. Tell me, O Pious *Sylvan*, how I ſhall gratifie my Love, without offending Virtue or the Gravity of a Man.

Theſe *Creatures* ſeem to be Created for our Perplexity; ſince a Man can neither well be happy with, or without them. They are perfect *Riddles*: And to love 'em, or hate them too much, is an Equal *Soleciſm*.' Twere a Queſtion worthy of a *Philoſopher*, Whether this *Sex*, among all the Neceſſary Good Offices they do us, were not ſent into the World as *Spies* and *Trepans*, to obſerve our Counſels and Actions: And by mixing Smiles with Frowns, Flatteries with Reproaches, Sullenneſs with more Obliging Favours; to keep us in a Perpetual *Maze* and *Labyrinth*, leſt the Aſpiring Wit of Men ſhould, if left to themſelves, attempt ſomething more Audacious than the *Poets* feign of the *Sons* of *Titan*, or the *Written Law* Records of *Nimrod* and his Companions, who built the *Tower* of *Babel*.

But, whether they be *Spies*, or *Faithful Aſſiſtants*, *Enemies* or *Friends*, I tell thee plainly, I have not been able to forbear Loving 'em exceſſively. And this is Part of the *Dream* or *Trance*, out of which I am juſt now Awak'd.

Another *Scene*, is that of *Honour*. This is a Phantome alſo, a mere Vapour, a Shadow. I never hunted after Glory, nor courted Popular Applauſe. Yet being intruſted with the *Sublime Secrets*, and commanded to ſerve the *Grand Signior* in this *Station*, I would fain acquit my ſelf without Diſgrace. Nay, like other Mortals in ſuch *Poſt*, I would willingly have the Smiles of my *Sovereign*, and the Careſſes of the *Happy Miniſters* who ſerve *him*, if

it ſhall be my Lot ever to return to the *Seraglio*. Nothing appears to me more Terrible, than at ſuch a time to encounter with rugged, furrow'd Viſages, or Cold and Faint Embraces of my *Fellow Slaves*.

This puts me upon a Thouſand Inquietudes; makes me ſwear to Contradictions; utter Lyes and Blaſphemies, which would turn the *Devil* to a *Saint* for Fear. In a Word, I ſtumble at no Vice or Immorality, which may promote the *Cauſe* I am engag'd in. And all this for the ſake of a Fair Character at the *Port*: Whilſt I'm cajoling my ſelf as well as others with a Perſuaſion, that 'tis only on the Score of Honeſty, and to acquit my ſelf a Good Man. Thus I purſue a Blaſt, a Bubble, the *Idea* of Nothing, mere Vanity, and an Empty *Dream*. And 'tis harder for me to ſhake off this *Enchantment*, than that of *Love*.

Yet, all this while, I have not taken the *French* Method to gain *Honour*. I never was Guilty of Oppreſſion and Cruelty, nor bath'd my Hands in Human Blood. No *Widow* or *Orphan* mourns for what I've taken from 'em. Nor did I ever Dragoon any Body into Compliance with Reaſon. All the Parts I've Acted in this Nature, were Defenſive; Pure Efforts of *Self-Preſervation*: Which, thou knoweſt, is a *Principle* Natural to all Men, and even to the *Worms* of the Earth. Theſe little *Reptiles*, when they are trampled on, will turn again. And nothing more do I, unleſs in the *Sultan*'s Cauſe.

This puts me in Mind of my *Integrity*; For I muſt tell thee my Virtues as well as my Vices. Neither *Arabia* nor all the *Eaſt*, have ever brought forth a Man more true to his Truſt, than Honeſt Loyal *Mahmut*. I will for ever boaſt of this, in an Age ſo full of Treachery. This alone will carry me ſafe to *Paradiſe*, in ſpight of all the *Mollahs*. As for the Reſt, they are only *Venial* Sins, eaſily dropt off on the Bridge of Tiyal. And ſo long as no

Body

Body can ſay, I've betray'd my *Maſter*'s Secrets, I'm ſafe as an Angel that is not oblig'd to ſtand *Sentinel* at the loweſt Poſt of Heaven: For, there he's within Gun-ſhot of the *Devil*.

Juſt as I drew my Pen from that Word, a ſudden Noiſe in the Streets call'd me to the Window. Where turning my Eyes from the Earth to the Moon and Stars (for 'twas a very ſerene Sky) I obſerved a ſmall ſwift Cloud to glide along from *South* to *North*, much in Appearance like a Bale of Silk. It cleft the Element like a fly *Arab Thief*, that ſwims for Booty on the River *Tigris*. Wondring at this, when all the Firmament was clear, and not another Cloud above the *Horizon*; I ſoon concluded, 'twas the Chariot of ſome Airy God, a Mercury or Meſſenger, ſent with ſpeedy News to the High Lords, Commanders of the *Artick Regions*; to bid 'em be upon their Guard, or ſome ſuch weighty Matter. Perhaps, thought I, a War is commenc'd between the Spirits of the Poles. Or, it may be, King *Æolus* has ſent a Summons to the Northern Winds, being reſolved to play ſome Royal Pneumatick Freaks upon the Sea.

In good earneſt, it made me reflect on our Ignorance of the Laws and Conſtitutions of the Elements. It put me in mind of the Fogs and Miſts, which ſometimes envelop the Globe in Darkneſs; on purpoſe, for ought we know, to hinder us from ſeeing what is tranſacting at ſuch Seaſons in the Higher Regions of the Air. The Spirits of thoſe Serener Tracts, may then be Frolicking in Viſible Forms, celebrating ſolemn Feſtivals, and kindling all the *Meteors* of the Upper *Welkin*, as Natural *Fire Works* and *Illuminations*, not fit for Mortals to behold, leſt we ſhould learn too much, and grow as wiſe as they. However, it made me very Contemplative, to ſee a ſingle ſolitary Cloud thus glide along the Air: And I could have wiſhed for Wings

to

to purſue its Motions, becauſe the Appear
not common.

Thou that haſt meaſur'd the whole *Fra*
ture, and taken the true Dimenſions of th
that haſt penetrated into the Secrets of the
and art always buſy'd in the moſt Sage
Scrutinies; wilt ſmile at the Vanity of
Mortals, ſuch as I, who when we are uni
to our ſelves, yet preſume to comprehend
of the Omnipotent, who is perfect in Kn

As for me, who have ſtudied in the
and read *Ariſtotle*, *Avicen*, *Platinus*, *Aver*
other *Philoſophers*; I eſteem my ſelf ſtill
Bottom of *Plato*'s Cave, converſing with
miſtaken in every thing but the *Idea* of t
ty and *immenſe Wiſdom*, which is imprint
Soul, as thoſe which the *Philoſophers* call
ciples, becauſe they are *Self-evident*.

I deſign'd to have ſaid more to thee,
den Indiſpoſition and extreme Faintneſs,
away my Spirits. My Limbs tremble, m
giddy, my Heart fails me. In a word
like one between a *Mortal* and a *Ghoſt*.

Paris, 29th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER XII.

To Achmet Padiſhani Culligiz,

THY Sur-name argues thee a Favou
Seraglio; And for that Reaſon, I k
art accuſtom'd to receive infinite Submiſ
Flatteries. But I muſt be as blunt with
was with the new *Mufti*, when I congrat

Acceſſion to the chief *Patriarchate*. I told that Prince of the *Muſſulman Prelates*, that I had no Encouragement to welcome him to a *Dignity*, which tho' in it ſelf ſacred and inviolable, yet could not ſecure him from the Perſecutions of *Popular* Envy, any more than it did his *Predeceſſor*. And the ſame I muſt ſay to thee.

Darwiſh Mehemet, *Baſſa*, is fallen a *Victim* to the Rage of the *Multitude*; and thou haſt got his *Seat* on the *Bench*. May'ſt thou enjoy it long, and never be *Mob'd* out of thy Honour and Life as he was. Some Years ago he forbad me to write any more to him. What his Reaſon was, I know not, neither did I ever enquire. However, I obey'd his Injunction; being indifferent to whom I ſend my Intelligence, provided I do the *Grand Signior* any Service. For, to that End am I plac'd here.

Illuſtrious Baſſa, I ſhall now acquaint thee with two the moſt principal Points of News ſtirring in *Europe*. One is, the *Election* of *Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, to the *German Empire*. They have been canvaſing this Buſineſs eleven *Moons*: And at laſt the *Auſtrian* Faction carried it, this was done on the 8th of the 7th *Moon*. And he was ſolemnly *Crown'd* on the 22d of the ſame. This has heightned the Quarrel between the Duke of *Bavaria*, and the *Prince Palatine*. The latter was ſo far tranſported with Paſſion at the Diet of *Frankford*, that he threw a Standiſh of *Ink* at the *Bavarian* Embaſſador: Which is reſented as an Unpardonable Affront. And the Duke is marching with an Army to revenge it, or demand Satisfaction. The Elector of *Mentz* has deny'd him Paſſage through his *Principality*. And they are all like to be embroil'd in a Civil War about it. This is no bad News for the *Muſſulmans*.

But that which makes yet a greater Noiſe is the Death of *Oliver*, the Protector of the Engliſh Com-

mon-

monwealth; who whilſt living, was the Terror of all *Europe*. The *Superſtitious*, and ſuch as regard Signs, ſay, This was preſag'd three *Moons* ago, when a great *Whale*, Nine Times as long as a Tall Man, was taken in a *River* of *England*, near the *Capital City*, forty Miles from the Sea. I know not whether theſe kind of *Obſervations* are worthy of *Credit*. Yet it ſeems, the *Annals* of that *Nation* take Notice, That the unuſual Appearance of a *Whale* ſo far within Land, has always Prognoſticated ſome mighty *Change*. Perhaps, the Fate of *illuſtrious Perſonages*, affects *Nature* with a more than ordinary Paſſion, puts the *Elements* into a Diſorder, and inſpires the *Brutes* with *Sympathy*.

We are aſſured, that on the Day of this *Prince's* Death, and at the very Hour of his Departure, there was ſo Violent a Tempeſt of Wind, Rain, Hail, Thunder, and Lightning, as had never been known by any Man then alive in that *Nation*. Which ſome interpreted to his Diſhonour, as if he were a *Magician*, or at leaſt a very wicked Man: And that this *Hurricane* was rais'd by the *Devils*, who tranſported his Soul to *Hell*. Whilſt others affirm'd this mix'd Storm, to be only the Sighs and Tears of *Nature*, the Mournful Paſſions of the Guardian Spirits of *England*, for the Loſs of ſo great and fortunate a *Hero*: And that the very Inanimate Beings condol'd his Death. As for me, I look on all theſe Things as pure Accidents, the Effects of Chance. I have an equal Opinion of another Circumſtance, much obſerv'd both by his Enemies and Friends; That he died on the ſame Day, whereon he had formerly gain'd ſome notable Victories. The *One* deſcanting on this to his Reproach, the *Other* drawing from it Arguments of Honour. 'Tis difficult to ſay any Thing of him without appearing Partial. He had Great Virtues, and no leſs Vices. He was a Valiant General, and Wiſe

Stateſ-

Stateſman: Yet a *Traytor* to his *Sovereign*. As for *Religion*, though he profeſs'd himſelf a Zealot, yet 'tis thought he was as indifferent as other *Princes*; who for Reaſons of *State*, and to pleaſe their *People*, make a Shew of Piety, but in their Hearts adore no other Gods but *Fortune* and *Victory*.

He was eſteem'd one of the greateſt *Politicians* of this *Age*; and none could match him but *Mazarini*. Yet I cannot but ſmile when I call to Mind, how both theſe eminent *Stateſmen* were cheated this Year, by Two or Three *Fugitives*.

A certain *French Captain* named *Gentilot*, that had ſerved under the *States* of *Holland* in the *Wars*, and on that *Account* had often paſs'd through the *Sea-Towns* in *Flanders*; obſerv'd a Weakneſs in one *part* of the *Walls* of *Oſtend*, by which the *Town* might eaſily be ſurprized. At his Return to *Paris*, he acquainted *Cardinal Mazarini* with this; and gave him ſo great Encouragement, that the *Cardinal* reſolved to try ſome *Stratagem* in order to gain that *important* Place, without the Coſt and Hazards of a formal Siege.

To this End he commands *Gentilot* to ſeek out ſome Perſons fit to be engag'd in the *Plot*: Men of Reſolution, Conduct and Secrecy. This *Captain* therefore knowing two or three *Fugitives* in *Paris*, who were forced to fly out of *Flanders* to ſave their Lives, having committed Murthers, and other Crimes againſt the *Spaniſh Government*, breaks the Buſineſs to them, promiſing *Mountains* of Gold, if they wou'd aſſiſt in carrying it on.

They ſeem'd to embrace his Propoſals with Abundance of Readineſs, and were introduced into the *Cardinal's Cabinet*. Where that *Miniſter* being ſatisfied in their Characters, and the Offers they made to ſerve him in this Affair; ſeconded the Promiſes which *Gentilot* had made them, with many *Additional* Encouragements. In a word, they conſulted

ſulted together frequently; were late every Night in the *Cardinal*'s Lodgings: And at laſt having adjuſted all the neceſſary Meaſures that were to be taken; the *Fugitives* were diſpatch'd away into *England*, with Letters from *Mazarini* to *Oliver*, the *Engliſh Protector*. Wherein he acquainted him with the Deſign, requiring the Aſſiſtance of ſome Engliſh Ships to tranſport Men into the Haven of *Oſtend*.

Theſe *Agents* went acordingly, but with a Reſolution to put a Trick both on the *Cardinal* and the *Protector*; and by doing their *Country* ſo conſiderable a Service as the ſaving this *Town*, to merit a Repeal of the *Sentence* pronounc'd againſt 'em, that ſo they might return Home in Peace, and enjoy their Eſtates and Native Liberty.

Oliver received 'em very kindly, and embraced the Motion with ſome Warmth. But upon ſecond Thoughts, try'd to out-bribe *Mazarini*, and hire theſe Perſons for himſelf. *Oſtend* was too ſweet a Bait in his Eye, to let it ſo tamely fall into the Hands of the *French*, for want of a few larger Promiſes and Offers of Gold. Wherefore he ply'd theſe *Agents* briskly with all the Effectual *Oratory* he could, to win 'em over to his own ſeparate Intereſt; engaging to beſtow Great *Preferments* on 'em in *England*, with two hundred thouſand *Sequins*, as ſoon as the Buſineſs was accompliſhed.

The three *Flemings* deſired no better Sport than thus to cajole two the ableſt *Stateſmen* in *Europe*. They poſſeſſed *Oliver* with an Entire Belief of their *Zeal* and *Fidelity* in his Service: And it was agreed on between 'em, to hold *Mazarini* in Play, and that *Oliver* ſhould ſend him an Anſwer, refuſing to meddle in an *Intrigue* which ſeemed to carry ſo little Probability of Succeſs.

From *England* theſe *Agents* paſſed over into *Zealand*. It having been ſo concluded before they parted from *Cardinal Mazarini*; that ſo they might there

there gain more Confederates, and lay all the neceſſary Trains to bring this *Intrigue* to the deſired Iſſue. But, inſtead of doing either the Protector or Cardinal *Mazarini* this Service, they went immediately, and revealed the whole Secret to the *Governor* of *Flanders*.

He having duly examined all Circumſtances, and being ſatisfied in the Truth of their Relations, and in their Loyalty to the King of *Spain*; commanded them to proceed in deluding both the *French* and the *Engliſh*, as long as they could, with fair Hopes of accompliſhing their Aims. Whilſt he took Care to ſecure *Oſtend*, and other *Parts* of *Flanders*, from all Attempts of this *Nature*.

In fine, the *Protector* falling off again, being frighted by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Threats, who had diſcovered his Under-hand Dealing; theſe *Agents* applied themſelves cloſe to the *French*, who were now made ſo much more eager, by *Oliver*'s Deſign to Interlope 'em. They ſpun out the *Intrigue* ſeveral *Months*, brought the *French King* to ſign *Articles*, and to paſs his Word for the Payment of near a *Million* of *Gold*; cajol'd his *General* in *Flanders*, and at one Time made him believe, 'Twas his *intereſt* to lie ſtill for ſix weeks together, when all the World expected he would purſue his *Conqueſts* in that *Province*. At another Time, cauſed him to march with ſo much *Precipitation*, when the Ways were Unpaſſable, that he was forced to leave moſt of his Cannon, and a thouſand *Waggons* plunged in the deep *Roads*, with the Loſs of three thouſand Men, who were either drown'd or ſtarv'd: And all this for the ſake of gaining *Oſtend*. When after all, they were not only cheated of their Hopes in that *Point*, but moſt ſhamefully expoſed to the Deriſion and Contempt of all *Europe*. For *Cardinal Mazarini* repoſed an entire Confidence in the Fidelity of his *Flemiſh Agents*. So that whatſoever they propoſed, as an

Expedient

All this was carried on with so much
and subtle Management, that when he ent
Haven with ten Vessels, he thought himself
of the *Place*: Yet no sooner Landed his Me
number of fifteen hundred, but they thunde
on them such Vollies of great and small Sho
the Walls, that two hundred of them fell in
ately, as many threw down their Arms, a
Citizens making a vigorous Sally, the rest w
ther kill'd or taken Prisoners, he himself n
ping that Misfortune.

By this thou may'st discern, how easie 'tis
Agent of any *Prince*, to embarass his *Master*'s A
And, that a *Publick Minister* can never co
greater or more dangerous Error, than in bei
Credulous.

Serene *Bassa*, let not *Mahmut*'s Name foun
at the *Port*, nor his Honour be traduced
phants: Since his Loyalty is Proof against al
tations, and this the Ministers of the *Divan*
by twenty Years Experience.

LETTER XIII.

To Peſteli Hali *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Grand Signior's Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

I Have receiv'd a Diſpatch from our Couſin *Iſouf*. He has been in a *Cold Region*, within the *Artick Circle*, but now is at *Stockholm* in *Sueden*. The *Parts* he has viſited, are the farthermoſt *Tracts* of our *Continent* to the *North*. They may be call'd, The *Territories* of *Night* and *Darkneſs*: For they have but *one Day* in a *Whole Year*. The Sun appears but *Once* above their *Horizon*, during his *Annual Progreſs* through the *Zodiack*. Yet, he makes them amends by the long continued Light he affords them at that *Seaſon*: For, that *one Day* is without the *Miracle* of *Joſhua*, prolong'd the ſpace of four, five, or ſix *Moons*, according to the proportionate Diſtance of each *Country* from the *Pole*.

Iſouf relates ſtrange Things of thoſe *Dark Countries*, and ſuch as ſeem almoſt to ſurpaſs Credit, were they not confirm'd by very grave and learned *Writers*. He ſays, that in ſome Parts of *Norway*, no Tree is to be ſeen, by Reaſon of the violent Force of the Winds, which blow down all before 'em, carrying away even the Roofs of Houſes, and ſcattering them at a great diſtance. So that the Inhabitants are forced to dwell in Dens and Caves, and burn the Bones of Fiſhes for want of better Fuel: Since it is impoſſible for any *Plant* to grow in thoſe Parts. Neither can Men travel ſafely on Horſes, or a Foot, at certain Tempeſtuous *Seaſons*. For, the Wind will either throw both Horſe and Man to the Ground, or catch 'em up into the Air.

But

But when he deſcribes the horrible Coldneſs of theſe Regions, the very Idea of it is enough to make one quake. He ſays, Cold is an Active Quality, and reigns under the *North Pole*, as in its proper Kingdom or Centre, from whence it darts its freezing Rays through the Earth. Yet, others are of opinion, that *Cold* is only a *Privation* of *Heat*, a bare *Paſſive* Diſpoſition of the *Elements*; and therefore more ſenſibly felt in thoſe *Climates* that are fartheſt from the warm *influences* of the Sun, whoſe Beams give Life and Vigour to all Things. Be it how it will, its Effects are very remarkable in theſe *Northern Regions*.

All the Rivers, Lakes, and Seas there, are frozen up during the Winter. Men, Horſes, Waggons, Coaches, and even whole Armies, paſs as commonly over the *Ice*, as before Ships ſailed there, or as we travel o'er the *firm Land*. And laſt *Winter*, the *Baltick* Sea was the *Road* of *Ice*, over which the King of *Sueden* marched with his Army of Horſe and Foot into *Zealand*, to proſecute the *War* in thoſe *Parts*. They alſo raiſe ſtrong *Forts* of *Snow*, able to ſuſtain the *Battery* of *Bullets*, and *Engines* of *War* with all the Violence of the fierceſt *Aſſaults*. They build *Carvanſera*'s on the *frozen Seas* and *Lakes*, for the Convenience of *Travellers*; and ſet up *Branches* of Firr or Juniper, as Marks to diſtinguiſh the Holes and Fiſſures of the *Ice*, from that which is ſolid and ſecure; for there are *High ways* on thoſe *Congealed Waters*; and *Officers* appointed to ſurvey them, and take all neceſſary Orders for the Security of *Travellers*. And ſometimes they fight *Pitch'd Battels* on the *frozen Element*.

Our *Kinſman* alſo has made curious Remarks on the *Triumphal Obelisks*, and *Funeral Monuments* of Ancient *Hero*'s among the *Goths* and *Sueder*: For thoſe *Nations* boaſt of *Giants* and famous *Warriors*. Theſe *Monuments*, tho' of Stone, and exquiſitely

ſhaped,

ſhaped, yet were never cut by the *Hand* of Man, but are as ſo many *Splinters* of Rocks and Mountains, torn from the *main Body* by the Violence of *Earthquakes*, *Thunders*, or the like motions of *Nature*; and falling down in the forms of *Pyramids*, and other Artificial Figures, were of old ſet up by the *Graves* of *Giants*, and other renowned Perſons. Having alſo *Inſcriptions* on them, ſignifying the particular *Hero* who there lies buried. Such as theſe,

I Uffo, *Fighting in Defence of my* Country, *with my own Hand Kill'd thirty two* Giants; *And at laſt being kill'd by the* Giant Rolvo, *my Body lies here.*

And,

I Ingolvas, *that ſubdu'd all Oppreſſors, and Defended the Poor and Weak; Now grown Old, Poor and Weak my ſelf; yet having my Sword girt to my Thigh, am forc'd to yield to Death (who Conquers All Things) and to go down into this Sepulcher, which I prepar'd for my Laſt Retreat.*

It ſeems, there are *infinite* Numbers of theſe *Tombs* all over the *Deſarts*, *Mountains*, and *Vallies* of the *North*, which is an Argument, That however *contemptible* theſe *People* may ſeem to the *True Believers*; yet they have not been wanting in *valiant* Men and Hero's. Doubtleſs, God has diſpens'd his *Virtues* and *Graces* to Men of all *Nations*: He is not Partial in his *Gifts*. We ought to praiſe him in the Beginning

Beginning and End of all our Actions. A
contemplate his Honour in the middle of
fairs, we ſhall not do amiſs; Since, as he i
and the *laſt* of the *Univerſe*, ſo he is the
every Thing.

I had not theſe Relations only from *I*
out of the *Hiſtorians* themſelves, who writ
Countries: Yet our *Kinſman* informs me
Things, which are omitted by thoſe *Autho*
Traveller is ſingular in his Obſervations:
Men have not the ſame *Genius*. And th
of the *Eaſt*, abounds with Remarks whic
common in other *Writers*.

Brother, If I may adviſe thee, it ſhall b
nothing by Imitation; but purſue the D
thy own Senſe, and the peculiar Bent of
For whatever is forced and affected, is Na

Paris, 16th *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER XIV.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant Venice.

THE *Kaimacham* has informed me, t
art appointed to ſucceed *Adonai* th
Italy. He has alſo acquainted me with ot
ters relating to thy Charge. I am glad t
found out a *Muſſulman* capable of that
Truſt; and that we ſhall not always ſtand in
Jews to ſerve the *Grand Signior*, Empero
Faithful. Tho' ſome of that Nation are very
and loyal, yet 'tis better to be without 'em

'Thou and I are Strangers to each other: But 'tis neceſſary for us to be ſpeedily acquainted, and hold a mutual Intimacy by Letters, that ſo we may ſerve our *Great Maſter*, without interfering or claſhing in our Intelligence. I have been here theſe twenty Years, and made no falſe Steps in my *Sovereign's* Buſineſs, whatever I have done in my own: Yet have encounter'd a thouſand Difficulties and Perils; ſuffer'd Impriſonment many *Moons* in *Paris*, for my Fidelity; whilſt my Enemies at *Conſtantinople*, perſecuted me as a Traytor and an Infidel.

'Tis impoſſible to avoid theſe Croſſes, in the Courſe of humane Life. They are natural as the Wind or the Rain. All that we can do is, by a prudent and dextrous management of Contingences, to wind our ſelves out of Trouble as well as we can. And above all, rather to be our own Executioners, than betray the leaſt Secret committed to us.

I queſtion not, but thou haſt had the ſame Inſtructions given thee by the *Miniſters* of the *Happy Port*. What I ſay, is only to confirm thee in thy *Fidelity* and *Care*. Write to me with the ſame *Frankneſs*, and let nothing make thee reſerved to thy *Fellow-Slave*. We are both *Followers* of the *Prophet*: We worſhip *One God* after the ſame manner, and equally reverence the *Alcoran*. We ſerve one Maſter; and tho' in different *Stations*, yet let our Affections and Intereſts be united as Friends. Let no little narrow Paſſions or Emulations, corrupt our Integrity, nor teach us to unman our ſelves.

I know not thy *Original*, whether thou art of *Mahometan* or *Chriſtian Parents*. 'Twould be very obliging to ſend me a ſhort Hiſtory of thy Life, and how thou learned'ſt the *Italian Tongue*: For without that, I judge they would not have ſent thee into that *Country*.

As for me, I'm an *Arabian* by *Birth*, brought up in the *Seraglio*; from thence ſent to Sea; there taken *Captive* by the *Chriſtians*; ſold in *Sicily*, where I un-

rwent a tedious Servitude, yet at length gained
y Freedom: and having paſſed through various For-
tunes, at laſt was ſent hither, to obſerve the Secret
Counſels of the *Chriſtians*, eſpecially of this *Court*.

I now grow old, having ſeen near fifty Years;
Yet, tho' the Strength of my *Body* fails, I feel not
the leaſt Decay in my Zeal for the *Muſſulman Faith*,
or my *Maſter*'s Service, I'm ſtill *Mahmut* the *Loyal*
Slave of the *Port*; and thy Friend ſo long as thou
art ſo to thy ſelf.

Paris, 30th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

IT rejoices me to hear, that *Adonai*'s *Place* is ſup-
plied by a *Muſſulman*, in whom the *Sublime Port*
may put more Confidence, than in any of the *Jew-*
iſh Race. 'Twill be Encouragement to the *true Faith-*
ful, and a Precedent of good Import. For, no *Nation*
love to ſee their *Prince* beſtow *Offices* of *Truſt* on *Stran-*
gers, when his own *People* are as capable of *Employ-*
ment as they. 'Tis generally taken as an Affron
and Contempt of their Abilities or their Virtu
and has often produc'd ill Conſequences.

I deny not, but there are many honeſt and w
Men among the *Hebrews*, Perſons of Merit
Honour, from whom the *Sultan* receives no ſi
Services. But, this ought not to diminiſh the R
tation of thoſe who are of the ſame *Faith*
their *Sovereign*. Doubtleſs *Arabia* and *Turkey* ar
barren of good *Soldiers*, prudent *Stateſmen*
dextrous *Miniſters*.

I now the Character of *Zeidi Ala*
w

whether he be a natural born *Turk*, a *Tributary* Son of a *Chriſtian*, or a Voluntary *Renegado*. However, the choice that is made of him, convinces me, that the unerring *Divan* eſteem him a Man fit for the Buſineſs committed to his Charge.

He ought to be perfectly skill'd in *Italian*, or at leaſt in ſome other *Language* of the *Nazarenes*: That ſo he may paſs the better unſuſpected among the People where he reſides, who are more jealous of Strangers, than any other *Nation* in *Europe*. 'Tis a Crime thought worthy of Impriſonment, for a *Venetian* to converſe with a *Foreigner* too frequently, and in private: For they are afraid leſt by that means, a dangerous Correſpondence ſhould be eſtabliſhed betwixt ſome ill-affected Subjects of that *Commonwealth*, and its Enemies: Whereby their Secrets may be betray'd, and Meaſures taken to ruin 'em.

For this Reaſon alſo they have forbid *falſe Hair*, or *Perukes* to be worn by any in their *Dominions*, leſt this might ſerve as a Diſguiſe for Villains and Traitors. Yet nothing more common in *France* and other Countries of *Europe*, than for Men to wear on their Heads, Ornaments of Womens Hair, inſtead of their own.

As to Religion, I believe they will not much trouble him, being no *Zealots* themſelves. And provided he does but profeſs himſelf a *Chriſtian* and a *Catholick*, they'll make no farther Inquiſition.

The *Italians* in general, are much like the ancient *Romans* in their Humour. Men of grave Aſpect and Carriage, and much more compos'd in both, than the *French*, who appear ridiculous through the Levity of their Diſcourſe and Actions. The former abound in Sage Precepts of Morality, and Politick *Aphoriſms*, which ſerve as a Rule whereby to ſquare the courſe of their Lives: The latter only affect ſome flaſhy Improvements of Wit and Converſation, ſtudying rather how to pleaſe Women than Men;

coveting to be perfect in external *Accompliſhments*, and the *Graces* of the Body, whilſt they ſlight the more valuable Endowments of the Mind. In a word, they are mere *Apes* and *Mimicks*. On the contrary, the *Italians* are Men of an awful and majeſtick Behaviour, ſolid Judgment, and deep Reach. If you ſee them ſmile, you ſhall ſeldom or never hear 'em laugh: Whereas the motion of a Feather will ſet the *French* a Braying like *Aſſes*. Theſe will contract a warm Friendſhip with any Man at firſt Interview, heighten it with a thouſand Compliments, make him their Confeſſor, and unboſom all their *Secrets*. Yet a *ſecond* Encounter ſhall extinguiſh this Paſſion, and a *third* ſhall revive it again: Whereas thoſe are cautious and ſlow in the choice of their Friends; and when once that Knot is diſſolv'd, 'tis never to be faſten'd there again. They are irreconcilable in their Hatred and Revenge.

But, there are Men to be excepted in both *Nations*, who fall not under theſe general Characters. *France* affords many wiſe, and learned Perſons; and *Italy*, not a few Fools and Ideots. Virtues and Vices are ſtrangely mix'd in all People. War, Commerce and Travel, with other human Occurrences, alter Men's Natural Diſpoſitions, and give the Lye to the exacteſt Obſervations that can be made. Beſides, Time changes all Things: And the Qualities which this Age remarks in the *Italians*, may in the next be transfer'd to the *French*. For, there is no Conſtancy in any thing under the Moon.

Zeidi will find great Examples of Frugality, among the *Venetians*, in the neceſſary Expences of their Perſons and Families; Yet abundance of Magnificence in whatever relates to the *Publick*, which the Subjects of that Commonwealth ſerve with open Purſes and free Hearts.

Indeed they are not ſo remarkable for their Temperance, as ſome other Parts of *Italy*. Libertiniſm

tiniſm and Voluptuouſneſs Reign uncontroul'd in *Venice*. *Women* and *Wine* are there almoſt as common as the *Elements*. Yet, 'tis obſerv'd that Srangers generally debauch more with Both, than the Natives. God preſerve *Zeidi* from their Temptations.

If it be his Fortune or Duty to viſit *Padua*, he ought not to make too long an Abode in that Neſt of *Philoſophers* and *Phyſicians*, leſt they firſt Anatomize his Soul, and diſcover the *Secrets* of his *Commiſſion*, and then turn his Body to a *Skeleton*; as they once ſerv'd a *Moor*, whom they diſſected alive, to make Experiment perhaps, whether a *Mahometan*'s Blood circulated the ſame way as a *Chriſtian*'s.

Thoſe *Italian Phyſicians*, are very Cruel; and think it no Sin to try Poiſons, and other Fatal Tricks on the *Poor*, that ſo they may be the better able to keep the *Rich* on the Rack at their Pleaſure, and make their Market of them.

I know not *Zeidi*'s appointed *Station*, or what *Citie* he is to ſee: But where ever he goes, 'twill be neceſſary for him to uſe abundance of Caution; for the *Italians* are the cloſeſt, ſlyeſt and moſt judicious People in the World.

But, I forget that he is choſen by the *Divan* for this Employment, to whom the Characters of all *Nations* are known, and who penetrate into the moſt interiour Receſſes of Men's Spirits.

Therefore I lay my Hand upon my Mouth in profound Submiſſion, and acquieſce to my Superiors. Still praying, that the *Grand Signior* may have faithful and wiſe *Miniſters* at Home, and no Novices for his *Agents Abroad*.

Paris, 3d *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVI.

To William Vospel, *a* Recluse *of* Austria.

THere is a *Street* in *Paris*, which they call the *Street* of *Hell*. The Reason of this Name is said to be, because at one end of it, there formerly stood an old House, possess'd by *Devils*? who were so troublesome, that as the *Records* of *Paris* affirm, an *Edict* of *Parliament* was pass'd, to remove all the Inhabitants out of their Houses in that *Street*, and shut up the Entrance with a Wall. Since which, these *Demons* were expell'd by the *Carthusians*, who built a *Monastery* in the Place. If this Story be true, it redounds much to the Reputation of that *Order*, and of all you *Monasticks* in general, who by your *Exorcisms* are able to subdue the *Infernal* Spirits. But I have heard so many silly Tales of Houses being haunted by *Ghosts* and *Hobgoblins*, that I know not how to give Credit to this.

Besides, when I consider the nature of Incorpo- real Beings, it seems ridiculous to think that they can take Delight to play the *Anticks*, to frighten poor Mortals; Or confine themselves to an old ruin'd Castle (for such was this House) for the sake of a little Sport; when according to the ancient *Philosophers*, every *Incorporeal Being* is far more excellent than the most *Perfect Body*, and can be every *where*: Neither are they at any time *locally* present in *Bodies*, but only by Propension or Habit are confin'd to them: And this they mean of *living bodies*. What Charm then can there be in an old ruin- ten *Fabrick* of *Stone* and *Wood*, to allure and detain *Immaterial Substances*?

Certainly, the *nature* of these *separate Essences* very Remote from all *Compounded Beings*. I have been often at a Loss, in *contemplating* the State of Man. Sometimes it seems no otherwise

guiſh'd from the *Souls* of *Brutes*, than by being United to a *Body* of Different *Organs*; Which cauſes us to ſhew more Evident Tokens of *Reaſon* than they, in the *Faculty* of *Diſcourſe*, and in our *Actions*. Yet when I conſider more attentively the *Operations* of our *Mind* and *Intellect*, I cannot but conclude, there is a vaſt Diſtinction between *our Souls* and *thoſe* of the *Beaſts* I have with Pleaſure obſerved the Excelleney of *Human Intellect* in *Madmen* and *Dreamers*; who being *come to themſelves*, (as we uſually ſay) relate many Things of which they were before Ignorant, and comprehend Things ſurpaſſing their former Imaginations.

It appears therefore more rational to me, That the *Soul* is *Every Where* and *No Where*, as the *Ancients* ſay; than that it is ſhut up and impriſon'd in the *Body*, as a *Wild Beaſt* in his *Den*, or *Liquor* in a *Glaſs*. However, by an Ineffable Production of it ſelf, it is Preſent in *Every Part* of the *Body*, as the *Light* of the *Sun* is diffus'd through the *Air*, and can as ſoon withdraw it ſelf as that *Light* when interrupted by a *Cloud*. In a Word, I conceive the Soul to be a very *Free Agent*, and that it is *here* and *there* and *Every Where*. It United it ſelf to the *Body* by its own Choice, and can retire again from it at Pleaſure.

One cloſely purſu'd Act of *Contemplation*, will at any Time carry thee or me to the *Inviſibles*, when ever we go reſolutely about it.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVII.

To the Venerable Ibrahim Cadileſquer *of* Romeli.

THere has not a Year eſcap'd, ſince my Arrival at *Paris*; wherein I did not ſend to the *Miniſters* of the ever Happy and Exalted *Port*, conſtant

Copenhagen, in three Nights and Two Days: which caus'd *King Guſtavus* to raiſe the Siege. Whilſt the *Duke* of *Brandenburgh* retook *Fredericks-*, and thereby reſtored to the *King* of *Denmark*, *Provinces* of *Holſtein*, *Jutland* and *Ditmarſon*. The *Hollanders* alſo have had a Combat with *Swedes* at *Sea*, and ſunk fourteen of their beſt ps: Beſides what they burnt and took.

Theſe Events have ſtirr'd up ſeveral *Princes* to diate a *Peace*. And 'tis not improbable, but in ittle Time, we may ſee all the *Chriſtians* good ends: And then 'twill be Time for the *Muſſulmans*, to be upon their *Guard*.

As for *Mahmut*, he will not fail to pry into the ounſels of theſe *Infidels*; and ſend timely Notices the *Port*; Leaving the Reſt to the Wiſdom of is *Superiours*, and the Pleaſure of *Deſtiny*.

aris, 29th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVIII.

To Muſu Abu'l Yahyan, Alfaqui, Profeſſor *of* Theology *at* Fez.

THE Character, which the Great and Illuſtrious *Abdel Melec Muli Omar*, *Preſident* of *Preſidents*, *Grace and Ornament* of *Ancient Learning*, *Oracle* of *Africa*, and *Reſtorer* of *Obſolete Truth*, has given me of thy profound Wiſdom and Science, fills me with Reverence and Sacred Love. I am raviſhed with Wonder and Joy to hear, that in this Age, wherein the *Muſſulman Theology* has ſuffer'd ſo many Innovations, there yet ſurvives a Man who dares, and is able to aſſert againſt all Oppoſers, not only the *Primitive* and *Original* Truth,

ſtant Intelligence of Battles, Sieges, Storming of Towns, and ſuch other Occurrences of *War*, as happen'd between the Kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*: But now I believe my Future *Diſpatches* muſt contain other Matters. For, in all appearance, this *War*, which has laſted Four and Twenty Years, is in a fair way to be ended. The *King* of *Spain* grows weary of his Continual Loſſes in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia*: And he of *France* ſeems glutted with perpetual Victories and Conqueſts. In a Word, theſe Two Potent *Monarchs* laying aſide their Quarrels, are making diligent Preparations this Year for a *Campagne* of Friendſhip and Love.

They are both in *Arms*, yet commit no Acts of *Hoſtility*. Whilſt *Cardinal Mazarini*, on the part of this *Crown*, and *Don Louis d'Aro de Guſman*, *Firſt Miniſter* of *Spain*, are gone to meet each other on the *Frontiers* of both *Kingdoms*, as *Plenipotentiaries* for their reſpective *Maſters*, to concert the Meaſures of a Laſting *Peace*, and treat of a *Marriage* between the *King* of *France*, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*.

All *Europe* is amazed at this ſurprizing Change. And the *French* and *Spaniards*, who border on each other can hardly believe their own Senſes, whilſt they find a Mutual Commerce reſtor'd between their *Frontier Towns* and *Villages*, which had been Interrupted, ever ſince the Year 1635. about Sixteen *Moons* before I came to this City.

But, though they are thus diſpoſed to *Peace* here in the *Weſt*; the *Northern Monarchs* are puſhing the *War* forward in *Sueden*, *Denmark*, and *Poland*, with all Imaginable Vigour and Animoſity. The coming over of the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh* to the *Daniſh* Intereſt, has made a great Alteration in their Affairs. For, whereas *Fortune* ſeem'd before in all Things to Favour the *Suedes*; now they loſe Ground, and find their Attempts Unſucceſsful. Four Thouſand of their Men fell before the Walls of

of *Copenhagen*, in three Nights and Two Days: Which caus'd *King Guſtavus* to raiſe the Siege. Whilſt the *Duke* of *Brandenburgh* retook *Fredericks-Ode*, and thereby reſtored to the *King* of *Denmark*, the *Provinces* of *Holſtein*, *Jutland* and *Ditmarſen*.

The *Hollanders* alſo have had a Combat with the *Swedes* at *Sea*, and ſunk fourteen of their beſt Ships: Beſides what they burnt and took.

Theſe Events have ſtirr'd up ſeveral *Princes* to mediate a *Peace*. And 'tis not improbable, but in a little Time, we may ſee all the *Chriſtians* good Friends: And then 'twill be Time for the *Muſſulmans*, to be upon their *Guard*.

As for *Mahmut*, he will not fail to pry into the Counſels of theſe *Infidels*; and ſend timely Notices to the *Port*; Leaving the Reſt to the Wiſdom of his *Superiours*, and the Pleaſure of *Deſtiny*.

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Truth, brought down from *Heaven* by
of *Gabriel*, but alſo the Real and Indubi
ings, *Sermons*, *Counſels* and *Actions* of th
whilſt he was on *Earth* converſi g wit
before hi *Tranſmigration* to the *Gardens*
Repoſe and *Solit ude*. Thou art the *Enoch*, t
Triſmegiſtus of the *Age*.

I have ſeen many Copies of the *Zun*
Book of *Doctrine*; each pretending to
the whole *Syſtem* of that *Divine Philoſophy*
dom, which d opt from the Lips of ou
rable and moſt *Holy Law giver*, and were
by his *Wife*, the Holy *Ageſha*, *Mother* of
ful, and by his *Ten Diſciples*. Yet all the
Tranſ ripts differ both in their Senſe an
of Expreſſions.

I have peruſed the *Books* Entituled *Dab*
perfect; which contain the *Memoirs* of
Wives; and the *Manuſcripts* called *Maucof*
ments: Being only a *Collection* of ſome
tences, *Aphoriſms* and *Parables* of the *Se*
But theſe have no other Authority to
ſave the Credit of ſome *Learned Scribes*,
not familiar with the *Divine Favourite*, o
in his Time and taking Things on Repo

In fine, I have met with ſeveral *Par*
the *Zaquini*, or Pretended *Traditions* of
Omar, and *Othman*; But theſe I eſteem
ous, Corrupted, and full of Errors.

What ſhall I ſay? The Zeal of *Omar El*
Aziz, the Ninth *Caliph* of the *Tribe* of
not unknown to me. I am no ſtranger t
gular Piety, not to be matched amon
Heads: For, of him it is Recorded, T
deſcended from the *Throne* at the Time
augaration, he gave the Robe from his
an Alms to a Poor Man: And, That d
whole *Reign*, he ſpent but Two *Piaſters*

himſelf. And ſo great was his Reſignation to *Deſtiny*, (an Admirable Virtue in a *Sovereign Emperor*) that when he was on his Bed in his laſt Sickneſs, and was counſell'd to take *Phyſick*, he anſwer'd, *No; if I were ſure to heal my ſelf, only by reaching my Finger to my Ear, I would not. For the place to which I am going, is full of Health and Bliſs.*

This *Caliph* was a Miracle of Humility, and his Charity always kept him Poor: *Moſlema Ebn Abdi'l Malec* relates, that going to viſit *Omar* on his Death-Bed, he found him lying on a Couch of Palm-Leaves, with Three or Four Skins inſtead of a Pillow, his Garments on, and a foul Shirt underneath. Seeing this, *Moſlema* was grieved, and turning to his Siſter *Phatema* the *Empreſs*, he ſaid, *How comes it to paſs that the Great Lord, Commander of the Faithful, appears in ſo ſqualid a Condition?* She reply'd, *As thou liveſt, he has given away all that he had, even to the very Bed that was under him, to the Poor, and only reſerved what thou ſeeſt, to cover his Nakedneſs.* Then *Moſlema* could not refrain, but burſt forth into Tears, ſaying, *God ſhew thee Mercy upon Mercy, thou Royal Saint: For thou haſt pierced our Hearts with the Fear of his Divine Majeſty.* This *Caliph* was numbered among the *Saints*.

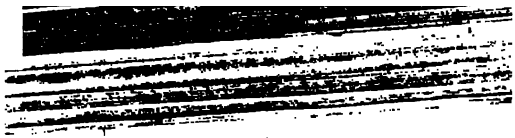
He it was, that perceiving the Contradiction, and Diſputes of the *Muſſulmen*'s, the Darkneſs and Confuſion in the various *Copies* of the *Zune*, or *Book* of *Doctrine*, aſſembled a *General Divan* of *Mollah's*, and *Learned Men* at *Damaſcus* from all Parts of the *Empire*: Commanding that all the *Manuſcripts* of the *Zune*, which were extant, ſhould be brought in to this *Aſſembly*, on Pain of Death to him that ſhould detain one. This being done, he Commanded *Six* of them, to be choſen out of the *Whole Number*, by Vote; Men Eminent for Learning and Piety; And that theſe *Six* ſhould ſeverally collect, out of all the Multitude of *Copies*, each

each Man a *Book*, containing what he thought to be the moſt *Genuine Diſcourſes* of the *Prophet*, concerning this *World*, and that which is to come. When this was executed according to his Will, he commanded all the Old *Books* to be burn'd, in a Field near *Damaſcus*.

Yet after all the *Religious* Care of this *Holy Caliph* to reſtore theſe *Writings* to their *Primitive* Integrity, the *Muſſulman*'s ſoon fell into New Contentions, about the *Senſe* and *Interpretation* of theſe *Correct Copies* of the *Zune*. From whence ſprang the *Four Cardinal Sects*, on which all the Innumerable leſſer and later Diviſions among *True Believers*, are founded.

I cannot therefore but inwardly rejoyce, and from my heart highly applaud the Method taken by thoſe of your Renowned *College*, to diſcern the *True Doctrines* and *Sayings* of the *Holy Prophet* from thoſe which are *Suppoſititious*, by comparing all the *Books* that are extant together, and reducing *Matters* of *Divine Revelation* to the *Analogy* of the *Alcoran*; Thoſe of *Philoſophy* and *Moral* Regards, to the Standard of *Experience* and *Reaſon*; For, it is Impious to believe, that the *Divine Apoſtle* would impoſe any thing on our *Faith*, repugnant to the *Senſe* of *Men*, or the *Expreſs Will* of *Heaven*. By the *Soul* of *Pythagoras*, *Mahomet* ſaid nothing but what was Rational, and Evident to any Unprejudiced Mind. But the Greateſt Part of theſe *Sectaries* are beſotted. They form to themſelves Falſe Notions of *God* and his *Prophet*, and think to merit *Paradiſe* by their Stupidity.

Reverend *Alfaqui*, I have much more to ſay to thee, and many Queſtions to ask; But, Time and the *Grand Signior*'s Service, force me to conclude abruptly, wiſhing thee *Perfection* of *Bliſs*.

Paris, 29th *of the* 6th *Moon of the Year* 1659, *according to the* Chriſtian *Style*.

The End of the Fifth Book.